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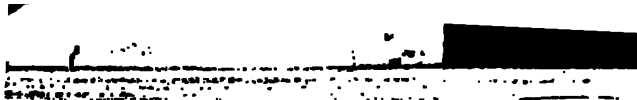
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CUPID AND THE SPHINX

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P R E F A C E .

IN Mr. Story's studio at Rome, last year, I saw a cast for a beautiful group of Cupid and the Sphinx, which suggested the title of my story.

The Sphinx has arms, according to the artist, and one of them is thrown gracefully across her body, while her head and shoulders are half turned backwards, with the beginning of a smile upon her lips, as though surprised into amusement at the unparalleled audacity of Cupid, who has alighted upon her back, and is in the act of proposing a problem to her with an unconsciousness which is quite bewitching.

The face of the Sphinx is the most exquisite oval. Her brow is pure and thoughtful. Her tender, supple woman-form melts into her lion-like body imperceptibly. She seems the realization of a dream of wisdom, strength, and beauty.

And what of Cupid with his saucy confidence, and earnest, child-like face? What will become of him if the Sphinx should read his riddle? Must he destroy himself? How has he dared to question wisdom, to defy beauty, to usurp strength? Is it because he is immortal, and his folly is as enduring as himself?





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CUPID AND THE SPHINX.

“ THY form stupendous here the gods have placed,
Sparing each spot of harvest-bearing land ;
And with this mighty work of art have graced,
A rocky isle, encumbered once with sand ;
And near the Pyramids have bid thee stand ;
Not that fierce Sphinx that Thebes ere while laid waste,
But great Latona's servant, mild and bland ;
Watching that Prince beloved, who fills the throne
Of Egypt's plains, and calls the Nile his own.
That heavenly monarch, who his foes defies,
Like Vulcan powerful, and like Pallas wise.”—ARIAN.

A Greek inscription cut upon one of the paws of the Sphinx, restored and translated by Dr. Young.





CUPID AND THE SPHINX.

CHAPTER I.

THE SPHINX.

THERE were three persons looking at the Sphinx. Two men and a woman. The sun was hot, for it was noon-day, but there was a gentle breeze stirring, as there almost always is in lower Egypt. Cairo herself, with her domes and minarets and luxuriant orange groves and graceful acacias skirted by green fields all along the Nile, could not be seen from where they stood before the Sphinx—but far away in every direction stretched soft heaps of sand only broken by an occasional Arab settlement, where the tall young pines stood straightly up against the pale blue sky, and the older ones, huddled together in clumps, sought the comfort of companionship in their bent but stolid age.

One of the men had taken a step forward, and was gazing up into the great stone face above him with an eagerness of scrutiny, the intensity of which seemed almost reflected in the sympathetic eyes of the woman. She was an American, with the soft brown hair and clear pale skin so common to her countrywomen, and was seated on a stone before the Sphinx, leaning lightly against her brother who formed the third figure in the group.

"What a solemn stillness there is in the quiet of the mouth," she said. "And yet it seems as if it could move if it would."

"Ah! You say right," cried Leopold, the taller of the two men, speaking English with some accent, for he was an Austrian, "That is my idea, I was trying to catch him, but he flew from me, and behold you have him. It is the quiet of the will which one sees here. This Sphinx is still because she will be still. So has she been still for all these thousand years."

"What do you think of the eyes," asked the woman, whose name was Clara Ogden. "Are they meant to be closed?"

"If that they should be closed," said Leopold doubtfully, "it is to shut out all which might divert the mind, for the contraction of the brow, it speaks to me of abstract thought."

"I see what you mean," said Clara, "but to me it seems as if those eyes had been looking out across the Desert ever since the memory of man."

"Ah! so it is!" said Leopold, "that they have watched the changes in the heavens, and the shifting of the sands until the brain has grown so wise that the silence of this Sphinx is eloquent—like the strange speech of an Oracle, and fills one with knowledge drawn from all that she has seen!"

"And even suppose you were not both talking nonsense," said Edward Ogden, speaking for the first time, "what wisdom could she gain, by watching the clouds and the wind, which would be useful to mankind."

"What if she should come to understand the principles of the great system of the universe?" replied Leopold, "for numbers upon numbers of years of observation may have

taught that what seemed accident was always but the working of a law."

"Positively, Leopold, you will come next to envy the Sphinx her opportunities," said Ogden, "but I cannot see for my part how they would help her to a knowledge of humanity."

"Might she not learn to know the human heart, by analogy," said Clara. "For surely it is in sympathy with nature? Then she would be quite unprejudiced in her knowledge, as any one who was observing her own heart could not be."

"But I have thought only of the mind, Fräulein," said Leopold, "and you speak only of the heart. If that one be wise and subtle and determined, why should one be troubled with emotions? The Egyptians in their greatest ideas have been above such folly. They have believed in calm endurance of the evil of life as necessary to the fulfillment of the good. Contemplation has been to them life's highest pleasure." Miss Ogden smiled but was silent. Leopold had turned from the Sphinx to her.

"I always thought the Ancient Egyptians were a perfectly unnatural people," said Edward, "more like machines than human beings."

"This now, it depends upon what you call natural," said Leopold.

"Or perhaps it depends upon what to you *is* natural," said Clara, looking at the Austrian, "but you have not told us your impression of the Sphinx, Edward," she continued, turning to her brother."

"I? oh, I think it is a great pity that it has lost its nose."

"So it is," said his sister laughing, "but what do you think of her expression?"

"It seems to me as if it were listening," said Edward, "has such large ears. I should think it might be enjoying some Egyptian music, it looks so stupid and monotonous."

"Mein Gott! How you are heretic!" cried Leopold. "In religion, that is nothing, but in Art! This Sphinx perhaps the oldest work of Art in Egypt, and the Egyptian Art, the oldest in the world."

"To be old is not always to be beautiful," replied Edward. "If so, I should prefer that stout lady's face to that pretty girl's who is with her."

His companions followed the direction of his eyes, and saw an English party which had just drawn near, consisting of two ladies, with a servant in attendance, who was placing camp-stools for the ladies to be seated.

"In truth, that is a beautiful young lady," said Leopold. "What color she has! What a shape!"

"She is very lovely, certainly," said Edward, "they came last night, and they are staying at Shephard's. Their name is Willoughby."

"Who told you all this, Edward?" asked Miss Ogden.

"Mr. Richards told me they were coming, when I was playing billiards with him yesterday. They are some relations of his, aunts or cousins, or something of the sort. He says, Clara, he said they were looking out for a party of two or three, to take a Dahabéeh with them. That would be a chance for us if we decided to go up the Nile."

"But these two ladies would not go alone with a stranger party, surely?" said Leopold, with surprise proportionate to his German ideas of propriety.

"Oh no," said Edward, "Richards is going with

That is his servant with them now and he is probably not far off himself."

"I think six are too many for a Dahabëéh," said Clara, rising and taking her brother's arm; "Perhaps we had better go to our luncheon, Mr. Von Gaetzner, which you know we left in the shadow of the Great Pyramid."

"Willingly," said Von Gaetzner, "for I confess that in looking at the Sphinx I have grown both tired and hungry."

"I should not have minded looking at the Sphinx so much," said Edward, "if I had not climbed the Pyramid first."

"Ah, that is true," said Leopold, stretching his large limbs. "I had forgotten that we did that."

Nothing could be more different than these two men. The American was slight and small, with thin, finely cut features, and delicate hands and feet, while Von Gaetzner was broad and bony as well as tall, with shaggy light hair, and keen blue eyes, without which his face would have seemed merely formed for physical enjoyment, as the nose was broad and the lips were full.

Clara Ogden belonged to a type of fair-haired Americans. Refined, even elegant in appearance, she was a person who grew in attraction as one looked at her, without any brilliancy of beauty, but there was a winning charm, a harmony, a subtle grace about her which was quite her own, and in her large grey eyes there shone a proud high light. She and her brother were orphans, and had met their friend Von Gaetzner in Berlin, where they had spent their previous winter. The meeting again in Egypt had been a pleasant surprise to all.

"What persons are these, John?" said Mrs. Willoughby

to her nephew, as the carriage containing our three friends passed theirs on its way back to Cairo. "I thought you bowed to one of them."

"So I did," said Mr. Richards, "to a man named Ogden, an American."

"Is he nice?" asked Miss Willoughby, putting that all-comprehensive question, which from a young lady means, "is he clever, is he agreeable, is he accustomed to society?"

"Quite a decent sort of fellow," replied her cousin, "and plays a good game of billiards."

"Are there many Americans here?" asked Mrs. Willoughby. "I hoped there would not be."

"Yes, they are not pleasant *en masse*," said Richards, "but I think this man and his sister are all that there are at Shepherd's. There are a good many at the New Hotel."

"I rather like Americans," said Miss Willoughby, "those whom I have seen!"

"The educated ones aren't bad," said Richards, "but one sees so many who are not."

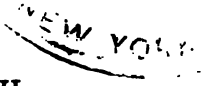
"And," said Mrs. Willoughby, "they talk so loud, and are so pretentious and tiresome."

"They are great bores, but they are apt to be good-humored," said John.

"So much the worse," said Mrs. Willoughby, "there is no way of silencing them."

"I think, on the contrary," said Miss Willoughby, "that they feel proudly towards the English, and seldom enter into conversation unless they are sought."

"The truth is," said Richards, "that they are not all alike."



CHAPTER II.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

THAT day at dinner Edward Ogden found himself next to Mrs. Willoughby ; his seat having been changed since luncheon, after the arbitrary fashion of a table d'hôte.

Margaret Willoughby, the other side of her mother, was engaged in conversation with Richards, and Clara and Von Gaetzner had been placed opposite to them, so there was nothing for it, but to be responsive when addressed by Mrs. Willoughby on the subject of artichokes. They were very fine, she thought, in Egypt, but they did not know how to dress them as they did in France. Edward quite agreed with her, and went on from artichokes to mandarin oranges. Here again there was concord of opinion. Both he and Mrs. Willoughby preferred the other kind, but Edward said that his sister on the contrary was very fond of mandarins. This speech caused Mrs. Willoughby to stare across the table at Miss Ogden, who happening to look up at the same moment met her gaze so simply and unconsciously, that Mrs. Willoughby became uncomfortable and looked away.

"We have talked of going to the Pyramids of Sakkara to-morrow, Ogden, and to the tombs of the Sacred Bulls," said Von Gaetzner, leaning forward, "How should you like this ? "

"Are you never tired, Von Gaetzner ? " said Edward. "You ought to be an engine-driver and live in a locomotive !

Why every bone in my body aches from climbing one Pyramid to-day, and you have the heart to suggest that I shall rise with the sun and set out for another to-morrow."

"Oh, one does not climb the Pyramids of Sakkara at all," said Von Gaetzner. "They are so low it is not worth while."

"Then why does one go to see them?" said Edward. "It seems to me that if they are low, it would be much nicer to climb them and to look at the Pyramids of Geezeh which are really worth seeing, but the truth is that you sight-seers are determined to make your work as hard as you possibly can."

"It is for the sake of the ride that one goes to Sakkara," said Leopold, quite disregarding the end of this speech. "This ride conducts through the most beautiful country, and one passes on the way the site and the ruins of ancient Memphis."

"I should like so much to go," said Clara, "but suppose we make a compromise and say day after to-morrow. I think we should all be better for a day's rest."

"Is your friend a German?" asked Mrs. Willoughby when the others had fallen to talking again.

"He is not a Prussian," said Edward, "although I knew him in Berlin, when we were both students there. He is an Austrian."

"Mamma, John says he will take me through the Bazaars to-morrow on a donkey. Will not that be nice?" said Margaret.

"If he gets a safe one, my dear, but they tell me these donkeys are very apt to stumble and fall."

"Who has been telling you that, Aunt? I hope it was not you, Mr. Ogden?" said Richards.

"Certainly not I," said Edward, "for I am quite devoted to donkeys in general, having a fellow feeling for them, and am ready to swear that the donkeys of Cairo are the best in the world."

"I think the white ones are so pretty," said Miss Wiloughby looking at Edward. "Yes, so do I, especially with red blankets, on them," said Ogden, smiling back at her.

"There is an honest simplicity in the Egyptian people," Clara was saying, on the other side of the table, "which is very endearing. I think one would grow fond of them."

"Oh, yes," said Von Gaetzner, "and this in their character, and in their faces. They gain much by acquaintance. They seem ugly when one first comes to Egypt, especially if he has seen first the Arabs of Syria, but he gets to like their odd features."

"You came through Syria, did you not?" said Miss Ogden.

"Yes, I touched there on my way," said Von Gaetzner. "I have come down the Danube and across the Black Sea to Constantinople, and so along the coast of Syria and Palestine. You have sailed from Southampton, is it not so?"

"No, from Marseilles," said Clara. "We had been passing the autumn in Paris. It was really for the sake of my brother's health that we came," she added in a lower tone, "the doctors in Paris made me feel very anxious about him."

"I did not know that," answered Von Gaetzner, "although I believed he was not very strong the last winter."

"The climate of Berlin was very bad for him," said Clara, "but he was so interested in his studies that I could not bear to urge him to give them up and come away. I sometimes

feel now that I was weak and mistaken," she added, almost to herself.

"But he has been looking very well, your brother, since he has been here," said Von Gaetzner, who felt a little uncomfortable during this conversation, which had almost assumed the form of a confidence. He liked best to talk of abstractions.

"Yes," said Clara, with an anxious smile, "if he would only be prudent,"

Von Gaetzner looked across at Edward, who happened to be sitting silent at the moment, and noticed that his face was very pale. He felt a twinge of self reproach.

"I am afraid I have been to blame," he said, "in urging him that he would climb the Pyramid to-day. I had no knowledge of your reason for wishing him to stay below."

"Surely not. How could you know?" said Clara. "He does not like anything said about it and so I speak as seldom as I can."

"Have you ever seen a Dahabééh?" said Mrs. Willoughby, at this moment to Edward. "I am so curious to know what they are like!"

"They are just like a one story house built upon a boat," said Edward. "When the sail is furled they are not picturesque at all."

"I am sorry for that," said Miss Willoughby. "I always fancied them looking like a gondola."

"So they do, somewhat," said Edward, "only they are a great deal larger, and not so graceful in form."

"The one which I am thinking of engaging is a beauty," said John Richards. "You must come and see it to-morrow, Aunt."

"I shall be glad to," said Mrs. Willoughby. "Have you found any one to go with us yet?" she asked in a lower tone.

"No, not yet, but there are always people whom one can get," answered Richards carelessly.

Mrs. Willoughby said "oh!" in that prolonged and expressionless manner peculiar to the English, and thought it was time for her and Margaret to go up stairs, as a general rustling of silks announced the departure of the ladies from the dining-room.

CHAPTER III.

FRIENDS IN COUNCIL.

MRS. WILLOUGHBY had of course been a Richards, of a good, solid county family whom her nephew John very fairly represented, but the late Mr. Willoughby's brother was Lord Atherton, and Mrs. Willoughby felt a certain reflection of nobility in consequence, which naturally flavored her views of her own importance.

Margaret was her only child, and they owned a cottage in Wales as well as a stylish little house in London, but had by no means more than enough to live pleasantly, and pay their dress-maker's bills. Indeed, the summer before, which was Margaret's second season, they had gone a little beyond their income, and had great plans of making up for it by being economical in Egypt. It was with this idea that it had been suggested to get another party to share the expenses of a Dahabééh with them, but as a first step to this economy they had gone to the most expensive hotel in Cairo and taken rooms with a private parlor.

"We must have somewhere to receive John, you know," Margaret had said, which had settled the question of the parlor. As soon as John Richards joined them this evening the subject of the Dahabééh was again brought forward.

"Is it a large one?" asked Margaret. "How many rooms has it?"

"There are six sleeping-rooms, besides the sitting-room,"

said John, "to say nothing of some cabins underneath for servants."

"And who were the persons you were thinking of asking to go with us?" said his aunt.

"Ah! that is a matter for you to decide entirely," said John. "Ogden and his sister are thinking of going up the Nile, I believe, and that German fellow, but I don't know whether you would want to go with them. I am afraid most of the English parties will not go till later."

"I think Mr. Ogden is very pleasant," said Margaret, "I am sure his sister looks ladylike."

"It is really worse than I expected," said Mrs. Willoughby. "I thought if we did not meet friends, that there would at least be some people whom we knew about going."

"There are two Scotch ladies," said Richards, "at the New Hotel. I have forgotten their name, although I have heard it before. They have put up a card to the effect that they will conduct a party of ladies up the Nile and down again with perfect safety and propriety, but I should be nowhere in that case."

"Neither should I," said Margaret, "or rather I should fling myself into the Great Cataract, I am sure."

"Who is the Austrian, whom these Americans have with them?" asked Mrs. Willoughby.

"His name is Von Gaetzner," said John, "I believe he is the son of a Baron, but every one is that in Austria."

"Can he be the son of my old friend Baron von Gaetzner, whom I used to know so well at Baden years ago?" cried Mrs. Willoughby with animation.

"I suppose he may be," said John unsympathetically, "I don't know that he is."

"I wonder if it can be his eldest son," said Mrs. Willoughby, with an unusual flight of the imagination. "Baron von Gaetzner was quite a personage in those days, I remember his losing five thousand pounds in one day and not minding it at all."

"But mamma, you were saying yesterday that it was so dreadful in people to gamble," said Margaret, opening her eyes; "and when I said I liked Leverett Willoughby in spite of his being a little naughty sometimes, you said he was a disgrace to his family."

"Well, my dear, it is very different for persons to gamble when they have money to lose, from gambling when they have nothing, but you are very tiresome, Margaret, about understanding things, and should be more careful how you repeat what is said. Just suppose that should reach Lord Atherton through your carelessness?" Mrs. Willoughby was doubly annoyed at being caught in what might fairly be considered an inconsistency of judgment, and for the dignity of the Willoughbys.

"Oh, mamma, John is not going to say anything about it. He never repeats anything."

"No, I am sure I shall not," said Richards, "for I think Leverett Willoughby is rather a good fellow."

"It is only in comparison with the perfect character of his older brother that Leverett's conduct is so much to be regretted," said his aunt stiffly.

John had his private opinion about the future Lord Atherton thus favorably referred to, but he chose that it should remain private. So after remarking that he thought it would be a fine day to-morrow, which means even less

than usual in Egypt where it is always fine, he said "good night" and went away.

"I think my cousin Clarence is so disagreeable, mamma," said Margaret, who seemed determined to be provoking, throwing herself down on the sofa, when Richards was gone.

"It is of very little consequence what you think about him, Margaret," said Mrs. Willoughby in her grandest manner.

"But I pity Lady Alice so much," persisted Margaret.

This was a little too much for Mrs. Willoughby, "Ring the bell for Morton," she said, "it is time to go to bed."

Lady Alice Fowler had recently married the eldest son of Lord Atherton, and if there was any person in the world whose shoes Mrs. Willoughby envied, this person was Lady Alice, for it was with the dainty little feet of her own daughter that she would have liked to fill them. Fresh and unconscious as Margaret was, she had been a cause of much disappointment and some anxiety to Mrs. Willoughby, for, from the time Clarence Willoughby was very young his affectionate aunt had made a plan, that Margaret should marry him and should some day be Lady Atherton.

Thus she invited the two brothers to spend a part of their vacation with her once a year in Wales, and felt as she told Lord Atherton, "quite like a mother towards them." Margaret looked upon her cousins almost as brothers, but had always little sympathy with Clarence, while Leverett was her chosen playfellow. When they had ceased to be children, however, and the boys had gone to Oxford, five or six years elapsed before they saw Margaret again. Miss Willoughby and her mother paid during this time several visits to the family place of Brierston. But Lord Atherton

had married again and there was a hostile influence in the second Lady Atherton, who detected the darling plan, which Mrs. Willoughby thought quite hidden, and was determined to thwart it, in favor of her own niece Lady Alice Fowler. Lady Atherton's scheme succeeded, and just when exulting within herself at the marked sensation which Margaret had made in society, Mrs. Willoughby had the mortification to hear of her nephew Clarence's marriage to the fortunate Lady Alice.

Not content with this ill turn, fortune must needs bring back Leverett Willoughby from an indefinite tour upon the Continent, and allow him to become a captive to Margaret's beauty.

The intimacy which ensued was a most dangerous and unforeseen consequence of that early companionship which Mrs. Willoughby had encouraged. Of course Leverett assumed a certain superiority over all other admirers, on the score of cousinship, and blended an easy familiarity with his devotion to Margaret which was quite maddening and yet impossible to put down, as Mrs. Willoughby would have liked to put it down, without offending all the Willoughby connection, perhaps even Lord Atherton. Indeed that nobleman had a strange weakness for Leverett in spite of his wildness, and honestly believed Mrs. Willoughby when she professed her affection for both his sons. Things were in this aggravating position, only bearable at all, by the consideration that the season was drawing to an end, when Leverett pleasantly suggested that he would "run up to Wales this autumn and have a little shooting." Mrs. Willoughby said he would be most welcome to the house, but feared that she and Margaret would not be there to receive him.

The birds which Leverett intended to shoot could not, if they had known of it, have more painfully dreaded the visit. She was determined she would do something to get Margaret out of the way, and in her desperation bethought her of John Richards and of Egypt. After the usual visits which they paid in August and September, John would have started for the East, for his time was limited, but they might go to Cairo, and join him and go up the Nile. It was rather "the thing" now-a-days to go up the Nile.

Of course there was always some danger of serious consequences, in throwing two young persons together like Margaret and Richards, but then if the worst came to the worst, John was at least a steady character and a very presentable son-in-law (she told herself with some pride concerning her own origin) in point of family, means and position. She had looked higher for Margaret, she owned with a twinge of regret, but persons will sometimes walk out of the fire into the frying pan, and be thankful for the change of temperature.



CHAPTER IV.

WHILE SMOKING.

RICHARDS found Edward Ogden restlessly pacing up and down the hotel entry.

"Will you go to walk?" said John.

"I should like to go," replied Ogden, "but I am not well, and am a little afraid of the night air. The fact is my sister has made it quite a point with me this evening not to go out."

"Come up to my room, then," said John, "and have a cigar."

Richards had taken rather a fancy to Edward, wondering at himself all the while, for he had a theory that he did not like Americans, and especially not American men. There was, however, a charm about Edward, which it was hard to define, and which it would be still harder to describe. He was not so full of intellectual interest as his sister, and his power of sympathy was neither so deep nor so broad as hers, but it was quicker. He seemed to catch by intuition the meaning of another almost before it was expressed, and he had besides, a clever way of putting things, and a very pleasant smile.

Ogden liked Richards because he liked every one, but he liked him no better than he liked every body else. John was not a man to become enthusiastic about. He was too well contented with himself, his friends, and his surroundings. He was of middle height, strong, and well made,

with brown hair, brown eyes, and English whiskers. He had been admitted to the bar, was then about twenty-six, and was thinking of going into Parliament. He had not travelled as much as he should like to have done, but had come to Egypt by way of making up for it.

"What becomes of your German friend in the evening," said Richards, sinking into an easy chair, after welcoming Ogden to the enjoyment of his lounge. "He seems to disappear after dinner."

"Oh, he keeps a journal," said Ogden. "He reminds one of a whale which is always taking in water and squirting it out again. The amount of raw material which passes through him in the course of a week is something inconceivable. He has favored me with some readings from this same journal, and I can swear to its complete absence of all interest, except that which he takes in it; yet as in the case of the whale, he does certainly digest some very valuable matter from all this trash, for I know no one who can talk better about the things which he has seen."

"Ah! Indeed, I should hardly have thought that," said Richards, who held a repugnance to Leopold from the moment he first saw him, and would have rather liked to hear something which might give ground for his dislike.

"Von Gaetzner is quite a philosopher in his way," proceeded Edward serenely, "and tries to raise my feeble mind to a perception of grand relations, which I confess I fail to grasp, but my sister is a disciple of his."

"Yes. Your sister likes him," said John thoughtfully.

"What do you mean by that?" asked Edward, firing in a moment, for there was no one in the world so sacred to him as his sister.

"I mean nothing offensive," said John. "It seemed to me that that was a point in this Von Gaetzner's favor. I respect your sister very much."

Edward was not quite satisfied. He did not think that John Richards, looking at Clara from the other side of the table, and never having interchanged a word with her except of a formal nature, was at all competent to express an opinion, as to whom she liked, or disliked, and as for respecting her—of course every one respected her who knew her, but he was not sure but what it was a liberty in John even to respect her. After a moment, he reflected however, that he himself had brought his sister into the conversation, and determined to change the topic by leading Richards to talk of his own affairs. There had been an awkward pause and he spoke with some effort.

"Have you been here long, Mr. Richards? You seem to know Cairo very well."

"Not very long. I came out with some fellows who were going shooting in the Desert and only got back again about a week before you came," said John.

"These Americans are so hot-headed," he had been thinking to himself, "I wonder that he does not bring out a loaded pistol. They generally do that sort of thing."

"Is there good shooting in Egypt?" asked Ogden, although far from guessing his companion's thought.

"Yes, there are some birds too, which one does not find in other places," said Richards, his manner becoming more interested. "I will show you some specimens which I have to take home, if you would like to see them."

"I should very much," said Ogden, pleased at John's pleasure, although I am very sorry to say that he cared as

little about birds as you or I did when we took our first lessons in Natural History. Richards meanwhile produced from his portmanteau the skins and plumage of which he was so proud.

"You see these are quite different from anything we have at home," said he, forgetting for the moment the nationality of his companion, or that he might be unfamiliar with the varieties of English game.

"I am not enough of a sportsman to know that they are rare," said Ogden, "although I can see that they are exceptionally pretty."

"Just see what beauties these black and yellow fellows are," pursued John, "but I must say that they are devilish hard to shoot."

"You have had good luck then," said Edward, "or a cool head."

"Yes, I am a tolerably fair shot," said Richards comfortably, "and these are remarkably good specimens of their kind." Ogden was beginning to be rather tired of the birds. It is wearing to be called upon to admire, and yet to perceive that one's opinion is not considered of the least value, no matter how little one may claim for oneself.

"I suppose you will often make shooting excursions on your way up the Nile," he said. "I should think it would quite startle the Egyptians to meet a shooting party."

"Yes, they have an absurd way of staring while you load," said Richards, smiling, "but they run fast enough when you fire."

"There was an odd fellow in the reading room to-night," said Edward. "One of their jugglers. Have you seen any of them?"

"No, I have not," said John, wrapping up the feathers rather reluctantly and returning them to the portmanteau. "Did he do anything amusing?"

"He amused me," said Edward, "but it takes very little to do that. He said 'ma-feesh' to everything and 'ma-feesh' means nothing."

"I have heard that some of those fellows swallow knives," said Richards.

"So have I," said Ogden, "but I never believed it, although some fellows will swallow anything."

John laughed good humoredly. "That must be your experience of the people you have met," he said.

CHAPTER V.

THE SON OF A BARON.

SHOULD you like to walk this afternoon to the Mosque of Mohammed Ali?" said the untiring Von Gaetzner Miss Ogden at lunch the next day. They were almost the first persons at the table, happening by some chance to meet at the same time.

"I should like it very much," said Clara, "if my brother would like to go."

A slight contraction of the eyebrows showed that the Austrian was not pleased. He was fond enough of Edward, but it provoked him sometimes, that Miss Ogden was never willing to go anywhere without her brother. Her unprotected position made her sensitive as to what people might say or think, and when Edward was with her she felt safe.

"Perhaps your brother he may prefer to go elsewhere," said Von Gaetzner coldly.

Clara understood his tone. She looked at him seriously, but did not speak. Von Gaetzner felt a little ashamed, but was repentant.

"Perhaps you do not care to go yourself," he said.

"Perhaps not," said Clara, and then relenting, added, "Why do you think I do not care to go?"

Von Gaetzner was not prepared for a direct statement of grievance, so he took another tack.

"Have you decided Miss Ogden, that you will take a *habééh* yet?" he asked with great politeness.

"I think that we shall not," replied Clara. Leopold had not expected this answer, which was as disappointing as it was unlooked for, the three friends having decided with great mutual satisfaction that they would go up the Nile together.

"Why then will you not?" said he quickly. Clara might have taken the opportunity of being provoking in her turn, but it was not in her nature to resent small unkindnesses, even if she had not sympathized with his tone of disappointment. The truth however was embarrassing and she remained silent for a moment thinking how best to explain. Then she raised her eyes and spoke steadily but with a heightened color.

"We find—Edward and I," said Clara, "that the Dahabéëhs are all more expensive than we supposed, as they are generally intended for five or six persons, and we do not like the idea of taking one with strangers." Just at this moment Edward came into the room, and was struck with the earnest expression of his sister's face. He came up and sat down beside her with a sudden sense of hostility towards Von Gaetzner, such as he had never felt before. The tone of quiet conviction in which Richards had spoken the night before came back upon his ear. "Yes, your sister likes him"—John had said, as if he had said 'the sun is shining,' or 'it looks like rain,' and Edward was unreasonably angry. You see there are different ways of liking, and although Edward's wrath had been unfair as to its object, it certainly was provoking to have his sister like any one, and still more provoking to have an utter stranger notice it.

"I am sorry at this I hear," began Von Gaetzner, in the rather ponderous manner for which Edward had often laughed at him, "that you give up the Nile. Oh, it is a very

great mistake, and waste of force, to come to Egypt and not see the wondrous ruins which lie along the Nile."

"I do not intend to give up the Nile," said Edward with asperity. "My sister and I are going up the Nile in the steamer, that is all." He felt better after this, because there was a certain satisfaction in asserting his right to the disposal of his sister and in making known his independent decision.

"Going in the steamer," repeated Leopold, his odd accent made more noticeable in contrast with Edward's sharply clipped words. "Why I have not known that you did think of such a thought. It only sails as far, this steamer, as the first Cataract, and it passes all these wonders and is returned in three short weeks."

"Yes, I should not think it would suit you to go in the steamer," said Edward sardonically. Clara looked at him full of surprise. In deciding together that morning that they must give up the prospect of the Dahabééh, she and her brother had both spoken with regret of the probable disappointment to Leopold, and now Edward was framing his change of plan in the most ungracious manner possible. The fact, however, was what absorbed Von Gaetzner, and not the manner of its communication. Although intellectually sensitive to the finest shades of distinction, his feelings were not so easily hurt, and the silence in which he peered his pear was one of reflection rather than wounded feeling. He was balancing in his mind the reasons for and against his going in the steamer too, but when he spoke again it was on quite a different topic.

"Should you like to walk this afternoon to the Mosque of Mohammed Ali?" said he to Edward in perfectly bland tones.

"Yes, I think I should," said Edward, who had had time to repent of his unfriendliness. "Will you go with us, Clara?" he asked, making the best amends he could.

Clara smiled to herself. "Perhaps I shall," she said.

"You will go, will you not, Miss Ogden?" said Von Gaetzner entreatingly, taking advantage of the entrance of Mrs. Willoughby and her daughter to speak to her apart. "I know I hardly deserve this," he added with unusual humility, "but it will cause to me great pleasure."

Clara was just going to answer when Mrs. Willoughby, who had been interchanging greetings with Edward, suddenly addressed Leopold,

"My nephew tells me that you are a son of Baron von Gaetzner," said Mrs. Willoughby, "and may I ask whether your father is the Baron von Gaetzner whom I met at Baden in 1855, the same who was afterwards Secretary of the Austrian Legation in London?"

"Very possibly indeed, madam," said Von Gaetzner, bowing low. "My father has held this post at one time, and was no doubt at Baden often."

Mrs. Willoughby was satisfied on this point, but there was another, about which her mind was not at ease.

"I am very glad to meet a son of my old friend Baron Von Gaetzner," said she graciously, "and I think that I have even seen you as a child. Are you named after your father, or is it a brother whom I remember?"

"I have not any brother, madam, and my name it is Leopold, after a brother of my father."

When Von Gaetzner had said this he bowed again to Mrs. Willoughby and got up to leave the room. He did not look at Clara but went away hastily with his eyes upon

the ground, as though busy with his own thoughts. Clara had seen him before in these sudden fits of abstraction, and had noticed that they had generally followed some allusion to his home, or to his family, of neither of which he often spoke. She was aroused from the wonder to which the incident gave rise, by Margaret Willoughby, who had fixed her eyes kindly on Miss Ogden, and seemed to wish to draw her into conversation.

"Have you been in Cairo long?" asked Miss Willoughby, beginning with a question which is always good to ask, while one is thinking of another.

"Oh, no, only for a week," said Clara, "we have seen very little thus far."

"Your brother says that you are going to the Mosque of Mohammed Ali this afternoon," said Margaret. "That is the pretty one on the hill, is it not, with the slender minarets?"

"Yes, that is it," said Clara, "and I like it very much, but I believe it is not considered 'the thing' in the way of a mosque. I am told by a connoisseur on the subject that the minarets are too thin—absolutely attenuated."

Mrs. Willoughby smiled grimly, "Mr. Von Gaetzner, I suppose." She said.

Clara did not think it concerned Mrs. Willoughby to suppose who her informant might be, nor choose to consider that the remark required an answer.

"Did you ~~ride~~ through the bazaars on a donkey, Miss Willoughby?" said Edward, "and was it as delightful as it should have been?"

"Yes, I think so," said Margaret laughing. "I went with my cousin after breakfast, and found so many strange

things to look at that when I returned, mamma was waiting for me and we are, as you see, late for luncheon."

"What can have happened to John?" said Mrs. Willoughby, "he is generally punctual."

"There he is now," said Margaret. "He has been putting in his new scarf pin."

"Yes, see what a fine present I have received this morning," said Richards.

"What is it? A Scarabæus?" said Mrs. Willoughby. "I thought they were very hard to find."

"Oh, we know how to find things, don't we?" said Margaret, in high glee. "We each gave the other a present," she added, turning to Edward, "because you know it is so uninteresting to buy things for oneself. Mine is a pair of sleeve buttons made of Egyptian coins," and she took hold of one white plump hand with the other and held it back to bring the sleeve button into view.

"Ah, those are very pretty," said Edward. "Mr. Richards must have been inspired by the taste of the person for whom he was choosing them."

"That is a very fine compliment," said Richards, "but you should accept it with caution, for it seems to leave my scarf pin out in the cold. What do you think of our purchases, Miss Ogden? Do you not think that my cousin reflected as much judgment in her choice of a present as I did in mine?"

"Yes, surely," said Clara, "for I think one of the attributes of the Scarabæus is wisdom, according to the Egyptian idea."

"I think, John," said Mrs. Willoughby, to her nephew, after Edward and Clara had left the table, "that we will ask

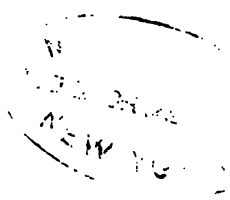
them to go with us. I don't suppose we can do better, and it turns out that the Austrian really is the son of Baron von Gaetzner, I mean the one that I knew."

"I am agreed," said John, "if it pleases you. I don't care very much about Von Gaetzner, but I like Miss Ogden and her brother."

"It is odd about his being named Leopold," said Mrs. Willoughby, carrying on the train of her own thoughts. "The Baron's name was certainly Frederick von Gaetzner, and I thought the little boy whom he had painted in London, was named after him. The child's picture was in the Royal Academy, so I remember it quite well."

"It must have been the portrait of this young man, then," said Margaret, "for he said he had no brother."

"Yes," said Mrs. Willoughby, pleased at the comfortable certainty, and at the recollection of the skillful manner in which she had ascertained the fact. "I suppose I must have been mistaken about the name."



CHAPTER VI.

A DONKEY RIDE.

"I HAVE been waiting for you," said Leopold, meeting Ogden and his sister about an hour later on the piazza in front of the hotel, where the gentlemen were in the habit of taking coffee with their cigars. He took Clara's cloak to carry it for her quite as a matter of course and as he would have done for any other lady, but somehow the action grated upon Edward, in his present frame of mind, as seeming to denote a certain right to take care of Miss Ogden, which he, her brother, was not inclined to yield to any one. He was provoked with himself for not having noticed the cloak upon her arm and anticipated Von Gaetzner. Clara, on her part, was pleased to find that Leopold had not forgotten all about the Mosque of Mohammed Ali in his odd fit of abstraction.

"We could not have a lovelier afternoon for our walk," said she, with a smile and a sigh of satisfaction.

"Oh yes," said Von Gaetzner, "it is a lovely afternoon, and I am thinking that we might climb to the Citadel which is beyond the Mosque, because that will afford us a more extended view."

"When Clara has reached the Mosque of Mohammed Ali," said Edward, "I think she will be glad to rest."

"Perhaps it would be better for us to take donkeys, Edward," said Miss Ogden, "and then we can go all the way. I should like to see the sunset from the Citadel."

Edward agreed to this plan, and went to select the

donkeys from among a group not far from the steps of Shepheard's. Leopold preferred to walk, he said, and so remained by Clara.

"I did not know whether you were going after all," said she. "You left the room very suddenly."

Leopold looked over his shoulder for a moment without speaking, and then said calmly, "Oh, I always meant to go. Here are the donkeys, Miss Ogden. Shall I be pleased to help you mount?"

"Thank you, I think Edward will do that," said Clara. She was a little hurt at Von Gaetzner's manner, which had not met her own.

Ogden, who was returning, quite approved of her reply, and felt comforted. It was pleasant to see the gentle care with which he lifted his sister to the saddle and put the reins into her hand. So delicate, however, are the shades of feeling which make up happiness, that as the little group moved away, the afternoon no longer seemed so perfect in its loveliness to Clara. The donkeys naturally kept together, and Von Gaetzner, falling behind, began conversing with the donkey boys, making them tell him the meaning of the Arabic phrases which they called out from time to time, to warn off any person or animal which seemed in the way of their charges. There is an excitement about donkey-riding in the streets of Cairo, even to one quite accustomed to the sights and sounds, but when it is enhanced by novelty, one cannot help being interested and amused by the throng of turbaned foot passengers with long gowns and naked feet, the loaded donkeys, and great stately camels, whose slanting dark eyes, sometimes look fiercely indignant, sometimes half-closed, seem lost in sleepy contemplation, while in the

midst of all this, a long menacing shout from a flying figure, in white, with flowing sleeves, embroidered velvet jacket and red cap, will suddenly announce the approach of one of the carriages containing some pasha, or his harem, and down will bear the horses, dashing at full speed, while the motley crowd is scattered right and left.

The very first donkey ride is perhaps somewhat marred for the ignorant Western mind, by the apprehension of being run over oneself, or of running over some one else; but constant danger, averted just as it is becoming imminent, gradually reestablishes so much faith that one ceases to be anxious, and submits to be entertained.

Edward had reached this stage of enjoyment, and having quite forgotten his momentary trouble about Von Gaetzner, was full of laughter and good-fellowship; but although Miss Ogden had had enough experience to render her quite confident of her own safety, she had not grown hardened to the possibility of hurting some one else. Her eyes were anxiously fixed upon the path in front of her, and each time that one of the boys urged her donkey forward with a blow or the peculiar hoarse "har-r-r," which seemed particularly incentive to speed, she would call out, "gently, gently!" in an appealing tone, quite lost upon their ardent spirits, which, like the Age, were possessed with one absorbing idea, that of progress. Under this strict law of motion, the party was hurried through many crooked streets, with open shops on either side, and merchandise of every description exposed for sale, from Damascus Caffees and brocades, to French fans and native dried beans, until, emerging through a double arched gateway, they came upon a broader space, and could see upon their left a high hill, on the side of which the

Mosque of Mohammed Ali raised its low round dome, and lofty minarets. At this moment Edward, looking back, perceived that his donkey boy, whom he considered his own especial property, having employed him several times before, had disappeared.

"Why, how is this, where is Ibrahim?" asked he sternly.

"Ibrahim, he come very tired," said Suleman, the remaining donkey boy.

"But he ought not to have gone without asking my leave, because I engaged him to go all the way with me," said Edward, whose sense of justice was very strong, especially with regard to his own rights. "Do you not see that that was wrong, Suleman?"

Suleman comprehended from the tone that there was a reproof intended, but had not any very clear idea for whom.

"Ibrahim and me like brothers," said he eagerly. "Me good donkey boy like Ibrahim. Me fast." And as if to give extra confirmation to his words he suddenly uttered a cry, and fell upon Edward's donkey, which had just reached level stretch of road, so that the animal went off at a full gallop, and Suleman after it, shouting and waving his long stick.

Clara's donkey, only too glad to get rid of his tormentor, lapsed into a walk, and was very soon distanced, so that he would have been left alone but for Von Gaetzner, who was a short way behind, and gained her side with a few rapid strides.

"What is the matter, Miss Ogden?" asked he in a puzzled tone, for Clara was laughing immoderately.

"I am laughing at Edward," said she. "And at the

result of his attempt at moral suasion. It is good to have brother to laugh at," she added with a sudden tenderness which made her sweet face grave.

"It is because you are a woman, that you think that," said Von Gaetzner.

"Why because I am a woman? What can that have to do with it?"

"If that you should be a man," said Leopold, "you would not love your brother."

"Yes, I should," said Clara. "I am sure I should, if I loved me."

"Ah that is the if," said Von Gaetzner. "If you should be a man he would not love you. Men do not love their brothers. Sometimes these men pretend to love, from interested motives, or it might chance that there would be reason to make feeling between them either kind or unkind."

Miss Ogden looked at Von Gaetzner questioning "You have had some unfortunate experience perhaps," she said, "but I think that is hardly a general truth."

"Why so should you think, I have had experience," said he sharply. "Cannot a man form an opinion, and it based on human nature, and it is not based upon his own experience."

"Certainly he can," said Clara, "but your opinions are generally so different from this one which you have pressed."

"How are they different?" said Von Gaetzner, vanity getting the better of his caution.

"They are born of enthusiasm," said Clara, "and fervent in ingenious reasons for it."

This was so exactly his habit of mind, that Von Gaetzner

felt a vague sense of uneasiness at the comprehending glance which rested on him. It seemed as if Miss Ogden could read his very soul.

"Enthusiasm for art, for literature. These are not hard, oh no, they are quite natural, but enthusiasm about mankind," said he, "that is very difficult."

"Still I persist that this distinction is not complimentary to the portion of humanity which you have known," said she.

"And in my turn, I do protest. I do not include womankind in the larger term. They are fit subjects for enthusiasm."

Miss Ogden very often received these impersonal compliments from Von Gaetzner, but she was too penetrating not to see that this one had been a resort to turn away her attention from himself, and was not therefore ready to accept its vagueness for delicacy.

"I am afraid it is more common for women to feel enthusiasm than to inspire it," she said. "They are more apt to be swayed by the influence of the moment than men, who are less genuine."

The sense that he deserved this rebuke, did not render Leopold more patient under it, but he remained silent. Clara did not, however, for her spirit was roused.

"We women are certainly too bad," said she, smiling, "we often see so much more than we are meant to see, but there are no doubt some obedient ones in the world, who shut their eyes when they are told to do so."

"Vanity shuts some women's eyes truly," said Leopold, who admired Miss Ogden in this mood, for some unaccountable reason.

"Ah, that is the ally which men count upon," said Clara,

"but he is false, for he makes some women unnatural sighted."

"I thought that such a form of vanity was called your language," said Von Gaetzner.

"Perhaps," said Clara, mysteriously, "but here I hammed Ali."



CHAPTER VII.

MOHAMMED ALI.

THEY had reached the mosque at last and as Edward came towards them full of impatience, Leopold looked round surprised as one who had been dreaming. Presently, however, the spirit of discourse came upon him, and he began telling of the origin of the mosque, and to lament over its comparatively modern construction, and departure from more ancient forms, such as that of Tayloon or of Sultan Hassan, of St. Sophia at Constantinople, or St. John's at Damascus. The lecture quite reassured Edward, who had never until very lately thought of Von Gaetzner in any other light than that of an instructive companion, who talked a little too much sometimes, but from whom one certainly derived a great deal of solid information. A good Mahometan who sat cross-legged at the entrance of the mosque kept some large red slippers to let to curious unbelievers, who might be indulged in looking at the interior, but not in defiling the sacred pavements with their shoes.

"What a bore?" said Edward, "I don't know whether it is worth while to go in at all."

"You should not grumble at this, oh no," said Von Gaetzner, "for a stricter Mussulman he will not permit one to enter his mosque except that he takes off his shoes? oh never! It is a great kindness that we are allowed our shoes and only to put slippers over them."

"What a glare this dome makes," he proceeded, in a

tone of disgust, "who should compare this blue and red with the simple coloring of St. John's in Damascus, or the rich mosque of St. Sophia at Constantinople."

As they had entered the building, it was the bright paint and gilding on the inside of the dome which offended Leopold.

"How absurd," cried Edward, "to find fault with the coloring merely because it is new! For my part I like much better than your dingy old time-worn mosaics, I think Mohammed Ali had very good taste." Thus discussing they examined every thing at their ease, and afterwards came out on the other side of the mosque, where to their surprise they saw Mrs. and Miss Willoughby seated on a low wall, at the brink of the steep descent beyond. An Egyptian soldier, whose only duty in life was to appear to be guarding the mosque, had been induced to take up a fixed attitude in front of them and Margaret was busy sketching him, while John Richards was smoking at a polite distance.

"Ah! You have arrived at last," said he, coming towards Ogden, "we thought you must have decided to go somewhere else."

"Certainly not," said Edward, "but we came on donkeys and I suppose you drove. Does your soldier make a good model, Miss Willoughby?" he asked, approaching Margaret.

"Yes, quite good," said Miss Willoughby, "only he has altogether too placid an expression for a soldier. He is actually smiling."

"You cannot expect him to look savage," said Edward, "when you are drawing him, soldiers are not supposed to look less, but more open to flattery than other men. If you wish to make him more martial you might throw in a sabre."

over his left eye, or by way of enhancing his bravery, you could indicate the enemy in the distance. Then he would be smiling at danger, you know."

"You should have been a soldier yourself, Mr. Ogden," said Margaret, laughing, "you understand their feelings so well."

"We were pleasantly surprised at meeting you here," said Clara to Mr. Richards, who had placed himself beside her, but did not seem to have anything ready to say.

"We had not thought of coming," said John, "until Mrs. Willoughby suggested it after you had left the room."

"This is the place," said Leopold to Clara, hardly noticing Richards, "where the last of the Memlooks they were destroyed. It was Mohammed Ali who invited them to breakfast in that house beyond, which was part of his palace, and when they had come this far, his soldiers came behind them, so that to go back it was not possible. Then they looked and saw that there was a precipice before them, and he ordered his soldiers that they should fire upon them, and so they have been murdered in cold blood."

"Oh, how horrible!" cried Clara, turning pale. "Were they all killed?"

"Yes, all but one. He spurs his horse and leaps over this wall, all the way down he leaps to that plain which is below. His horse is killed, but he is saved. His name is Emin Bey."

"Really! That hardly seems possible! Was the height of this embankment so great then, as it is now?" asked Mrs. Willoughby, close to whom Von Gaetzner had come in the excitement of narration.

"It has been as great or greater, Madam," said he stiffly.

"It is indeed true that this wall was partly broken down, and that which fell out from the gap, it may have made possible this leap, but the accumulation of time, it has now raised still more the level of the plain below."

"Ah, yes!" said Mrs. Willoughby, "That is what is called the gradual levelling of time! Do you hear this interesting story of Mr. von Gaetzner's, Margaret, about the last of the Memlooks?"

"Oh no, mamma," said Margaret, "I have been absorbed in the effort to straighten my soldier's gun, but I fear it is hopelessly crooked."

"Will you not repeat the little history, Mr. von Gaetzner?" said Mrs. Willoughby. "I should like you to hear it, my dear."

"Oh this incident, it is very well known," said Von Gaetzner coldly. "You shall find it in your guide-book. I do feel sure that Murray has it."

"Ah, but it is so disagreeable to read things in guide-books," said Margaret, shaking her lovely head emphatically. "I like much better to be told them. What were the Memlooks?"

Von Gaetzner sighed but submitted, and after a brief résumé of the History of Cairo up to the period of his story, gravely repeated it. Bereft of all the animation which he had thrown into the first telling, Miss Willoughby found the recital rather dull, but she was shading the soldier's cap, and only obliged to assume the appearance of polite attention.

John Richards meanwhile had found a seat for Clara, on the wall, not far from Mrs. Willoughby, and had spread her cloak upon it.

"Thank you. That is very comfortable," said Clara.

"What a lovely view there is from here. I can see the Geezeret Palace, and the Pyramids of Geezeh."

"Yes, one can see two sets of Pyramids, those of Sakkara as well," said John, "but I do not see the Sphinx, do you?"

"I think I can," said Clara, "but it is hard to distinguish, and I am naturally far-sighted."

Mrs. Willoughby turned towards Miss Ogden and looked at her critically. Her dress was of a grey and black material denoting a period commonly spoken of as "half mourning," and she wore a small black hat, with a long plume which curled gracefully over the coils of her brown hair. Her skin was very fair and transparent and her features regular, but something in the curve of the lip and chin told that she was proud, and it was hard to read her feelings.

"I am glad of this opportunity of speaking to you, Miss Ogden," began Mrs. Willoughby, after coughing slightly, to attract Clara's attention. "I have decided to ask two or three persons to go up the Nile with me, as the Dahabééh which my nephew has chosen is rather large for our party alone, and it has occurred to me that you and your brother, and perhaps your friend, Mr. von Gaetzner, might like to join us in taking it for the season."

"Thank you, you are very kind," said Miss Ogden, coloring with surprise. "My brother and I have decided to go up the Nile in the steamer, but I cannot answer for Mr. von Gaetzner, as I do not know his plans."

Mrs. Willoughby was disappointed. She had never imagined that if she asked 'these people' to go with her, there would be any doubt of their accepting her invitation.

"Perhaps you had decided to go in the steamer owing to the large size of the boats in proportion to your party,"

she said, "and you may re-consider your decision. Really I have no right to influence you in any way, but they say those steamers are very uncomfortable."

"Yes, dirty, you know, and fast, and all that sort of thing," put in John Richards.

"The first is an insuperable objection," said Miss Ogden smiling, "but I confess that I should not object to the second so much. I will speak of your kind invitation to my brother," she continued to Mrs. Willoughby, "but I think he has quite decided about going in the steamer."

"And you, Mr. von Gaetzner," said Mrs. Willoughby turning to the Austrian, "do you too think of going up the Nile in a steamer?"

"Madam," said Leopold, "I cannot know what I shall do. My intentions are quite unformed."

"But if Miss Ogden and her brother should decide to go with us, we might hope to have the pleasure of your company also, I trust?" said Mrs. Willoughby.

"Nothing might give me such pleasure, madam, for I do feel that in this invitation you have honored me, but I will take time to consider, since you are so kind, and you do offer it."

There was nothing more to be said, and Clara, who had listened intently for Leopold's answer, became conscious that Richards was speaking to her.

"Do you not think so, Miss Ogden?" he said. This was evidently at the end of quite a long sentence, and Miss Ogden had no idea to what it referred, but she said,

"Yes," because "no" would require an explanation. Miss Willoughby was showing her sketch to Von Gaetzner who could not fail to be struck, Clara thought, by her simplicity and beauty.

"You see this is a superb place to see the sunset," proceeded Richards, who had deep down in his heart a love and reverence for nature, which he never could express.

Clara had been looking down at her gloved hands, which lay in her lap, with a certain helplessness of attitude. She raised her head and fixed her eyes upon the level sun.

"Yes, you are right," she said. "How royal all that gold and purple is, and yet how infinitely delicate the shades which lie between! We meant to have seen the sun set from the Citadel."

"Would you not like to go there now?" said John, who felt a strange new feeling, as if he would like to do something for Miss Ogden, without exactly knowing what.

"Ah, now it is too late!" said Clara. "I think it is time to go home."

Everyone came to the same conclusion. Ogden and his sister started first on the donkeys, and Leopold, yielding to Mrs. Willoughby's insistence, took the fourth seat in her carriage.



CHAPTER VIII.

OPPOSITE VIEWS.

EDDEN coming into his sister's room the next morning, found her reading a letter.

"From Harriet Endicott," said she in answer to his look of inquiry. "Is it not strange that she should write to me, when they have all been silent for so long?"

"Harriet never does anything which is not strange," said Edward.

"Her letter is very much to the point," said Clara, "she tries to put aside this disagreeable question of the will, and to show that she feels as of old towards you and me."

"Truly she is kind," said Edward, "and if I were trying to defeat the earnest wish of a dead sister by means of lawyer's quibble, as my Uncle Endicott is trying to do, I should be well content to ignore my intention."

"But Harriet is hardly responsible for her father's conduct, Edward, with which she openly disagrees. I am sure she writes with feeling and sincerity."

Clara held out the letter as she spoke, and Edward took it silently from her hand. The date was—Providence,

FRIDAY EVENING, *October* —.

MY DEAR COUSIN CLARA :

I have sprained my ankle. I am lying on the sofa in the dining-room all alone—looking at that clumsy old mahogany side-board, with its claw-feet, wondering why the chairs i

this house always get so rubbed at the corners and why the furniture will crack so in the evening when the gas is turned down low. I never hear it in the day time when the children are about, but now they are all in bed. Philip is at a party—mother has one of her bad headaches, and father and Lena have gone to hear a lecture. I have been thinking!—now don't be startled! It is an unusual occupation for me, but the last time I sprained my ankle was in Boston while staying with Aunt Teressa, and somehow I can't help remembering how kind she was. Her gentle face, her quiet manner, her delicate hands, her pretty hair, grey and soft and curly—all come back to me with the tender smile which I shall never see again. Was it unnatural that the thought of her should have brought you and Edward vividly before my mind? Not the Clara and Edward of to-day, who are so far away, and of whom I know so little, but the Clara and Edward of my childhood! It makes me very unhappy, dear cousins, to think that our lives have come to be so separate. I do not pretend to understand the rights and wrongs of the law-suit on which my father has chosen to enter, but I think I am guilty of no disloyalty to him when I say that I deeply regret it. I feel that Aunt Teressa could not have loved you and Edward more if you had been her own children, and it seems to me most natural that she should have wished to consider you as such. On the other hand, I think it due to my father to say that I believe he would not have disputed my aunt's will for the sake of his own interest alone, but has done so through his idea of the justice due to his children under grandfather's will. Do not be led into supposing that I desire any such justice, for it is a most painful subject for me to speak of, because to me my father's view is a mistaken

one. I can only add that my feelings towards you are unaltered by time, and that I shall be very glad if yours for me have remained unchanged.

Ever your affectionate cousin,

HARRIET ENDICOTT.

Clara watched her brother's face while he read, and noticed with satisfaction that the severe expression relaxed as the letter advanced.

"I like that letter as coming from Harriet," said he, handing it back to her. "It is odd enough, but it is sincere. I confess I should not have expected such a letter from an Endicott."

"Ah! Edward, ever since that dispute about the will, you have condemned the whole family."

"Whatever you may say now," said he, smiling down at her, "you know you have agreed with me in your heart, and what is more you would have stood by me against them all."

Clara answered by a knowing look, and bright smile, but changed the conversation without further ceremony.

"Mrs. Willoughby asked me last evening, Edward, if you and I would take a Dahabééh with them and I declined: first decidedly, but she was so urgent, that I told her I would speak to you, although I thought you had quite decided to go in the steamer."

"Why, yes," said Edward, "I had quite decided, and moreover, I went after lunch yesterday, and got the ticket because I thought it important to have good state room: I am really sorry," he added regretfully, "that I was in such haste, for I think you might have enjoyed going with these people, Clara."

"I, Edward?" said Miss Ogden, looking at her brother with surprise, "Why my only hesitation about refusing was a fear that you might regret it, otherwise," she said, while a certain energy of earnestness brought the color to her cheek, and kindled her grey eyes, "it would have been the greatest pleasure to continue to decline the cautious advances of that Englishwoman, for I know of nothing which could spoil Nile for me, so entirely, as to be obliged to see it in her company."

"Whew—w—w!" said Edward, emitting a long, low whistle of astonishment, "what in the world has that complacent-looking lady done to excite your anger so? I supposed you rather liked her. I do, and I think her daughter quite charming."

"I have no fault to find with either of them," said Miss Ogden, "but I confess to an unreasonable dislike for Mrs. Willoughby, and I am glad that we are not to share her Dahabéh."

"I think," said Edward, after a pause, "that as the matter is quite decided, and we have got our tickets for the steamer, it would be polite for me to go and tell them so, that they may look for some one else."

"Yes, I suppose it would," said Clara, "or, if you do not care to go, I can write a note to Mrs. Willoughby."

"No!" said Ogden with an air of decision, "it will seem more gracious if I go."

Miss Ogden looked after her brother's retreating figure half-amused and half-provoked. It was not common for him to be quite so thoughtful about fine shades of politeness.

Clara and Edward Ogden had been adopted at an early age by a maiden aunt, for whose death they were still in mourning.

Their father, William Ogden, had been the prominent lawyer in Virginia, but had been sent to College to finish his education, and there had met the one who was the youngest daughter of Mr. Charles Endicott, a Boston merchant. He opposed the match at first, but consented upon condition that his daughter and he should live with him. This they did, and thus Edward and Clara were born in Boston, but before Edward was years old his grandfather died, and then William was free to return to his native State, where he cherished the hope of succeeding his father in the practice of his profession in Richmond. In an evil hour he sailed with his young wife from Boston, intending to go to Philadelphia, and the ship with all on board was wrecked. The children fortunately had been left under the care of Aunt Teresa in Boston, and were to have joined their parents later. They thus escaped, and became the charge of their mother's only sister. Teresa Endicott was no longer young at the time of the accident, and had that indescribable something about her which told of a maturer age was very different from what her youth had been. As though the current of life had swept her on to an obstacle had occurred to interrupt the smooth course of her existence, and then had passed her by, leaving her to settle as it would. Her way had been to grow so bright as to reflect the sunny sky. She seemed to have lost her youth but to have gained in peace—like a pool of quiet water beside a noisy and turbid stream. She had found her brother's household in Providence, and she had settled perfectly, and worked so patiently and quietly for the benefit of the family were quite unconscious that she did a

all for them, until she announced her determination to go away in order to make a home for the baby boy and girl whom this shipwreck had suddenly orphaned. Then indeed there was a lusty outcry, "Lose Aunt Teresa! Oh impossible! How could she think of such a thing as going away? Did she not know that her brother's wife was not strong enough to manage her own household? That her children were too much for her!" Teresa Endicott was deaf to this appeal, for she felt a nearer claim. Her father's house in Boston had been left to her, but had been closed since his death. She reopened it, and took the sad little orphans there to make a home for them.

Charles Endicott bitterly resented this decided course on the part of one over whom he had been in the habit of considering his authority as supreme, but Clara and Edward grew up, happily ignorant of these family troubles, until the death of their aunt and protectress. Then, when it was discovered that she had left everything she had to them, their uncle Endicott made known his outraged feelings so unpleasantly as to add the bitterness of mortified pride to the suffering of their bereavement. I do not know what ground Charles Endicott took for disputing his sister's will. It may have been some mere quibble as Edward asserted, or a high sense of justice as his daughter believed, but the law-suit which followed was so painful in its publicity, that Edward and Clara decided to go abroad and travel, which with care they were able to do upon the portion of their grandfather's property which they had inherited through their mother.

CHAPTER IX.

VISITING A CONVENT

LEOPOLD VON GAETZNER meanwhile was long walk in the direction of Old Cairo. He inclined for any company, but did not appear particularly to enjoy the communion with his own thoughts, for he went along through the dust with an odd swing of imagination which inclined all those whom he passed to give him as much room as possible. This was not a great deal especially when he reached Old Cairo. The streets he found exceedingly narrow, and as he advanced, his way became so intricate that he was obliged to stop more than once to enquire by means of signs, and such few Arabic words as he had picked up, how to find the Greek Convent, which was his destination. At last he came to a stand-still where the street took a sudden turn in what appeared to him the opposite direction from that of the convent, as indicated on the map in his guide-book. "Ow'es-ay?" (what do you say?) said an old Arab, with a thin white beard, who was selling a sort of white confection of milk, to be sold in plates-full to the idle and hungry. He had been pursuing his occupation with a resignation and apathy which betokened a conviction of the exceeding dullness of trade in that old and decayed portion of the capital. The sight of the convent gave Gaetzner interest and excitement, besides attracting the attention of a young woman draped in black, who was standing beside him with a pile of flat round cakes.

posed of a rough kind of dough, on her head, and nothing visible of her face but a pair of melancholy dark eyes.

"Ana dow'r-aláy Roómeé Dayr," (I seek for Greek Convent,) said Von Gaetzner in reply to the old Arab's address, but speaking very slowly, and pausing often between the words to refer to the vocabulary in his Murray. The Arab began showering directions upon the stranger, which he interspersed with praises of his merchandise, and pressing invitations to the tired Howadji to rest and take refreshment.

The woman gesticulated to give force to her companion's advice, and Leopold much puzzled, was turning away in discouragement, when a young Copt in European costume, all save the indispensable "fez," stepped out from a neighboring doorway, and bowing respectfully to Von Gaetzner, inquired in English whether he would like a guide. "Ah, yes, as far as the Greek Convent, which it is situated in the ancient fortress styled "Kasr e Shemma," said Von Gaetzner, recovering his presence of mind.

"You must recognize," said the Copt, who showed wonderful ingenuity in employing long words, "that you are entered upon these precincts."

"Do you mean to tell me that I am within the walls of this fortress?" asked Leopold, whose own want of ease in English prevented him from noticing the oddities of the Copt.

"Yes, gentleman. In the present these walls do pass around the faithful houses of some Copts. They are called holy to our protector, Saint George."

"Will you then be so kind, to point me the Greek Convent, which it cannot be far off?"

The convent is not distant, but the way is indirect," said

the Copt, going before Leopold with evident satisfaction in his new office of guide.

Von Gaetzner thought he had been too easily disheartened, when he perceived that after rounding the corner and following the narrow passageway for a few yards, it took a sudden turn and then another so as to double upon itself, and thus bring him in five minutes to the object of his search, but we are doubtful whether he would have reached it without the guidance of the Copt.

Arrived—he offered a ‘douceur’ to his guide and thanked him courteously. The Copt did not decline the money, but said after a moment’s hesitation that if Von Gaetzner would permit, he would wait and accompany him back again.

“I have no need that you shall do this, and I may be here for long,” replied Leopold, rather annoyed at the prospect of further attendance.

“Good gentleman, to wait is to me great pleasure,” said the Copt appealingly. Provoked by the little fellow’s pertinacity and yet touched by his manner, Leopold was too impatient to argue the question and, leaving it unsettled, hurried into the convent.

He was gone a long while, but the Copt showed no sign of uneasiness; he folded his arms and leaned against the wall with an air of calm indifference.

Von Gaetzner meanwhile had found a monk, who offered to put him through with the usual sights of the convent. Would he see the chamber of the Blessed Virgin Mary? No, he would not. He was a most obstinate heretic who did not care for holy spots, or for sacred traditions. He was in search of the tombs of those strangers who he understood had been buried in the garden of the monastery. A strang

request the monk thought this, "Was there any grave the visitor would find?" Leopold hesitated. He took out a letter from his pocket and fingered it nervously.

"I shall like to see the grave of Frederick von Gaetzner. He has been buried in 1868," said he.

"Gaetzner, Von Gaetzner, Frederick von Gaetzner," the monk tapped his forehead, but his memory did not respond to the call. The noble stranger had surely made a fault. The worthy father was quite certain that no such person had been buried in the convent garden.

Von Gaetzner grew impatient, he showed a five franc piece.

"Let me myself judge of this," he said. "I like best what I see with my own eyes."

The sight of the gold had a wondrously brightening effect upon the monk. He took down a bunch of rusty keys and ushered our friend through several mouldy doorways into a desolate looking court, where were a number of neglected graves. There was something so infinitely sad about the spot, that the sunshine which lit it seemed a mockery, and Leopold struggled with a feeling of oppression as he hastened from one tombstone to another reading the names and long-winded inscriptions, most of them in English or in Latin. Two were Italian, one was French, but there was none in German.

When he had come to the end of his fruitless search Von Gaetzner sat down upon a broken stone, and opened the letter which he had carried in his hand. The monk retired respectfully. We will translate a part of Leopold's letter, although it may lose thereby, as it was written in exceedingly elegant German.

. "To your repeated inquiries as to where Frederick was buried, I can only answer that I believe him to have been placed in the garden of the Greek convent in Old Cairo, but as the monks there are well known to dig up the remains intrusted to their care, in order to sell the ground again to other occupants, it would be a thankless task to try to find his grave. What motive can prompt your desire to visit it, I cannot guess. Surely not affection, for there was no love lost between you, and as for respect, that sentiment is not prominent in your nature. Even I, your father, must prove my claim to deference before it is granted, and what you withhold from me can certainly find no inducement to visit the memory of your brother." When he reached this sentence Leopold set his teeth, and the Greek monk, who was peeping through a grating at his strange visitor, thought he looked quite terrible. "Your visit to Egypt is at any rate a surprise and an enigma to me," pursued the letter, "as I should suppose that your associations with that country would, like mine, be anything but pleasant. If it has indeed been prompted by a great desire to see the ruins of ancient Egypt, pray see them in as little time as possible. I wait for you, and it is most important for your future that you should be here before the 1st of December.

Yours,
VON GAETZNER."

Leopold did not linger over the letter. It was dated from Vienna, ten days before. He folded it angrily, gave it to the expectant monk a second fee, and stalked sullenly away. He had walked some distance in his abstraction before he perceived the slim small figure of the Copt, who was gliding along beside him.

"Is it true," he then asked abruptly, that the monks of the Greek convent take away the bones of strangers buried in their garden, to sell the ground, so empty, once again."

The Copt looked very wise.

"It is concluded that the Greek monks are as mercenary as you describe," he answered cautiously.

"But is it true? You do not know?"

The Copt was on his mettle.

"Yes, gentleman, I have full knowledge, notwithstanding that the Greek priests have many ears, I inform you this *report is true.*" The last words were said with great emphasis, and Von Gaetzner could not help smiling at the air of bravery which the little chap assumed. They had now reached the limits of Old Cairo, and Leopold was about to thank the Copt for his information and to dismiss him decidedly, when he saw Miss Willoughby and John Richards riding towards him on donkeys, followed by a carriage in which, to Von Gaetzner's surprise, Edward Ogden was seated beside Mrs. Willoughby. Von Gaetzner made a sign to the Copt that he wished to avoid observation, and stepped behind a heap of stones, the ruin of a projecting wall, while the party swept by in a merry mood. "You should hold your donkey's rein more tightly," he heard Richards say admonishingly to his cousin. "Remember that if he tumbles, I shall have to pick you up."

"You would not have to make any great exertion to reach the ground at any rate," said Margaret. "How absurd you look on that little donkey. I really must have a picture of you to take back to London! I should quite enjoy showing it to some of your political friends." Then the donkeys and the donkey boys went past, and Mrs. Willoughby's

monotonous voice fell next on Von Gaetzner's ear slightly tinged with discontent.

"It was certainly not very complimentary in Marga prefer a donkey ride to driving with me. I should have quite alone, if you had not consented to go, just at the

Edward's reply, which we will presume to have been soothing nature, was lost as the carriage rolled away. Leopold looked after it.

He had been able to see from his ambush that Marga was looking very pretty, in a broad straw hat with a blue tied round it and a jaunty little English jacket, and his sense of harmony was not offended as a woman's might have been by the tumbled green lawn over which Miss Willoughby donned her jacket without any anxiety whether the dress was appropriate for a donkey ride or not.

His thoughts had flown at the first glimpse of the scene to Miss Ogden, however, and they were dwelling on her now. Where was she? How was she employed? Was she not with her brother? The certainty that she was alone filled him with pleasurable excitement.

"It is not right that I take you farther," he said fully to his guide, "I am assured that I cannot lose the way to my hotel from here."

The young Copt bowed, but looked embarrassed.

"My home is also in the city, gentleman. I have just entertained for an hour with a friend at Old Cairo," he said.

"And where do you live?" said Leopold, despairing of ever getting rid of his companion, but feeling less awkward in society than a quarter of an hour before.

"I reside in the Coptic Quarter, which lies on the east side of the Uzbekééh."

"Why then our ways do lie together," said Leopold, settling into a steady tramp, "for my hotel is also on one side of the Uzbekééh."

The little Copt had to exert a good deal of agility to keep up with the enormous strides of his patron, but Leopold did not notice this; he seemed suddenly to have shaken off some oppressive memory and turned his attention as was usual with him to gaining all the information possible. To this end, he continued to question his companion as to the religion, manners, and customs of the Copts, their comparative numbers and advancement in civilization of late years, so that by the time they reached Shepherd's this descendant of the primitive Egyptians had talked himself quite hoarse, and must have been glad to escape from his energetic inquisitor.

CHAPTER X.

A HALF RECOGNITION.

MISS OGDEN was turning over some newspapers in the reading-room of the hotel. She felt dull and depressed. There was a conversation going on between two Frenchmen on the opposite side of the table, and some very noisy American ladies were receiving a visit from an equally noisy American gentleman on a sofa in the corner of the room nearest the door. She did not see Von Gaetzner. He entered hastily looking eagerly about him until he saw Miss Ogden, and then came and stood beside her. She wore a rich, black silk which fell in heavy folds of a long train on the floor behind her, only relieved by a delicate white ruffle at the throat, fastened by an amethyst brooch, set round with pearls. Her hair which waved over her forehead, was drawn back in a mass of smooth plaits just where her head joined her neck. All these details Von Gaetzner had time to note, while with brow slightly contracted with the effort to fix her attention, Miss Ogden was reading a paragraph in the Swiss Times. Although self-reliant, he wanted ease of manner, and blushed consciously at her evident unconsciousness.

"You have forsaken your donkey,—you do not ride this afternoon, Miss Ogden," he said at last.

Clara started and smiled brightly. "How do you know that he has not forsaken me?" she said.

"I reason, and it is from general principles that this is

not apt to be the case," said Von Gaetzner, "for are not donkeys what you call stupid? Now beings which are stupid are also faithful."

"There is a confidence in your cynicism with regard to human nature, not to mention donkey nature, which I do not like, Herr von Gaetzner," said Clara. "If the sarcasm were only more bitter I could pity you, where now your cold content repels me, but according to your theory my donkey has proved himself exceptionally clever, for he bore away Miss Willoughby quite gayly an hour ago."

Leopold looked at Miss Ogden questioningly. There had been the faintest minor change in her voice, like the dying echo of a peal of bells, and he could not read its meaning.

"Miss Willoughby is a dainty load," he said. "Where is she gone?"

"To hear the howling dervishes at Old Cairo."

"And did not you wish to hear them howl?"

"I did not feel as if I cared to do so, but then I was only asked to go at the last moment."

"And it is for this reason that you have declined?"

"Indirectly. I should have been obliged to detain the whole party while I changed my dress."

"But this has not prevented your brother, that he should go?" asked Leopold, his odd foreign idiom peeping out as it often did, just as one had begun to forget his German accent.

"Men are not hampered by these little necessities," replied Miss Ogden rather impatiently. It seemed to her that for a clever man Leopold was talking somewhat stupidly, nor did she like to dwell upon the fact of her brother's having left her to amuse herself for a whole afternoon.

At this moment a middle aged man, who had been sitting in the embrasure of the window, and had attracted her attention before Leopold came in, by the fact that he was actually reading the Egyptian newspaper, got up and crossed the room. He had an odd watchful expression and keen dark eyes, which looked out scrutinizingly from half-closed eyelids. He paused at the table to lay down his newspaper, and as his eyes rested on Von Gaetzner, Clara thought that they seemed to gather some abstruse information, as though decyphering a hieroglyphic, but the glance was momentary, for he passed them with a slight bow and left the room.

"It seems to me," said Leopold, looking after him, "that this face has been seen by me before. Pardon me Fräulein, have you some former knowledge of this person?"

"None whatever," replied Clara, "except that he was reading here when I came in. Why do you ask?"

"I do not know," said Leopold, "but there has been something in his eyes when he has looked at you."

"How strange," said Clara. "I too was struck with the expression of his face, but it was when his gaze rested upon you!"

She naturally looked up at Leopold as she spoke, and their eyes met. He smiled.

"Come Miss Ogden," he said almost gayly, "it is a beautiful weather, why forget it in the house? Will you not walk to the Palace of Shoobra?"

"I thought that was the great drive," said Miss Ogden evasively. "Is the Palace not at the end of the Shoobra road?"

"Oh yes, it is here they drive," said Leopold, "but one may also walk to see them drive."

"I will not do that," said Clara. "I do not like to walk

in order to see others drive. When I am walking for pleasure, I like to be unnoticed and not to be obliged to notice others. After all the country is the only place to walk."

"And what say you to the garden of the Uzbekééh?" asked Von Gaetzner.

Clara hesitated. "Where is the Uzbekééh?"

"Is it possible that you have not known? You can see it from the window, for this is the name of that large garden which it lies all along the street opposite the hotel."

"You forget that I know nothing of Cairo, but what I have learned in the last three days," said Miss Ogden, smiling, "and I have none of your talent for acquiring information."

Leopold did not smile. The subject was too serious to be treated lightly. "You will try to know more? Is it not so?" he said with energy. "I pray that you do not spend more time in doubt," he added entreatingly.

"But my brother will not know where I am," said Clara.

"If we go now, we may be returned before the others," said Leopold. "Not that I can imagine," he added proudly, "that your brother, he can object when he shall know that you are walking in the garden of the Uzbekééh under my care?"

"Oh, of course not," said Miss Ogden, blushing, "I meant that he might not guess that I was with you, but he does not deserve to be considered this afternoon."

"Then you will come," said Leopold.

"I should like to see the garden, since it is so near, and as you say we need not linger long."

But once in her room preparing for her walk, Miss Ogden half repented and feared she had been weak. She felt a

strange attraction in the society of the Austrian, but conscious of an instinct which often prevented her from joining herself in his company. It arose from no want of confidence, but from an undefined uneasiness at the power his mind was acquiring over hers. For her heart was not fearless. She was much too proud to fall in love easily over the mind, who is complete master? The influence under which hers was held by Von Gaetzner, was due to the naturalness with which it responded to his odd sentences and strange thoughts, as though the intellectual understanding between them was complete no matter how imperfect the means of mutual explanation.

CHAPTER XI.

THE UZBEKÉËH.

"I SUFFERED this morning a disappointment," said Leopold, when he had paid a few piasters for admission to the Uzbekéëh, and was strolling though a path bordered with shrubs and flowers beside Miss Ogden.

"I am very sorry," said Clara.

"You do not know for what it is this disappointment," said Von Gaetzner. "Now it is possible that if you did, you might not still be sorry."

"I think I should be sorry for your sake, that you were disappointed."

"So,—for my sake," said Von Gaetzner musingly. "For this it is that a woman is so hard to understand. She deceives, and yet she is quite honest, for she has a great power of sympathy which hides her from herself. She listens, she feels one's feelings—even she thinks one's thoughts, and it is hard to remember that this happens because her nature it is adaptable."

"I should not think it would be hard for one who had formed such a theory," said Clara, "but it does not seem to me exhaustive."

"Oh! it is true, for it is based upon experience," responded Leopold quickly. "I have tried your sympathy, and have not found it wanting—no, never! And yet I must not believe that it is greater for me than for another."

"I am quite willing to talk to you of the characteristics of women in general, Baron von Gaetzner, but I would rather not discuss my own," said Clara, with gentle dignity. Leopold was silent. It was the first time she had ever addressed him by his title, and she seemed to have done so intentionally, to place a distance between them.

"You have not told me what your disappointment was," said Miss Ogden as though determined to change the conversation.

"I do hardly think that it will be to interest you," said Leopold.

It was Clara's turn to be silent, and they walked on for some distance without speaking. At last she said,

"Will you not let me judge of that?"

"Of what, Fräulein?" Von Gaetzner spoke absently and rather coldly.

Miss Ogden's eyes flashed. She did not fancy this tone of oblivious superiority.

"Of whatever you were going to tell me, in case it was of sufficient consequence for you to remember it," she said.

Von Gaetzner looked surprised, and then a gleam of amusement crossed the gravity of his face.

Clara was intensely provoked, for it seemed that her anger rather pleased him, but he said in quite his usual tone,

"I went before breakfast this morning to see the steamer in which you and your brother are to travel up the Nile, and I was anxious to engage myself a berth. But I am told she will not sail on the day she is appointed—Oh, no! The report revives of the coming of the Khedive's Grand Ball, which the time for it has changed so often—and a very small number of persons they have taken passage in this steamer—

“O that she will not sail for two weeks, not until the ball is over.”

“I did not know that you thought at all of going up the Nile in a steamer,” said Miss Ogden, demurely.

“I wish to see the Nile,” said Leopold. “To see Kartoum and Luxor.”

“Oh yes,” said Clara, “but I thought you would accept Mrs. Willoughby’s invitation.”

“And why did you think that?” asked Leopold, with simple wonder.

“Are you not a professed lover of antiquities and of Dahabéehs? Can you prefer a hasty glimpse of the ruins of ancient Egypt, in a crowded inconvenient steamer, to the curious passage in a Dahabéeh with a party of self-complacent travellers?”

The last adjective betrayed Miss Ogden out of the grave tone of remonstrance which she had assumed.

Leopold looked at her suddenly, and she began to laugh. “Were you so disappointed that you must witness the Khedive’s grand ball?” she asked.

The cloud had passed, and she had never felt happier, or in better spirits, but her mood changed with Von Gaetzner’s next words.

“It matters little how I have felt then,” said he, “for when I have returned to my hotel, I have found a letter. And this letter it requires that I go home before that the steamer sails.”

“To Vienna?” asked Clara.

“To Vienna.”

There was a long pause. Miss Ogden was looking straight before her.

"Was this your disappointment?" she said at last, in a low tone.

Leopold had been watching her face.

"It was," he said gently.

"I am very sorry," she raised her eyes and their expression left no doubt that she was sincere.

"You are right, Fräulein," said Leopold. "It is well that I think only of women in general, for it is not safe for me, that I believe too much in you."

Miss Ogden colored, but she continued to look at Von Gaetzner steadily, and sadly.

"You, who are so clever and so wise, and profess to believe in nothing. Surely it can be no effort for you to disbelieve in me," she said.

"And is it to disbelieve," said Von Gaetzner, "merely, that I do accept you as you are, instead that my imagination cheats me and I fancy you as you are not? I do think this the most complete belief. The only belief reasonable, because it is founded upon fact, but yet I do find it hard, while that I do accept it."

"You do not consider, then, that want of faith in anything,—in religion even—is wilful, but rather necessary?" asked Miss Ogden.

"So! I do not call that which you call want of faith," said Leopold. "Thus do we differ. To me this is a grand assumption in Mahometans—in Jews—in each sect towards the others and above all in the great world which calls itself Christian, that it will call the reasonable faith of thinking men, of philosophers, of men of science, unbelief. I have been able to find no proof that there is a God. Therefore I do most solemnly believe that there is no God. This belief

is earnest. It is sad, filled with terror, and with wonder, it is as devout as if it had a ritual to uphold it, but yet even you will call it want of faith."

"And it is want of faith," said Clara. "You may have found no proof of the existence of a God, but you have found no proof that there is no God. If you had faith, you would say, I have not found any proof that a God is impossible, therefore I believe that one exists."

"Is this what you say, Fraülein?" asked the Austrian, looking down curiously at her earnest face.

"Not always," said Clara, turning her eyes away. "I have sometimes even doubted God, but then I suffer a reaction. It seems to me so mean to doubt."

"But if that we cannot help to doubt?" said Leopold. "If that one finds nature self-sufficient? Is it not better then, to admire the system of nature, than to fancy a God which is a—fetish, pardon me, Fraülein, if I speak plainly—a nonentity."

"Ah! There is the meanness, the ingratitude of your doubt," cried Clara. "You study these great laws until you are absolutely awed with their greatness, and then you say, 'God is not great enough to have formed them. The perfection of the laws which he has adapted to our improvement is such that we may deny him.'"

"This is not a subject for feeling, Fraülein," said Von Gaetzner, as though remonstrating with the vehemence of her tone, "it is a problem for reason to solve. We are searching, and it is for truth, and how can we find it, but that we question the nature of matter, the limits of force—in short, that we study the laws of the universe, with all the powers of our minds?"

"That we study them with our hearts as well," said Clara. "How can we understand laws which are as full of love as they are full of wisdom, without feeling as well as reasoning?"

"Ah, if we are going to speak of hearts," said Leopold, with all his old scepticism.

"But we are not," said Miss Ogden decidedly. "When do you leave Cairo, Herr von Gaetzner?"

Leopold looked serious.

"I shall wait until after the ball," he said.

"And you must give up the Nile entirely?"

"Oh no!" said Von Gaetzner. "I shall return. Perhaps this winter—perhaps later. I do not ever quite entirely give up, that which I wish. I shall see the Nile."

Just at this moment a burst of music from a brass band recalled them to the scene around. Clara was filled with dismay.

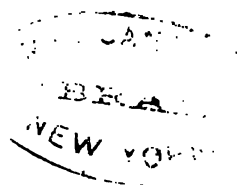
"I did not know it was so late!" she said. In truth while they talked the last hour before sunset had worn away and that dampness, which often comes with the twilight at Cairo, was stealing round them in a thin mist.

Bright lights suddenly shone out of small flower-shaped glasses filled with oil, which were half hidden in the grass and so placed as to illumine the outline of an artificial grotto, furnished with tables and chairs. Groups of people were sipping their coffee at these tables, or were seated outside, or strolling about listening to the music. The band played poorly enough, but was at this moment engaged upon an Egyptian air which it rendered with some spirit.

A strange, desolate, hopeless feeling had come over Clara. The glare of the lights—the loud music—the busy, happy people, all seemed to increase it until Von Gaetzner said,

"Will you not take my arm, Fräulein? We have been a little longer than we have intended, but this delay, it will not matter. We will be at our hotel soon—very soon."

He spoke with unwonted gentleness of tone, and as she laid her hand upon his arm, she experienced a sense of comfort and of safety,—nay more than that, there was a charm in the touch. A charm by which they both were influenced, and which consisted in a certain vivid consciousness of one another and of the passing moment.



CHAPTER XII.

MR. CURZON.

MRS. WILLOUGHBY'S carriage meanwhile had reached the college of Derwishes in Old Cairo, transferred, according to Murray, from the order of Bikteshéh to one of the Kudréh by Ibrahim Pasha. Here in a large square room, surmounted by a dome, began the solemn ceremonies of the Zike.

The audience, which was small and consisted entirely of strangers from the different hotels, stood in the door-ways, of which there were several, or leaned against the wall. Ogden and Richards succeeded in getting chairs for Mrs. and Miss Willoughby, although somewhat apart. The singing in a monotonous tone and drum beating, accompanied by the bending to and fro of the bodies of ten or twelve derwishes, who were seated cross-legged in a semi-circle, was new enough to all the party to be interesting, but when it had been sustained for some time the derwishes started up and began to dance round and round with hands joined in a ring, ever faster and faster and with gestures more and more violent. Their evident fatigue fast changing into exhaustion, which made their cheeks look ghastly and their eyes wild, while the shrill music and beating of the drums grew as frantically rapid as the dancing and seemed always to incite them to fresh effort, made the sight too painful for Miss Willoughby who turned her head away and made a sign to Edward who

stood just behind her, that she wanted to leave the mosque. Edward gave her his arm and led her towards the door without disturbing Mrs. Willoughby and Richards. He was frightened at the sudden pallor which replaced the delicate bloom of Margaret's cheek, but the spectators in the doorway seemed spell-bound by the excitement of the scene, and he had some difficulty in making them move to let her pass. As they stood upon the threshold one of the frantic dervishes, who was distinguished by long blue-black hair which he tossed to and fro with each convulsion of his body, rolling his eyes round, fixed them upon Margaret, and suddenly extending a thin yellow hand and skinny arm, pointed at her with a cry more unearthly than before and fell over in a fit.* The poor nervous victim had been quite blind to what he seemed to see, and was probably indicating some vision of his frenzied brain, but the effect upon Miss Willoughby filled Edward with dismay. She drew her arm from his shuddering, and putting both hands over her face, rushed out without seeming to see where she went. He followed trying to reassure her, but she flew down the steps of the mosque which terminated in a kind of courtyard, and found her way through an open archway to the carriage which was waiting below. Here she sought refuge, trembling all over and with her face still hidden.

"You are safe now. Do not be frightened," said Edward, reaching her side at last.

"Oh, please do not laugh at me," said Margaret in an imploring tone.

"Nothing would induce me to laugh at you," said Edward.

* This kind of excitement is not uncommon and is termed by the Arabs "Melboos" or being possessed, but it is a form of epilepsy.

"I do not wonder you were startled by that last fellow, but I do not think he meant anything by pointing at you. He had a kind of epileptic fit, that was all."

"I know I behaved very foolishly," said Miss Willoughby, beginning to recover herself a little, and looking up shyly at Edward.

"The only foolish thing you did was to run away from me."

"I really did not know what I was doing," said Miss Willoughby penitently. "Such a feeling of horror took possession of me, oh, you can't imagine!" And she settled herself with a pretty confiding air in the side of the carriage against which Ogden was leaning.

"You are beginning to look a little more like yourself," said he, "I never saw any one change so suddenly."

"Did I change very much?" said Margaret, opening her large, blue eyes. "Oh! here are mamma and John Richards."

"Why, Margaret, I did not know where you were," said Mrs. Willoughby. "What led you to come out? Was it not interesting?" she added, turning to Ogden.

"I never saw such lively derwishes," said Richards. "How they did roll their eyes and bend themselves about!"

"Oh! do not talk about them," said Margaret, "it makes me shiver."

"Foolish child," said her mother, "you really look pale. Let one of the boys ride her donkey, John. It will be best for Margaret to go back in the carriage."

So it was arranged. Ogden drove home with Mrs. and Miss Willoughby, and Richards, finding it impossible to keep his donkey beside the carriage, without danger of being crushed in some sudden angle of the narrow street, fell

rather behind the rest. The sun had set, but it was still light, and he remembered a friend, who had been one of his shooting party into the desert, but whom he had not seen since the arrival of his aunt and cousin.

"I think I will go to see Curzon," said John to himself, but at that moment he saw Curzon, who made his appearance just as John reached this conclusion. He was a small, thin man with a long, sharp nose; a nose sharp and yet flat at the end, which presided over a huge moustache. His skin was quite yellow and dry and his hands and feet large, and there was an indescribable air about him which would lead one to fancy him to be a sportsman, even if he had not affected the character in his costume. This may have been due to association, for his forehead was round and high—what little hair he had was wet and brushed smoothly back. His eyes were small and deep set and he was altogether not unlike a duck. He seemed delighted to meet Richards and came eagerly towards him.

"What have you been doing with yourself for the last three days?" said Curzon. "I have been twice to Shepherd's without finding you."

"No, have you though?" said John. "I must have been at the pyramids—or somewhere."

"I thought you 'did' the pyramids before we went shooting."

"I went to see them once," said John, "but I always intended to go again."

"And where have you been to-day?" asked Curzon.

"Oh! to hear the howling derwishes. This is their day."

"Yes, I know it is," said Curzon. "I thought of going, too, but I sent my dragoman over to Old Cairo to inquire

the hour when they would howl and he did not come back in time, the rascal! You remember Joseph, who went into the desert with us? I have to do something to keep the fellow busy. He is too active by far—but I keep him to save myself the trouble of telling him to go.”

“I should think it would be more trouble to keep him in Cairo,” said John lazily. “By the by, what has become of Calthorpe and Lord Henderson?”

“They went to Ismalia yesterday. They were going through the Suez Canal to Port Seid, and meant to sail from there to Jaffa.”

“Isn’t it rather late for Syria?”

“I think it is. In fact I did all I could to persuade Henderson to give it up, but Calthorpe persisted that if they pushed through they would just escape the rainy season.”

There was a pause. John looked meditatively at the ears of his donkey. Curzon half-closed his eyes and puffed several times at his cigar, suddenly he withdrew it, and said with energy,

“By the by, I had a letter yesterday from Leverett Willoughby asking about accommodations. He said he was coming to Cairo, for the Khedive’s ball.”

“I thought Leverett Willoughby was in Russia,” said John.

“I saw him last in Paris,” said Curzon, “but his letter was dated Brierstone, Kent. That is the family estate, is it not?”

“Yes,” said John, “but it is the last spot on earth where I should have expected him to be. Leverett is a very irresponsible sort of fellow,” proceeded Richards thoughtfully. “I never saw anyone who was ruled so entirely by the whim

of the moment, but I remember seeing him do a very kind act, and a brave one too."

"He is plucky enough," said Curzon, "but he holds his head too high."

"Some fellows' heads are set on higher than other's," said Richards carelessly. "What do you do with your evenings now, Curzon?"

"Nothing. I am fearfully bored."

"Have you been to the Opera at all?"

"Once—to hear 'Traviata'—it was very poor."

"Come and go with us this evening, to hear Verdi's last opera. They say it was written for the Khedive, but I don't know how true that is. At any rate, my aunt and cousin want to see the house. You have met Mrs. and Miss Willoughby, have you not?"

"I think I did meet them at Lady Marshall's, but they have probably forgotten me. You mean the Miss Willoughby of course! The one who was presented last year and was thought so handsome."

"I mean my cousin Miss Willoughby," said John stiffly. "Will you go or not?"

"Oh! I shall be delighted. You may expect me at Shephard's in good time," said Curzon, "Good-bye until then."

They parted and John rode home through the darkening streets.

"I should like to ask the American and her brother to go to the opera," said he to himself, "but I don't want that German fellow. I wonder whether I can manage it?"

As he passed the Uzbekééh, two figures glided across the street towards the hotel. They passed in as John dis-

mounted, so that he did not see their faces, but the figure of the man bore so strong a resemblance to Von Gaetzner's that he suspected it to be the Austrian, and he felt surprised since in that case it could surely be no other than Miss Ogden, who was with him. As this thought struck Richards, an elderly person with small dark eyes and pale face, not exactly a gentleman, and yet with rather a gentlemanly address, approached and bowed to him.

"Pardon me if I ask what may seem an odd question, but can you tell me the name of that lady who has just passed with a gentleman?"

Richards started quite amazed at the man's impertinence.

"Really, I cannot," he said haughtily.

"Thank you," said the man, and turned away. John looked after him suspiciously.

An hour later as he left the dining-room he noticed this same person at the desk looking over the register where the names of guests arriving were recorded. He walked deliberately up behind him and saw that he had transferred the names of Miss Ogden and her brother on the page which he was reading, to his note-book.

CHAPTER XIII.

AT THE OPERA.

THE little incident mentioned in the end of the last chapter was a subject of much uneasy speculation to John Richards. Although it might be of the most trivial importance, he did not think that he was justified in keeping it to himself and at the same time he felt a delicacy in approaching the subject to Miss Ogden or her brother.

When he had smoked through his cigar in a state of great perplexity, he resolved that he would seek an opportunity of speaking to Miss Ogden herself and run the risk of offending her for the chance of doing her a service. He had just reached this conclusion when Curzon's arrival reminded him that it was time for the opera. Clara and her brother had consented to join the party, but, although John had so far relented as to invite the Austrian, Leopold had declined. He said simply—that he always spent the evening in writing his journal, and evidently did not consider that such a rule of life could possibly be broken. Clara did not much fancy Mr. Curzon, of whom she saw little however, as he devoted himself entirely to Miss Willoughby. He excelled in small talk about English persons and English things—was restless in his manner, as though watchful for the effect he was producing, and made one or two hits at America which struck her as hardly polite. They were no doubt provoked by the courteous attention which Margaret showed to Edward. She

was seated between him and Curzon at the opera, and there could be little doubt which of the two she found the most agreeable. Richards had taken charge of Miss Ogden, but he sat next his aunt, who would take advantage of a loud passage of the music to question him on the family and position of his friend Mr. Curzon.

"Oh! he's a good sort of fellow," said John. "Not exactly a swell, but he is courted in the field by the best of them. By Jove! He's a wonderful shot!"

"But, my dear boy," said Mrs. Willoughby pathetically, "What is his name? Who is his father?"

"His name is Mathew, Mattie we call him. I never saw his father, but the family are all right. The Finemore-Curzons, you know."

Mrs. Willoughby said, "Oh!" in a manner which ended the subject, and at the same time expressed some misgivings with regard to the Finemore-Curzons.

Richards seized the moment to turn to Miss Ogden. She was listening dreamily to the overture and started very slightly when he spoke.

"How do you like the Khedive's new opera-house?" he said.

Americans have more than any other nation the habit of thinking before they speak. Thus, where an English girl would have given the briefest possible summary of her passing impressions, Miss Ogden looked about her thoughtfully and seemed to take in all the architectural details of the proscenium and the auditorium, before she answered.

"It is airy and comfortable," she said at last sedately, "and very well proportioned, but I think the decoration is rather too ornate."

"Perhaps it is," said Richards, "but the effect is rich." He felt for the time being almost as if he owned the house. "Do you see those proscenium boxes covered with wire gauze?" he continued. "Those are for the wives of some of the distinguished Pashas—perhaps even for the Khedive's."

Following the direction of his eyes, Miss Ogden saw the covered boxes at the very top of the house. She could just distinguish something pink in one of them and a fan moving.

"How like cages!" she exclaimed. "Oh! what terrible lives these poor women lead!"

"Have you noticed a man about the hotel, Miss Ogden," said John abruptly, "with small dark eyes and grey hair and an inquisitive expression?"

"Yes, I did see such a man in the reading-room this afternoon," said Clara, looking steadily at Richards, "what of him?"

"Nothing," said John, becoming slightly confused, "only I—that is he—did you come in quite late from the Uzbekééh to-night?" This was the last thing which he had meant to say, but although she colored deeply, Miss Ogden still met his eyes quite steadily.

"Yes," she said. "I felt very badly at being so late, but I had not noticed how dark it was growing."

"Oh! certainly! I understand of course," said John hastily. "I knew there was some reason."

Clara smiled. If John had been the most wily diplomatist, he could not have dealt with her proud nature with more tact, for his straight-forward, blundering way made her quite certain that he had thought nothing worse of her conduct than he said.

"I hardly thought that it was you at first," said John,

greatly reassured by the smile, "but I recognized Von Gaetzn-ner, and then this fellow—this man, whom I was speaking of, came up and asked me who you were."

"Asked you who I was?" repeated Clara in amazement. "What did you say?"

"I did not tell him, of course. I was not going to tell your name to such a fellow, but as I was coming out from dinner I saw the same man copying down your name and your brother's from the book of arrivals."

"How very strange!" said Miss Ogden, with a troubled expression.

"It was all that I could do to keep from laying hands upon the fellow and asking him what he meant," said John wrathfully, "but I knew you would not thank me for making a scene."

"Oh! no," said Clara, "it was much better to do nothing. After all this man may be only a reporter for some newspaper anxious to publish a list of all the foreigners in Cairo."

"By Jove! That is a good idea," said John, "perhaps he is, but I shall keep a sharp lookout for him, if I see him again."

For a moment the remembrance of the strange expression with which this person had looked at Leopold troubled Miss Ogden, but she was not in a mood to be anxious, and she soon fell to musing upon her walk that afternoon. It had seemed so long, and yet so short, and darkness had come so unexpectedly in the garden of the Uzbekééh, that she felt as though the music, and the laughter, and the gay dresses around her belonged to a new day, which had begun upon the evening of the old one.

John Richards felt most happy and contented. He had

done his duty and yet he had gained ground, rather than lost it, with Miss Ogden. He determined to be prudent in following up his advantage, and only spoke a few words to her every now and then between the acts. He could not understand the fascination which she had begun to exercise over him, and he did not try to do so. He contented himself with the pleasure of being near her. When the curtain fell on the third act, Mrs. Willoughby noticed that Margaret, who until then had kept up a lively conversation with her two neighbors, paying little heed to the music, was suddenly silent, and seemed absorbed in listening to Mr. Curzon, while Edward was looking straight before him with an impatient frown.

"Can it be that she really likes that snipper-snapper of a fellow?" he was thinking jealously. And appearances seemed to answer in the affirmative, for Miss Willoughby's eyes were cast down upon the fan with which she was playing, while the usual color in her cheeks was deepened, rendering her beauty even more alluring. Curzon had lowered his voice to a confidential tone which did not reach Mrs. Willoughby's watchful ears, but although he tried not to listen, Edward was so near that he heard Curzon say—

"He professes to be coming merely for the Khedive's ball, but when he gets here he will stay of course."

"I hope," began Margaret, and then Edward turned his head resolutely away.

Mrs. Willoughby was speaking to Clara. "I was very sorry to hear from your brother to-day, Miss Ogden, that you cannot go with us up the Nile?" Her manner was more courteous than ever before, and Edward saw that his sister made an effort to respond to it.

"Perhaps we may meet at Thebes," said Clara, smiling. "I heard to-day that our steamer will not start until two weeks later than we expected, and that will give your boat time to catch up with us."

"Do you mean to say that the steamer will not sail on Wednesday, Clara?" said Edward.

"No; I was told this afternoon," said Clara, blushing, "that the trip has been postponed until after the Khedive's ball."

"Why then we are not bound to take passage!" said Edward.

"Bravo!" cried Richards, "and you will share our Dahabééh after all?"

Edward looked at Clara, his whole face radiant, and she met his eyes—where she read his hopes and fears. John Richards had also turned to her for an answer.

"Yes," she said, "if Mrs. Willoughby is still kind enough to desire it?"

"I am sincerely glad," said Mrs. Willoughby, "that you will be able to go with us, both on my own account and yours, for I cannot help feeling that you would yourselves have regretted your choice."

This speech was certainly intended to be cordial, and Miss Ogden felt ashamed of herself, that the complacency of manner with which the end of it was delivered, prevented her from feeling grateful, but just then Margaret spoke up and relieved her from the necessity of replying.

"Oh! I am so glad that you are going with us," she exclaimed warmly, "and mamma, dear, we shall all stay for the Khedive's ball! shall we not? Mr. Curzon says that the day is fixed at last."

"Indeed," said Mrs. Willoughby, "and when is it to be?"

"Definitely on the 25th," said Mr. Curzon, with an air of much importance. "Of course there has been every sort of report about it, the night was supposed to be fixed a dozen times, at least, but I received my invitation this evening."

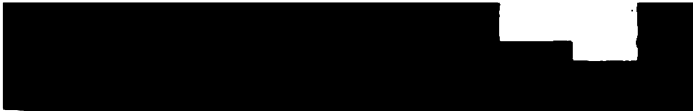
"Indeed," said Mrs. Willoughby again, and stared at Mr. Curzon. It really was a little too much for one of the Finemore-Curzons to be assuming such airs! Evidently Mr. Curzon felt the presumption of his ways, for he quailed perceptibly before Mrs. Willoughby, and turned to Margaret for consolation.

"Of course you will be here for the ball?" he said.

"Oh we must!" said Miss Willoughby with a kind, bright smile.

Edward could not help enjoying the discomfiture of Curzon, but he confessed to himself as they drove homeward that he would not have borne the rebuff so meekly, and this led him to wonder why it was that Mrs. Willoughby had been so invariably gracious to him. "She evidently thinks I am not dangerous," he said to himself. "Is it that she sees nothing to fear in me individually for her daughter, or concludes on general principles that I am not likely to trouble her in London?" Neither suggestion was very flattering, and both partook of the truth, but there was a third reason for Mrs. Willoughby's cordiality, which Edward felt without confessing it. Looking at them with that disposition to deal fairly even with her prejudices which this lady combined with other equally English characteristics, Ogden and his sister seemed to her exceptional beings. Americans, and yet refined, sensitive, cultivated, accustomed to society, and above all, with

that complete absence of self-consciousness which marks the highest breeding. Ogden himself she could not help liking for a certain winning way he had, but she felt her inferiority to Miss Ogden, which was not a matter of race but of character, and the more she respected the less she liked her.



CHAPTER XIV.

CALLING ON A PRINCESS.

TWO letters left Cairo for the Austrian mail that evening, directed to Herr Baron von Gaetzner, No. 5 Josephs Platz, Vienna ; both written in German.

One of them was from Leopold, and very short. He said that he had visited the Greek Convent but had not found the grave of Frederick, and that he would try to be in Vienna by the first of December, if his father still desired it, although in doing this he would be obliged to forego the pleasure of going up the Nile. He would be glad to hear directly, there fore, as to the importance of so hasty a return.

The other letter was longer, and ran as follows: "In reply to the inquiries which the Herr Baron desired to have made, I have learned that the Baron Leopold is staying at Shephard's Hotel, Cairo, and is much in the society of an American lady. The lady has beauty, but no fortune, or none of any extent, since she and her brother, with whom she is travelling, have taken passage for Thebes in the steamer. Her name is Ogden. With regard to the second commission, that of obtaining the collection of Egyptian Antiquities, made by the Herr Baron's brother, the Baron Leopold, and placed by him under the charge of Mariette Bey, in the Museum at Boolak, I have found many difficulties, but



I hope yet to succeed. The Herr Baron was quite right to suppose that much diplomacy and an exact knowledge of the Egyptian character and language would be required to fulfill these commissions. The third, even more difficult and dangerous than the other two, has also been performed, but the result is not satisfactory. I first visited the old Morastan or mad-house, next to the mosque of Sultan Kaloon, but found that the lunatics had been removed more than three years ago to another hospital under the charge of Europeans, so that double precaution would be required in pursuing my inquiries. It occurred to me to assume the disguise of a Hungarian physician, in which character I was admitted to the asylum, and having cautiously confessed some interest in the person called Hassan, learned that he had been living and in safe keeping until very lately, but that he had escaped in the night, little more than a week ago, and no trace had as yet been found of him, in spite of the most vigilant search. I stimulated the inquiry with some of the guldens entrusted to me, and left an address to which any information of this person might be sent, with promise of further reward in case he should be safely captured. After this I proceeded to the Coptic Quarter, but found that the girl named Netita and her guardian had moved from their former lodging, and were supposed to have gone to live in Old Cairo. I sought in vain a more exact direction. I was told that a certain young Copt, named Joseph, who earned his living as a dragoman, could probably give me the information I desired, but no one could tell me where he was, as he was thought to be absent on an excursion to the desert with a party of travellers. I shall of course pursue this clue as far as it will take me, but meanwhile report such progress as has been made, and

await further instructions in the performance of those received.

The Herr Baron's most faithful servant,

HEINRICH SCHÜTZEL.

Baron von Gaetzner read this letter with a frown and an impatient shrug, but still he refolded it carefully and put it away in his pocketbook. Then he opened the one from Leopold, still frowning, but the assurance of his son's readiness to obey his wishes with regard to a speedy return evidently pleased him. He put it in the fire, with a relaxed expression, and poked it down among the coals. "I will certainly write to him to come," he said to himself, and then he gazed thoughtfully at his reflection in the glass, until some blunder on the part of the valet who, having been interrupted during the perusal of the letters, was trying again to shave him, recalled him to his toilet, which the lateness of the hour made it necessary to hasten in order to go forth for his afternoon ride upon the Prater. Before proceeding to that pleasure ground, however, he rode to the Hotel Leidergow, where he was immediately admitted to the presence of a handsome and imposing lady, somewhat advanced in years, who was dressed in black velvet, the widow of the late Count Leidergow, and a Princess in her own right. She received him very graciously, for besides being a connection of the Princess by marriage, Baron von Gaetzner was a person of no little importance. After they had interchanged a few courteous nothings, the Baron said meaningly that he had just heard from his son, Leopold, who would be in Vienna, he now knew certainly, by the beginning of December. He then hoped that the countess Marie Leidergow was well, and

that he should have the pleasure of meeting the two ladies as usual at the court ball, which the Empress intended giving on the 8th of the ensuing month. The Countess Marie Leidergow had gone for an afternoon drive, her mother said, with the wife of one of the ministers. She would be quite "desolated," to find that she had missed a visit from Baron von Gaetzner.

The Baron on the other hand was filled with grief at his ill-fortune, but at the same time grateful for the chance which had permitted him to be received by the Princess Leidergow, and with this fine explanation of his feelings he proceeded to raise the tips of the Princess' fingers to his lips—and so to take his departure.

Baron von Gaetzner was a remarkably good rider and never omitted the exercise. He found pleasure in saluting all his distinguished friends upon the Prater, and in noting the glances of approval, cast by connoisseurs, upon his horse. On this particular afternoon he was greeted near the Exhibition Building, by a young Englishman with fair hair and blue eyes, whose face was familiar to him, although he could not at first recall where he had seen it before. The young fellow was driving with a Greek who wore a long red cap and blue tassel, in an American trotting-wagon drawn by a pair of spirited bay horses.

An Englishman was no uncommon sight upon the Prater, where representatives from every nation were usually to be found, but there was a decidedly uncommon air about this one, which led Baron von Gaetzner to look attentively at him, after acknowledging his bow.

A finely shaped head, set well back upon his shoulders and covered with a thick crop of short, light, curly hair ;

a pale, brown skin, quite untouched with color, and a general regularity of features, distinguished his appearance, together with a certain boyishness of manner ; but perhaps the most individual thing about him was a small and remarkably sweet mouth.

"Ho, ho ! I remember," said the Baron to himself—for he was proud of his memory. "That fellow is named Willoughby. He was at Baden as a mere lad ten years ago, and I think he was here afterwards when Frederick made his fiasco. He is not so innocent as he looks."

NEW YORK

CHAPTER XV.

A FELLÁH MAIDEN.

THE exquisite brightness of an early morning in the East; the pale tints of sky and desert so faintly defined, and yet so clear that one could trace the horizon line uninterruptedly, found Margaret Willoughby seated upon a shawl beneath a palm tree. Her sketch-book lay upon her lap open, but untouched,—a blank of possibilities; while her blue eyes were quietly measuring the landscape before her. Mrs. Willoughby, Clara, Richards and Edward were gathered near a green knoll not far off, where Von Gaetzner was holding forth to them above a colossal statue which lay upon its face in a ditch. The statue looked ungainly and uninteresting to Margaret, and that it was the most important remaining vestige of ancient Memphis was quite a matter of indifference, like many another dry fact. With Von Gaetzner, however, it was quite different. His hat was off. His rough, light brown hair tossed back, he was gesticulating from time to time, and speaking with a fire and enthusiasm which infetted his hearers. Indeed there was one among them who thought that his figure looked almost grand! His face lighted up with the ardor of his intellectual vision was certainly a pleasant sight.

“When one thinks,” said Von Gaetzner, “that this is the undoubted site of Memphis—called by the Egyptians

the 'Place of Good"—the 'City of White Walls"—second only to Alexandria in size, and to none in majesty and beauty! That where this broken plain it stretches away before us was once the famous Acherusian Lake spread between meadows and canals and sacred groves. That where we stand was once the Temple of Pthah, which is the Creator, and has been the especial God of Memphis, and that behind us was the court of Apis,—oh! with very many columns, carved like figures of Osiris, all about the sacred Bull, who was guarded here and worshipped. That these very trees perhaps which are around us, have grown sacred to Proteus, part of a grove in the midst of which in later days, has stood a temple to the stranger goddess Venus. When one pictures to oneself all this beauty and this grandeur, standing on the spot where it has been; then one sees how this people which has thought more than any other people and might have won the right to last, has yet been swept away. Not more entirely have their palaces and their temples been destroyed; the stones with which they have been built have not been more widely separated one from another to use in the building of other meaner monuments, than their religion and their philosophy have been pulled to pieces, that their great ideas might serve again for other nations and other times!"

"Well, I must say," said Edward, "that in many instances their ideas have been vastly improved upon. Take Greek art, for instance. Who can compare for a moment the clumsy form of this great hulking Colossus to the poorest of the Greek statues which remains to us or has been copied by the Romans?"

"But almost all the Greek statues which have been pre-

served are known to be by famous sculptors, Edward," said his sister, "and on that account have been jealously guarded as the gems of the collections of rich men, or else buried with their treasures. It would not be fair to compare one of them to the simple likeness of a king intended in the beginning to be seen from a distance, and which has now been exposed to the weather for several thousands of years."

"This is most true, Fraülein," said Leopold, "but yet I do not fear to place the Venus of Milo, the Apollo, even the Eros of Praxiteles beside this time-worn statue, for it is only in the cunning of the hand, in the power of closely imitating nature, that the Greek excels his master, while that which makes his statue truly great,—the idea of repose—he cannot render with the sublime simplicity of the Egyptian."

"Ah! Leopold, you are an enthusiast," said Edward, glancing mischievously from his face to Mrs. Willoughby's, which wore a sorely puzzled expression.

"And of whom did you say this statue was a portrait, Baron von Gaetzner?" she asked.

"This, madam, is the Colossus of Rameses II. called Sesostris. His daughter is represented at his side," said Leopold, and with unusual urbanity he offered his arm to help Mrs. Willoughby to cross the ditch.

"You must be frightened where you step," he said, "for the ground is oh! quite wet." While accepting the Austrian's guidance with great pride and pleasure, Mrs. Willoughby examined the other curiosities of the place, and Edward lounged over to where Margaret was sitting. She was absorbed in her drawing, the very picture of content, and looked dangerously pretty, Edward thought. "May I see your sketch?" he asked.

She bowed her head in token of assent, but at the same time enjoined him with a gesture to be silent. Looking about him for an explanation of the mystery, Edward saw a very young woman with a flat bowl of oranges upon her head standing near the palm tree beneath which Miss Willoughby was seated.

Margaret had already sketched in the outline of the girl's figure, and Ogden glanced furtively from the picture to the original.

She was small, like most of the women of Cairo, but unlike them, possessed an oval face with long dark eyes, a soft straight nose, a roguish mouth and dimples. Her arms were bare, and one was raised to guard the bowl of oranges, thus showing to advantage its symmetry of form.

Her black veil did not cover her face, but fell from her head over her shoulders in soft transparent folds, after a fashion not uncommon among the Felláh women, and a dress of the same black material clad rather than concealed her rounded limbs. Her small dark feet were naked from the ankle, and she wore a string of gold beads round her neck which showed in strong contrast to her dusky skin.

Something of timidity in her air and in her attitude enhanced the charm of her beauty, but Margaret's manner seemed to inspire her with confidence, for as Miss Willoughby finished the sketch and turned towards her, the maiden came nearer and held a large yellow orange towards her with a smile, which showed all her pearly teeth. Margaret looked up and smiling back again asked the girl her name.

"Netita," she murmured.

Miss Willoughby drew from her pocket a few silver coins, but the girl did not take the money. At this moment she

saw Edward. A look of distrust kindled and grew in her soft dark eyes, and drawing her veil forward so as to hide her face, she turned, and fled away towards some low mud houses among the palm trees on their right. This little scene made a great impression upon Edward. Months afterwards if he closed his eyes it would all come back to him. He would hear the sound of the palm leaves stirring gently in the breeze, he would feel the coolness of the shadows, and see the rich landscape spread out before him in its sunny repose, while the faint odor of far off fields of grass and grain floated nearer, and close at hand the Fellah maiden bent timidly towards Margaret. But it was not the lovely landscape or the subtle charm of the Egyptian, but Margaret herself, who so fixed it in his memory. Margaret with her curly golden hair parted upon a pure white forehead ; with her delicately marked eyebrows and deep blue eyes and the soft bloom of her rounded cheeks. Margaret with her rosy lips parted and her lovely eyes grown tender in a smile ! Such a Margaret,—in a dark blue dress, which fitted the pliant outline of her pretty form,—was not a sight to be forgot, and although her beauty was but flesh and blood, it was such flesh and blood as might have turned many a wiser head.

“ Ah ! Miss Willoughby,” said Edward, sinking down beside her, “ you do not care for cities, or for nations long faded and dead ! You would rather live in the future than in the past, is it not so ? ”

“ Why no,” said Margaret, turning gravely towards him, “ I do not think much about the future. It always seems as if the present were quite enough for me.”

“ It is enough for me,” said Edward, “ or ought to be, but I almost find it too much ! ”

"Too much?" repeated Margaret, looking puzzled.

"I mean too good to last," said Edward, "but are you always satisfied? Do you never long for what you have not?"

"For what I cannot have? Oh, yes! But it is so foolish to do that! I always try at those times to think of something else."

Edward smiled and said no more, but as Miss Willoughby was still busy with the village and the palm trees, which she had introduced into the back-ground of her sketch, he lay drinking in unrestrainedly the serene loveliness of her face, with a feeling of supreme contentment. John Richards came to rouse them. He had already persuaded Miss Ogden to go back with him to where the donkeys had been left and was bent upon rallying the rest of the party that they might proceed on their journey.

"There is no use in staying here all day," said John sensibly, "for whatever there may have been, there is certainly very little left."

CHAPTER XVI.

THEKLA'S SONG.

AN hour later they were slowly toiling up a hill of sand to the Pyramids of Sakkara, which hardly appeared in themselves worth coming so far to see. One of them was stripped of its exterior filling or skin, like the great Pyramid of Geezeh, but no one felt tempted to scale its shaggy sides, and very uninteresting did these pigmies seem after their giant brothers.

Von Gaetzner, indeed, made valiant efforts to sustain the flagging zeal of the sight-seers by wonderful accounts of a circular chamber surmounted by a dome containing the square title or banner of a very old king, which was to be found in the larger of the two pyramids, but when they attempted to enter they found the doorway so blocked up as to be quite impenetrable, and he was obliged to fall back upon his guide book for confirmation, from which he quoted the learned Sir Gardiner Wilkinson in proof of his assertion.

"That's all right, Von Gaetzner," said Edward, "we will imagine the hieroglyphics and all the rest of it. It will be much less trouble than seeing them."

"Von Gaetzner makes a famous cicerone," he added, turning to John Richards.

"He makes an infernal jackass of himself," said John ill-temperedly.

Mr. von Gaetzner seems to have a sincere love of the
que," said Mrs. Willoughby.

Clara had taken her brother's arm to climb the hill, and
still leaning on it, but she did not hear either Mrs. Wil-
loughby or Mr. Richards. She was looking down at the
ding sand which reflected the heat and the brilliancy of
noonday sun. Leopold's voice sounded in her ears full
varying and continuous, like a stream pouring down a
y bed, and the other voices blended with it, but for once
was listening to the sound only, and not to the sense of
he said. A strange fancy had seized her, that the scene
h was enacting now had all been gone through once
e. That she had stood where she was standing in a
of waking dream, and that all the persons about her had
resent in some past time just as they were present at
oment. Presently they left the pyramids and con-
to climb the sand hill still further, to a rude stone
with a wide veranda raised somewhat from the ground,
ere became more level. To Clara the house looked
familiar. She seemed almost to have expected it, and
y all seated themselves on the floor of the veranda
Margaret helped John Richards to unpack the luncheon,
could not dispel the impression of a repetition in
she saw.

was a sphinx of remarkable beauty, of which the
head was about life size and the body as large as
a lion, resting upon the low wall which enclosed
. While the piles of sandwiches and bottles of
were disposed of to the satisfaction of the company,
she gathered together some wild flowers which she had
seen in the fields as she rode along, and made a wreath

to crown this sphinx, and many suggestions were hazarded as to where it had been found, and how it happened to be left upon the wall of this uninhabited house. Only Leopold did not seem to be interested in these conjectures. He had become silent and thoughtful, and when appealed to by Edward for information, answered with a touch of impatience in his tone, that it had no doubt been dug out of some of the "pits or tombs near by."

"Who knows a conundrum?" said Margaret. Edward knew one, but he did not know the answer, so that when they had all given it up he was obliged to do so also, amid general laughter. By this time, however, Richards had so profited by the rest and the refreshment, that his amiability was quite restored, and he came boldly to the rescue with such a number of enigmas, old and new, that he kept them puzzled for some time. Fortunately Edward proved more apt at guessing than at remembering, and could always invent some answer whether or not it proved to be the right one, so that they were all infected with a spirit of merriment. Mrs. Willoughby had done full justice to the sandwiches, and was even prevailed upon to say that riding on a donkey was "really not bad," while the heat and the exertion had been so great that in contrast to the aristocratic coldness of her usual manner she looked almost jolly. Leopold alone remained unaffected by the spirit of conviviality.

"Now is the time for a song," said Richards. "Margaret, you must sing to us."

"I only know one song," said Margaret, "but I will sing that if you would like to hear it. I think the oftener it is sung the better!"

"She means 'God save the Queen,'" said Mrs. Willoughby, "Margaret is madly loyal."

"God save the Queen, by all means," said Edward. "It is the song of all others which I would rather hear you sing."

"Then you must all join in the chorus," said Margaret blushing, "without regard to nationality."

They all promised, and she began to sing with great spirit in a fresh natural voice well suited to the air.

When it was time for the chorus, she looked about her to see that all were doing their duty. Miss Ogden and her brother were both singing, and Richards had descended into his chest, whence he was rolling up volumes of patriotic bass.

Mrs. Willoughby was humming the tune and beating time with one of her fat white hands, but Leopold von Gaetzner was no where to be seen.

"Now you should sing, Miss Ogden," said Richards, when Margaret had ended all in a glow, and had received the thanks of the company. "Does not your sister sing, Ogden? I am sure she must."

"I sometimes sing," said Clara quietly, "but I feel strangely unlike singing to-day."

"Come, do not be disobliging, Clara," said her brother.

"I cannot bear to be that, Edward, and if you will tell me what you would like to hear, I will try to sing it."

"What shall she sing?" said Richards.

"What do you know, my dear?" asked Mrs. Willoughby, blandly.

"Yes, what do you know, Miss Ogden?" asked Margaret. "I do want to hear you sing so much!"

At this moment Von Gaetzner's head and shoulders appeared suddenly above the wall opposite to where Clara was sitting. She started slightly and changed color.

"Will you not be so very kind, Miss Ogden?" said

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Leopold eagerly, "as to sing the song of Thekla, if that you know it?"

"Thekla's song is so sad," said Clara.

"Ah! but it is so beautiful," said Margaret.

"I think it is a song which requires the accompaniment to do it justice," said Mrs. Willoughby.

Miss Ogden's reluctance to sing suddenly yielded at this moment to an impulse of contrariety. She determined that she would do justice to the song in spite of Mrs. Willoughby or the absence of the accompaniment, and in the same instant her voice rose clear and musical; with a strange sympathetic quality, which so possessed the poetry that the words seemed to have become her own. Full, mighty, pathetic, the harmony rolled on like the sound of the sea waves, beside which the maiden wanders in the bitterness of grief. Then comes her cry of anguish, which will not be restrained, and here the singer's voice seemed to thrill through those who heard her, surprising them, charming them, forcing them into feeling the sorrow it expressed. It grew wild with suffering and then it grew calmer with the dignity of despair. "Ich habe geliebt und geleet" fell upon the expectant ear as the last words which could be spoken. The realization of all that could be felt in this world, and the renunciation of all future joy.

"Really, Miss Ogden, I had no idea you had such a remarkable voice," said Mrs. Willoughby, surprised into unwilling praise.

"Oh! how gloriously you sang that!" said Margaret, drawing a long breath. "I would give the world to sing so."

John Richards said nothing. He was looking away across the desert with a cloud of moisture in his honest

eyes. But Clara was not looking at Richards, she did not even notice the look of loving pride in Edward's face which would at any other time have been so precious. At the moment when she reached the climax and the conclusion of her song, her eyes had met Von Gaetzner's, and his eyes, hitherto, had been arrested, all sorrow laden as they were, and now they looked back at her with an intensity which seemed to hold her spell-bound.

A deep blush crept over her face which had grown pale with emotion. The spiritual light died out of her glorious eyes, and a startled look came into them. Then they looked down before Von Gaetzner's. He was still leaning on the sphinx with one arm resting on the flower-crowned sphinx, and he did not move but he said, "Thank you, Fraulein," in a low tone.

"I am sure it is time to be moving," said Mrs. Wilton uneasily. "We have the Ibis mummy pits yet to visit the Serapeum, and what else was it, Herr von Gaetzner—the Apis Cemetery, did you say?"

NEW YORK.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE TOMBS OF THE BULLS.

“**A**CCORDING to the Guide Book and Von Gaetzner,” said Edward, who was assisting Mrs. Willoughby, with some difficulty, through the sand heaps, “the surrounding country must be honey-combed with gloomy excavations, but compassionate winds have spared the reason of the visitor by reburying some of these dismal curiosities with sand. As he spoke they approached the ‘Serapeum,’ a very beautiful temple entirely covered with sand until opened by M. Mariette, about 1865, and still so surrounded by it as to produce the effect rather of a magnificent vault than of a temple, but so far from being damp and cold it seemed a vault for the reception of sunshine, since it retained scarcely vestige of a roof! Upon descending into the temple, they found the walls supported by square pillars of rose-tinted granite, perfectly plain, though highly polished. But the walls themselves were covered with the most exquisite delicate bas-reliefs, many of them faintly colored, and drawn with great freedom and grace, and a rare spirit portraying action. Leopold was charmed with the sculptures which represented men, birds, fishes, cats, cows, and all sorts of tools and utensils of which the artist had striven to display the uses.

“You must see here,” said the Austrian, “how that the

fellow who spears the hippopotamus he is in earnest, and the monster which has his head turned round and his mouth open, how he shows many teeth." At this moment, however, Leopold turned his own head and perceived that the rest of the party were clambering out of the temple as fast as they could. Indeed the intense heat of the sun reflected from the walls about them, as from the sides of an oven, had scorched all their enthusiasm for the antique, and they were anxious to find refuge anywhere from its fierce rays. Miss Ogden alone remained standing beside him, but her presence was less complimentary than it would otherwise have been, because there was no way of escaping from the corner where she happened to be except through a narrow passage, in which Von Gaetzner himself stood. Fortunately there was a slight shade afforded to this niche by one of the few remaining stones of the entablature, for Leopold was no whit disconcerted by the defection of his audience and made not the slightest movement to enable Miss Ogden to follow them; he merely changed his theme.

"I have at last the opportunity," he said earnestly, "that I thank you for your song. Well do I know this song—but you have sung it, and it has seemed to me quite new."

"I am very glad I gave you pleasure, for it is hard to be satisfied with the rendering of a favorite song," said Miss Ogden, without looking up from the bas-reliefs which she was studying, and in which she seemed suddenly to have become absorbed.

"It has not been the song merely, which was new to me," said Leopold.

Still Clara did not look up. She felt that Von Gaetz-

ner's eyes were bent upon her with the same searching gaze which she had met before.

"You have always seemed so cold, Fräulein," he said.

"There are so many things about which it is not worth while to be warm," said Clara with a faint smile.

Leopold was silent for a moment.

"Tell me, Fräulein," he said at last, "have you felt as you have sung, or have you only been able to imagine this feeling?"

"If you mean to ask whether my feelings really are those of regret and despair," said Clara demurely, "I must confess that they are not."

"But you do know, oh! very well indeed, that it is not this which I do mean," said Von Gaetzner indignantly. "No! I do ask you, if you have ever felt—if you could feel this passion which you have expressed?"

Clara was silent.

"Tell me," pursued Leopold, with increasing eagerness, "have you been thinking of Thekla the daughter of Wallenstein, or of yourself, when you have sung this song?"

"I was thinking of neither," said Clara, lifting her head proudly, "but only of the words and of the music."

"It is most true," said Leopold, "you have not been conscious of yourself." He paused and then took a step nearer. "But for one moment, Fräulein Ogden," he said, "when you have ceased to sing, and have looked into my face so beautifully!"

"Come! We had better join the others," said Clara, trying to pass Von Gaetzner.

"Oh! You will look at me once again! Is it not so?" said Leopold, and instead of stepping back he seized one of

her hands. "If I might hope only for this look even at the end of all my life!"

Clara's hand shook in his grasp. Her color came and went. "I hardly know what to think of myself," she said, "for allowing you to speak so." And as for all answer Leopold held her hand still tighter in spite of her efforts to regain it, she added angrily, "Do not forget yourself and me, Baron von Gaetzner!"

"You think perhaps that so I will be answered," said Leopold, drawing himself up to his full height, and deliberately standing in her pathway.

"I do ask you to look me in the face." Clara was strangely agitated. A multitude of doubts and fears came crowding upon her, which she desired above all things to conceal, and yet there was a compelling power in Von Gaetzner, which mastered her. She would not seem to fear his eyes. She knew that she must meet them, and so she raised her own very slowly. He fastened upon them with a hungry gaze.

"You are my Clara,—mine," he said. "I do not claim you now, because this shall be secret. It is quite to ourselves. Our knowledge of each other, and we hold this knowledge apart from all the world. You are mine and I am yours."

Was it the force of his will which influenced her, or was it her own feelings which answered his? She felt a strange emotion creeping over her. She no longer sought to draw away her hand, although Leopold raised it to his lips and kissed it again and again. Just then there was a sound—as if something were moving in the shadow near them. Clara started and trembled, but Leopold took her other hand and

drawing them both to his breast looked down into the face which was still upturned to his, and said with passionate entreaty, "I am bound to you, say also that you are bound!"

Clara opened her lips to answer, but at that moment she heard Edward's voice calling her name. Leopold dropped her hands and retreated a step, just as Ogden appeared looking down at them from above.

"What! still poring over those bas-reliefs, Von Gaetznern," he said. "Do you know where my sister is?"

"I am here, Edward," said Miss Ogden, stepping into the sunshine. She met his eyes proudly, but there was something in her voice which made him look keenly at Leopold. The Austrian did not speak. His head was slightly bent, and he was assisting Clara to climb out of the ruin.

"Mrs. Willoughby has been waiting for you," said Ogden gravely.

"Oh, where is Mrs. Willoughby?" cried Leopold, with sudden animation. "There is very much which I shall tell her about these sacred Bulls! You see," he continued as they left the temple, "it has been the habit in Memphis to embalm these Bulls, and then have they been placed upon a boat, and then rowed across the Archerusian Lake. And they have come at last to be buried in this solemn hall, each with the honors of a god! For, oh, this hill it has been filled with tombs and catacombs!"

But not all Leopold's learning, thus ingeniously put forth, could blind Edward to a change which seemed to have come over his sister. He noticed that her eyes shone, and she had a most unusual color in her cheeks.

"What has happened, Clara?" he said in a low tone.

"Oh nothing!" but the tell-tale color deepened as she spoke.

"Something is the matter. You are not like yourself," said Edward.

"You know I felt so strangely all the morning," she answered evasively. "It seemed to me as if I had dreamed of this place long ago, or else as if I had really been here before and my coming to-day was but a dream which echoed the reality—but that feeling is gone."

"Really! I am glad to hear it," said Edward dryly.

They now joined Mrs. Willoughby, whom they found with the rest of the party at the entrance of the Apis Cemetery. The donkey boys supplied each of them with a taper, and they ventured into the square black mouth of the vault, which yawned to receive them.

"I have been consulting my guide-book, in your absence, Mr. von Gaetzer," said Mrs. Willoughby, "and see that this cave once communicated with the Serapeum. Do you suppose there is an underground passage-way?"

"Without doubt, madam," said Leopold, "for it is quite possible that in this Temple have the grand ceremonies been held upon these Bulls, which they have been brought in state from Memphis, to bury in these tombs!"

Richards and Margaret had gone on, and Leopold now called upon Mrs. Willoughby and Edward to notice the sculptured surface of the nearest sarcophagus.

"Evidently of very late date," he said. "Only shortly after the Persian Conquest!" Then he led them all forward. "It would be best to penetrate the whole length of the vault before stopping to examine any more details."

Clara was grateful for his evident desire to avert their

attention from her, and took advantage of the moment to slip behind the little group, which passed on through a long passage-way cut out of the living rock, from which deep recesses opened at intervals on either side containing the huge tombs. Each of these was about twelve feet long, and seven or eight feet high, and stood some distance below the level of the central passage-way, so that to get near it, one was obliged to descend a steep bank into a hollow, like a grave. Most visitors contented themselves with surveying them from a respectful distance, but there was something so impressive in their aspect, that Clara longed to examine them more closely. She gradually fell farther and farther behind the rest of the party, and as she went on through the vast vault the gloom grew deeper and deeper, for there was no light but that which entered with her and the faint gleam of her taper. She was thankful for the solitude and the friendly darkness, which hid the traces of an agitation she could not entirely repress. Presently, however, she heard voices. Miss Willoughby and Mr. Richards were evidently returning. Clara turned aside and sprang into one of the deep hollows in the niche which surrounded a huge sarcophagus, hewn out of solid granite, having like the rest a massive lid also of stone. She penetrated hastily to the very end of the recess, where she thought that no ray of light from the tapers would reach her, and remained motionless against the wall. The lights passed, and then the sound of voices and of laughter died away. All was still, so still that she could hear her own breathing. Then she perceived that in the rapid motion, or in trying to hide it, she had extinguished her taper. A mysterious feeling of awe began to creep over her—a sense of the uncounted years during which this huge

stone tomb, the dim outline of which she could just faintly distinguish,—had been. She put out her hand and felt its polished surface. What gigantic force had been exerted to place it in this vault? What a life-time of labor must it have required to hollow it and shape its massive lid! How many captives might have worn their sad days away with endless tears, in polishing this hard unfeeling stone! As her eyes gradually became accustomed to the darkness, which was not absolute, since a faint light entered the grave from the corridor, she perceived that the huge cover of the sarcophagus had been pushed back,—probably to allow the mummied Apis to be taken out. But what surprised her was a small ladder leaning against the tomb, at that end which was nearest her, and which could not be seen from the passage-way.

“It must have been left here by some accident,” she thought, “and who knows how many changing seasons may have passed without affecting it, in this silent hall of death!” She felt the dread and the attraction of the place more strongly than before. An imperious curiosity took possession of her to see the inside of the giant tomb. She feared to do so, and yet she felt as if she must. She stretched out her hands towards the ladder, and then drew back as the thought struck her that it might be all eaten away with age, and ready to crumble with a touch, as some long-buried objects in Pompeii or Herculaneum, when the light first greeted them. Then she collected herself. “How foolish I am,” she said. “That never happens unless the air has been excluded from the process of decomposition!” She leaned forward once more and placed her hands upon the ladder. It was quite firm. She climbed two or three steps rapidly.

She was just able to peep in, when suddenly she heard a faint sound like that which she had heard in the Serapeum—as if something near her were moving. She drew back, and at the same instant saw two living eyes shining out of the darkness of the tomb. With a low cry of terror she sprang from the ladder and rushed toward the entrance of the grave. She climbed out with difficulty. It seemed as if there were weights attached to her feet, but what was her horror when she heard footsteps coming fast behind her, as she darted along the corridor in the direction of the light. Faster and faster came the footsteps. Her fright and desperation increased with every instant, for she felt that her pursuer was gaining on her, but at that moment she saw the sturdy figure of John Richards, who was standing with his back towards her, smoking a cigar, near the entrance of the cave. The sight was so reassuring that a sense of joy and safety came as a reaction from the excitement of vague fear. She summoned courage to turn and take one look behind, hoping to see some person who had wished to play a trick upon her, or some animal which might have taken refuge in the tombs and whose tread she had mistaken for a human footstep—but no. She saw a man, tall and thin, with shaggy hair, and wild terrible eyes, who sprang toward her as she turned, with a kind of fury. She uttered a piercing scream, which resounded through the lofty passage-way, and sank upon the ground, fainting entirely away. Richards started as if he had been shot, but just as he turned round, the man slipped aside, and disappeared into the last of the recesses.

There can hardly be imagined a more unlooked-for and less pleasant interruption to the enjoyment of an afternoon cigar. John Richards turned almost as pale as Clara when

he saw her lying within a few yards of him, cold and senseless.

"Good God! What has happened? What is it?" he said, and he came and lifted her, very awkwardly but tenderly, and laid her head upon his knee.

"Here! Quick! Suleman, run and get me some water from the house. Both donkey boys rushed off eagerly at his command. Meanwhile the rest of the party came hurrying up, full of wonder and alarm.

"I do not know—" "I cannot tell," was all that John could answer to their questions and exclamations of dismay.

"It was the most fearful cry I ever heard," said Margaret. "What can have happened? One would think that she had seen a ghost."

Edward was nearly beside himself until his sister gave some signs of returning consciousness, and Mrs. Willoughby showed remarkable presence of mind, not only in suggesting methods of restoring her, but in practically carrying them out. She said very sensibly that Miss Ogden must not be troubled with questions, when she began slowly to revive, for whatever the cause of her fright, it should not be so soon recalled.

In truth there was sympathy and consideration shown by all the party. Only Von Gaetzner appeared to be quite unmoved. He folded his arms across his breast and stood with a strangely rigid expression, leaning against the wall.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

A WEDDING PROCESSION.

FOR the next day or two Miss Ogden felt indisposed and was confined to her room. She spoke of the cause of her fright very guardedly. Even to Edward she only said that she had fancied that she had heard something moving in one of the sarcophagi, and had afterwards been alarmed by the sound of footsteps behind her as if she were being pursued.

"It was probably Von Gaetzner returning from his investigation of the tombs," said Edward. "It could not have been any one else, for as usual he had lingered in the vault and Miss Margaret and I were outside with Mrs. Willoughby."

Clara shuddered and hid her face in her hands, but she said nothing.

"You see you were overtired and overexcited," he proceeded, "and your imagination ran away with you, or rather you ran away from it. Why your head was full of all sort of fancies even in the morning."

"Yes, I was a little overexcited," Clara admitted.

"It was all your imprudence in lingering to examine the bas-reliefs of the Serapeum," said Edward, "in a temperature of 105°. It put you in a perfect fever. I was struck to see how badly you were looking at the time."

"I think the whole expedition to Memphis and Sakkara was rather a fatiguing one," said Miss Ogden, blushing faintly

"We will do no more sight-seeing for the present," said her brother decidedly. "Von Gaetzner may go in search of antiquities alone, if he pleases. I for one have had enough of it, and as for you, you must be restrained, for you have become absurdly foolish about the ancient Egyptians." Having reached this conclusion, Edward strolled to the window, and stood looking out in silence for some moments. The week was to be a week of festivity to celebrate the marriages of the Khedive's sons and daughter, and presently the sound of music floating up from the street told that the most popular act of the festive drama had begun.

"Here is a procession, Clara. Do come and look out!" cried Edward excitedly.

Miss Ogden was seated on a low couch bending over a bit of embroidery. "I thought I was to see no more sights," she said demurely.

"Oh! nonsense! Come quick, it will do you good!" said Edward.

His sister laughed and threw down her work. "So the modern Egyptians are more wholesome than their ancestors," she said, as she joined him at the window.

Mounted police on fine Arab horses came first, pacing slowly to clear the streets. Then a band of musicians in red dresses playing lustily. Then a company of soldiers in white uniform. Then more soldiers in blue.

"Oh, this is the procession bearing the trousseau of the Bride of Prince Towphic, which that fellow Curzon was talking about last evening," said Edward.

"And here come her wedding-presents," said Clara. "Our Western mode of displaying the marriage gifts is nothing to this!"

In truth the soldiers were followed by a long line of slaves, clad in white, bearing cashmere shawls, massive silver plate, whole sets of jewels on silver trays, each with a diadem of gems of wondrous size and lustre, and then clothing of richest fabric embroidered in gold and many colors, and borne on satin cushions, but protected from the dust by thin veils of finest gauze.

After all came the Oriental crowd. As picturesque as the procession itself. Turbaned Turks, Caffeer Arabes, white-robed Nubians, and dirty, fascinating Egyptian children.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Edward, "there is John Richards beckoning to me on the steps of the hotel! I forgot that I had promised to go with him to the races this afternoon."

"The races!" said Miss Ogden. "Are there to be races?"

"Oh yes!" said Edward. "The Khedive is quite in love, you know, with foreign customs, and he intends in this case to be English, although he usually prefers to imitate the French."

"But where are the races to take place?"

"Oh, in the Desert somewhere, I don't know exactly where! I believe the race-course is the other side of Cairo. It is rather an odd idea to be making bets and losing stakes in sight of the Pyramids, isn't it?"

"It is profane," said Clara.

"But it is amusing, nevertheless," said her brother, and to propitiate such severe devotees to Isis as yourself, they intend to end up to-morrow with a race between two dromedaries mounted by Arab riders."

"Even that does not strike me as strictly Egyptian," said Clara, laughing, "but I should like to see it."

"Perhaps you can," said Edward condescendingly, "if you are good and take care of yourself to-day."

He kissed his sister, and was gone.

Clara continued to lean out of the open window, passively enjoying the soft air, the music growing fainter in the distance and the brilliant coloring of the still passing throng, until her attention was attracted by a pair of bead-like eyes which were fixed upon her with a gloomy intentness of expression in which there was a kind of sullen questioning. They belonged to a dark slender youth, evidently an Egyptian, but dressed in European costume with only a sombre red fez to distinguish him. No sooner did he perceive that he was observed than he raised his hand, in which was a small bunch of shrubs or leaves, and flung them up towards her. They passed through the window and fell upon the floor within. She started back, surprised and amused at this unexpected attention, in the manner of which there seemed less of admiration than of defiance.

She stood gazing upon the flowers for some moments without moving. Then she looked again out of the window, but the young man who had thrown her the bouquet was no longer to be seen. In his place she noticed on the opposite side of the street, the same stranger who had attracted her attention in the reading room. He seemed to be looking across idly at the hotel, but there was a restless vigilance in his half-closed eyes which reminded her of the expression of a cat when watching the hole of a mouse. The memory of what Mr. Richards had told her of this person returned vaguely at the sight of him, but her mind was so filled with other thoughts that she turned abstractedly from the window.

CHAPTER XIX.

INTROSPECTION.

MISS OGDEN glanced around the room as she left the window and carelessly gathered up the flowers from the floor, where they had fallen. It was one which adjoined her bedroom, and which she and her brother used as a parlor. She had taken some pains, on her first arrival in Cairo, to make this room look homelike and attractive. Her books, her work, a few photographs, and some curious little ornaments which she and Edward had picked up during their travels, lent it an air of comfort and of individuality.

Clara took in all these little details without noting them. Indeed, she hardly looked at the flowers which she still held in her hand as she returned to the sofa where she had been sitting when her brother called her to see the procession. She sat down mechanically and rested the flowers upon her lap. She had a great deal to think over. For the last three days her interview with Von Gaetzner in the Serapeum had been repeatedly lived over in her imagination. All had been so indefinite, so unfinished, between Leopold and herself. So little had been said, and so much or so little might have been meant, that she was in a sad state of bewilderment with only one certainty—Von Gaetzner's intention that what had passed should remain a secret known only to themselves. But what had passed? Was she betrothed to this Austrian

of whom she knew so little? He had called her his, and had said that he was bound to her, but he had never asked her if she loved him! Did she love him? She must at least ask herself this question, and it was peculiarly hard for her to answer.

Clara's feelings were naturally tender and her temperament enthusiastic, but she was very proud, and her pride made her a sceptic. In the keen intellectual air of New England her mind had been strengthened and developed, while the softer part of her nature had been repressed, and she had learned to question only too minutely her own feelings and those of others. She had, indeed, become a prey to doubts which threatened at one time to overturn all faith, but from this "slough of despond" she had issued triumphant. Then she turned her attention to human nature, in which she found a study so vast, so various, and so complex, containing so many contradictory facts and such unexpected evidence that she succumbed to the hopelessness of forming any theory consistent with the facts, ceased to speculate and resigned herself to observe.

The inconsistencies of commonplace persons now began to be wearisome. She longed for variety; for strong contrasts of character; and just then she met Von Gaetzner. At first she was merely amused with his odd traits and curious habits of mind. Then she was touched with admiration of his intellect. Then she felt a vague pity for him as she began to discern the lonely loftiness of his isolation. She thought she saw that only, as it were, the garments of his life came near and were noted and commented upon by those among whom he lived. It was not merely that they did not understand him—Clara herself was quite accustomed to not

being understood, and was doubtful whether she would have cared to be, by many of her acquaintances—but it was worse than this with Leopold, for people knew and asserted that they did not understand him, and of what greater fault in their own eyes could they have accused him?

Thus by degrees, Miss Ogden had been led to feel for Leopold von Gaetzner, and as he did not seem ungrateful for her interest, but sought her society in preference to any other, she by and by grew to enjoy talking with him more than to any one else. They mutually avoided speaking of their personal experiences, which had been widely different, and took refuge in the great world of Art and Literature, where they found many experiences and tastes in common. She soon learned to look beyond his odd language to the beauty of his ideas. Indeed, they often talked in German, but although Leopold was eloquent in his native tongue, he preferred to speak to her in English. "So would I rather translate myself," he said, "than be translated." Oddly enough his difficulty in expressing himself in English was much more apparent when he was talking of trivial commonplace matters, than when speaking of such subjects as interested him deeply; for at these times the great command which he possessed of his own language unconsciously lent him fluency. She began at last to see the attitude of his mind as if it had been a picture she was studying; to enter into his speculations, even to incite his fancy to farther flights, and to give and to expect this refined appreciation was in itself so keen a pleasure that it seemed to her sometimes as if she had never lived at all until she came to think with him. She knew this. She did not attempt to hide it from herself as she sat pondering upon the fascination which

Von Gaetzner had exercised so forcibly over her in the Serapeum, but she told herself that the attraction which she felt towards him before that day at Sakkara was due to his intellect alone. And now? What did she know of his heart? The whole of that long hot day ending as it had done, with her strange adventure in the Apis Cemetery, seemed like a mad dream. She put her hands again over her eyes, trying to shut out the ghastly vision which these thoughts evoked, for there had been something strange and yet terribly familiar in the appearance of the man who had been hiding in the tomb which had added to the shock he caused her. What was it, in his face, which reminded her so of Leopold von Gaetzner? She tried to reason herself into the belief that this fancied resemblance was but the creation of her excited imagination, but still it haunted her, and prevented her from speaking as openly to her brother as she would otherwise have done, for there was one solution of the whole mystery which she felt sure would immediately suggest itself to him. Indeed, it had repeatedly suggested itself to her, and had been as often rejected as completely improbable, because entirely out of character. This was the possibility of Von Gaetzner's having concealed himself in the tomb with the intention of frightening her. Wishing to divert her mind she rose from her seat to put the flowers of her unknown admirer in water. She laid them on the table while she went into her bed-room for a vase, and when she came back she began gently to unwind the string which bound the stems together; but what was her surprise, to see a small bit of white paper folded and twisted over at one end which slipped from among the leaves and fell upon the table! She lifted the paper wonderingly—unfolded it and

read these words, which were written in a very fine hand.

"A lady will have compassion. She keeps silent and will not join the persecutor. One day the fugitive will be avenged."

What could this mean? Miss Ogden read it over in profound amazement, but at that moment she heard a knock at the door. Putting the paper in her pocket and taking the flowers hastily into water, she placed the vase on the mantelshelf and opened the door herself.

CHAPTER XX.

A SUPPLIANT.

UPON the threshold stood a female figure of about middle height muffled in a rough woolen plaid "tob," or square cloak often worn by the common women in the streets of Cairo. The face was completely veiled, only the eyes showing on either side of the hideous clasp which fastens the face veil to the head veil, and is indispensable to the Egyptian street costume. This is placed just above the nose and to the uninitiated resembles nothing so much as a spool for winding cotton.

"What do you want?" said Clara.

The woman glanced nervously behind her and then stepped into the room.

"Do you understand German, Fraülein?" she said, speaking in that language, with rather a provincial accent, but a remarkably sweet voice. Miss Ogden looked surprised, but answered in the affirmative.

"I do not mean to trouble you," said the woman earnestly, "but I come to ask you for the love of Heaven whether you have spoken to anyone of the person whom you found in the tomb at Sakkara?"

"How do you know that I saw anyone in the tomb at Sakkara?" asked Miss Ogden, also speaking in German.

"Ah! I need not tell you that, Fraülein? From whom

could I have heard it but from the unfortunate one himself? "

"Indeed," said Clara, " what reason can this unfortunate man give, for having followed me with so menacing an aspect? "

" He was in great danger," said the woman in a low pleading tone. "If you had given the alarm before he escaped he would have been captured. He was trying to rush out before you. He did not mean to frighten you,"—as she finished speaking, she glanced again uneasily behind her. Clara understood the movement and closed the door. She then drew the bit of paper from her pocket.

" Was it you who wrote this note? "

The woman shook her head. " I can write no language but my own," she said. " It was a friend who wrote the note. I knew that it had reached you, but still I was uneasy. I said perhaps this lady has already told what she has seen and then it is no use. I will go to her myself."

" Then the fugitive mentioned in this note is the same for whom you have come to plead? "

The woman bowed assent.

"And of what crime has this person been accused and what punishment does he fear, that he seeks thus to hide himself? "

" He has committed no crime," said the woman bitterly, "except that of living. Of what he may have been accused I do not know, but I have come only to pray you to tell me to whom you have spoken of him? Can you already have betrayed him to his enemy."

The tone of anguish in which this exclamation was uttered touched Miss Ogden.

"How would that be possible?" she asked mildly. "I do not know who the man is; of what authority he is in dread, or against whom I am warned as his enemy and persecutor."

"Have you-not described him to any one," persisted the woman. "Have you not said that you were frightened by a man who was hiding in one of the tombs?"

"No. I have not even said so much as that."

"Then, I may trust you?" cried the woman eagerly, "you will not speak of this poor fugitive to anyone?"

"Certainly," said Clara coldly. "I can have no object in bringing farther trouble upon him, although his aspect was so threatening that I half suspect, he would have taken more effectual means to silence me, if there had not been timely help at hand."

The woman's eyes sank to the ground.

"What would you?" she said. "Desperation will drive a poor hunted creature to great extremity."

"I am naturally not prepared to sympathize with such an extremity," said Miss Ogden dryly, "for I should suppose he must have seen that my discovery of his place of retreat was purely accidental."

"Ah! Fraülein, he saw nothing," exclaimed the woman passionately, "except that he was in danger of having his liberty again taken from him."

"Enough!" said Clara, "I have promised and there need be no more words. Am I to be told now, who this person is and whom he considers his enemy?"

"Not now," said the woman. "I cannot tell you now. Perhaps when I come again."

"And when will that be?"

"Oh, towards the end of the week, Fraülein, it is I who do your washing."

"Indeed!"—Clara could hardly restrain a smile at this prosaic ending to so much mystery and romance, but evidently the woman mistook her expression of surprise for one of displeasure.

"It was Joseph the Copt, who got the work for me through one of the servants of the hotel," she said, "and I am very grateful."

"Who is Joseph the Copt?" asked Clara.

"He is a dragoman, Fraülein, a friend of mine, the same who wrote the note."

"So! It was Joseph the Copt, who threw me the flowers!"—thought Miss Ogden, still more amused.

"If it be convenient," continued her visitor, "I will take the Fraülein's soiled clothes with me now."

"I think I will send them to you as usual through the servant," said Miss Ogden, "but I should be glad to see you when you bring them back."

"Thank you, Fraülein," said the woman.

CHAPTER XXI.

MARGARET'S SKETCH-BOOK.

"I CANNOT find my sketch-book anywhere," said Miss Willoughby that evening.

Dinner was over and she had followed her mother into the reading-room, but Mrs. Willoughby had found an English friend, a dowager, who was travelling with two middle-aged daughters—old-young ladies—and a son of about sixteen, in delicate health, and did not heed Margaret's disconsolate tone. There was fortunately a more attentive ear at hand.

"Good evening, Miss Willoughby. Did you say that you had lost your sketch-book? Can I not help you find it?"

Mr. Curzon had come to make a call upon the ladies, and was delighted at so easy an introduction to a *tête-à-tête* with the younger one.

"Oh! Thank you," said Miss Willoughby. "Mamma, here is Mr. Curzon."

Mr. Curzon did not allow himself to be disconcerted with the chilling bow with which Mrs. Willoughby honored him. He turned again to Margaret.

"Do you not remember when you last had your book?" he asked anxiously.

"I think I had it last on the day we went to Memphis

and Sakkara, but I do not know what I did with it after I came home."

"Are you sure you brought it home?" said Mr. Curzon, going through with the regular formula on such occasions, with an air of sagacity.

"Let me think!" said Margaret, raising her pretty blue eyes seriously. "Oh! now, I remember, my cousin, Mr. Richards, offered to bring it home for me! I wonder whether he has it? Mamma, do you know where John is?" Mrs. Willoughby did not hear. She and the dowager were deep in the discussion of some exquisite lace-work, which the latter was spinning out of a web as fine as if she had been a fat old spider.

"Mr. Richards was sitting on the piazza when I came in," said Mr. Curzon. "He was smoking a cigar with that young American."

"With Mr. Ogden? Then he will not stay long. Mr. Ogden has to be careful about the night air. He always comes in early."

"Indeed!" said Curzon, a little nettled that Miss Willoughby should think Mr. Ogden's habits of enough consequence to have noticed them. He added,

"I should think he would be likely to stay out as long as he could get any one to talk to. Americans are so fond of talking."

Margaret looked indignant. "I do not know whether Mr. Ogden likes to talk or not," she said, "but I think he talks very well." Curzon had not gained much, and to make matters worse, Ogden himself appeared at this moment followed by John Richards. The subject of the sketch-book was renewed. John remembered bringing it

home with him quite well, and he thought he had given it to Margaret.

Miss Willoughby felt sure he had not, and appealed to Edward, but he was obliged to give his evidence on the other side. "I remember seeing Mr. Richards hand you the book," he said, "and that I asked you to let me see that sketch of the Felláh woman again. It was in this room just before dinner, and you left the book on the table here, when we went into the dining-room."

"So I did," exclaimed Margaret, "and I never came back for it. How thoughtless I am!"

"Very thoughtless," said Edward, shaking his head. Margaret looked up quickly, and then smiled, as she detected the roguish light in his eyes.

"No doubt," said Mr. Curzon, with an air of importance, approaching the long table which was thickly strown with newspapers and guide-books, "No doubt, if we make a careful search, we shall find your sketch-book, Miss Willoughby, beneath some of these newspapers." But after a very thorough and careful search there was no sketch-book to be seen.

"I will go and inquire at the office," said John Richards. "It may have been taken there."

Mr. Curzon's dragoman who had been standing near the door had overheard part of the conversation, and came forward to offer his services.

"Permit me, gentleman, that I pursue this demand for you," he said respectfully.

"Thanks, I will go myself," said John. The Copt fell back, and Mr. Richards stepped past him to the desk.

"A sketch-book," said the clerk, when he had explained

his errand. "Oh yes. Here is one which this gentleman has just brought me. He found it in the reading-room."

Richards looked for the person indicated and recognized the man with the smooth face and keen black eyes, who had accosted him on his return from the College of Derwishes. He was just turning away, but seeing John he paused and bowed ceremoniously. John did not return the greeting quite so graciously as courtesy might have indicated, under the apparent circumstances, and the clerk noticing his coldness said officiously :

"The gentleman was very kind in bringing the book here, sir. It is not safe to leave anything in the reading room." The remark was wasted. Mr. Richards had rejoined his friends without waiting to be instructed by the clerk. The stranger looked sharply after him and then his narrow gaze fixed itself upon the figure of the young Egyptian. "Who is that young man, standing near the door of the reading-room?" he said to his champion.

"That is a young Copt, named Joseph, a dragoman," said the clerk.

"Ah! indeed! Thank you." At the same moment the stranger stooped down as though perceiving something that had fallen on the floor in the shadow of the desk, but nothing had fallen, until he dexterously slipped something from under his arm, dropped it and picked it up again.

"What is it?" asked the clerk.

"Only a loose sketch. It must have slipped from the lady's book. I will ask this dragoman to return it."

"I would not trouble myself any more about them if I were you," said the clerk. But the stranger had already approached the young Copt.

"Are you not the servant of one of these Englishmen?" he asked.

"Yes, gentleman," said Joseph politely.

"Will you be kind enough then to return this drawing, which seems to have slipped out of the English-lady's book? Perhaps you saw it fall?"

"No," said the Copt, "but I give it to the lady." He put out his hand to take the sketch, but the stranger drew it back. "Before you give the picture to the English lady," he said, "I should like to show it to you." He held the sketch before the Copt, and suddenly drew away the tissue paper which shielded it, disclosing the portrait of the Felláh maiden, under which Miss Willoughby had written "Netita," in a clear round hand.

Joseph stared as if petrified. The hot blood surged up into his cheeks and spread to his swarthy brow.

"I see you recognize this picture," said the stranger, who was watching his face keenly. "I was not mistaken in supposing it to be a likeness of the Netita, whom you know."

"Why you meddle Netita?" said the Copt angrily. "How come you know her? I will not tolerate this encounter."

"I knew her only as a child," said the stranger soothingly. "Her guardian is a friend of mine."

But Joseph still looked angry and suspicious.

"Who you say? Her guardian?" he asked.

"Yes, the woman with whom she lives at"—the stranger hesitated and glanced at the drawing,—“near Memphis.” The Copt's eyes followed his. At the bottom of the sketch was written, "On the site of Ancient Memphis."

"Tikfeh!" he ejaculated half to himself, which Arabic "it is enough."

"Give me that—I return this design," he said, the stranger impatiently; but the stranger placed a hand upon his arm.

"I went to inquire for my friends in the Copti where they formerly lived," he said, "but found them moved. I was told that you alone could tell me where to find them."

"I do not know you," said Joseph, looking him in the face with a kind of sullen defiance, "and I grow suspicious of you as my friend." Then he turned decidedly away with the design in his hand.

An evil light shone in the stranger's eyes for a moment, but he did not attempt to detain the Copt any further.

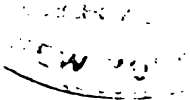
As Joseph returned to the reading room, he reached the desk, and when the clerk was disengaged he said to him:

"Can you tell me the name of the Arab villa, or the site of Ancient Memphis?"

The clerk glanced rapidly at a map of Cairo and its vicinity which hung behind the desk.

"Let me see, let me see," he said, "It is called Mitrehenny. The village of Mitrehenny."

"Thank you, again," said the stranger quietly.



CHAPTER XXII.

JOSEPH THE COPT.

MRS. WILLOUGHBY and Margaret were being put through a course of mosques, of which there are said to be about four hundred in Cairo. Mr. Curzon and Mr. Richards accompanied the ladies, but Baron von Gaetzner went off by himself after breakfast and was seldom seen again until dinner time, when he would appear gloomy and absorbed.

Mrs. Willoughby did not approve of this defection, nor did she at all fancy being so much in the company of Mr. Mathew Curzon, although his dragoman was certainly a convenience in seeing the mosques.

She attacked Leopold one morning when he was knitting his brows over a French paper.

"You have not visited any of the mosques, Baron von Gaetzner. Do you not think them worth seeing?"

"Pardon, Madam?" said he, looking up a little absently. "Oh! the mosques! They are very interesting. I did see some few of them, perhaps twelve, before that you have come to Cairo."

"Twelve!" exclaimed Mrs. Willoughby. "Why we have only seen five! And pray what sights are you seeing now?"

"Each day I go to Boolak," said Leopold solemnly, "and

here I study. For this is a museum of curiosities, and good, very ancient."

"True," said Mrs. Willoughby. "I remember that there was a remarkably fine collection of Egyptian antiquities arranged by Marriette Bey, and we have Cairo all this time without seeing it!"

"Why shall you not go to-day?" said Leopold. "Then I shall have the great pleasure that I explain these curiosities."

"We had better do so by all means," said Mrs. Willoughby. "for we shall have time enough to see the mosque and the moon."

"Oh, dear, yes," said Margaret, "I am heartily sick of seeing mosques, but I am afraid the museum at Boolak will not be much more cheerful."

The carriage now came to the door and Leopold was to take a seat, but he insisted that he preferred walking and to meet them at Boolak. Just as the ladies were settling with John Richards, Curzon appeared, followed by Leopold, and stepped into the vacant seat with the most pronounced complacency. Leopold was already some distance down the street when he heard footsteps hurrying to overtake him. Turning round, he saw his friend the Copt whom he had met in Cairo. Joseph saluted him with an air of great deference.

"Would the gentleman kindly permit he should walk with him to Boolak?" Leopold consented rather reluctantly for he was busy with his own thoughts, but he had too much tact to interrupt him. He had something to discover which was of the utmost importance, and determined to await his opportunity. His patience was almost exhausted, however, when Von Gaetzner's

said, quite as much as if he were speaking to himself as to his companion,

"The monks, in this Greek Convent,—they must have had some record of the names of the persons which have been buried. It is not possible that they shall so quite entirely forget?"

The tone of the last sentence was slightly interrogatory, so Joseph hastened to reply,

"I can suppose, gentleman, that some person has offered these monks gold that they should forget."

"Ah! then you believe these monks are bribed," said Leopold, looking keenly at the Copt, "by whom?"

"It should be by some person who had reason to wish them silent," said Joseph cautiously.

"What reason?"

"There are many. I can suppose that some person has been put to death, and that some other person do not wish—that the body is found, or I can suppose that some person is say dead and is not dead." Leopold started violently and turned very pale.

"Have you ever heard or known of such a case?" he said.

"Before I shall answer this," said Joseph, also changing color, "I shall ask your word of honor, gentleman, that you have not given gold to such a use."

"I?" cried Leopold, "Never!"

The Copt looked very much relieved and the extreme caution which had characterized his manner abated.

"I have known of so like case with one of these," he said. "When I guide you to Greek Convent, I suspicion, but I do not know reason, shall this case be to interest you? Then I reflection no! but it is since two days only that I

hear your name." He paused for a moment. Leopold looked intent, but rather puzzled. It was not easy for one more familiar with the language the Copt was abusing than he was, to decipher Joseph's meaning.

"Even then," he went on, "I grow fearful, I say he play a part likewise."

"Some one has played a part," said Leopold sternly.

"Now, I know different," said Joseph, "now I speak."

"Go on," said Leopold, "but I pray you that you speak only truth."

"Shall I speak truth, that the grave you seek is to Frederick von Gaetzner?" asked the Copt slowly. "I imagination that I hear you said this name to the Greek monk."

"Yes, yes," said Leopold eagerly. "Do you know anything about him?"

"He not dead," said Joseph. "He put in a mad house. Two weeks ago he has escaped." The Copt looked up as he said this and seeing that Von Gaetzner turned even paler than before, he stopped. Leopold put his arm on Joseph's shoulder and leaned heavily against him. At last he said, speaking with difficulty—

"Was he mad?"

"He not mad. He not been mad," said the Egyptian laconically.

"Then how could he be put in a mad house?"

"He is said mad. He is ill. He is wild with fever. The doctor is give gold."

"How long ago did this happen?"

"It has been ten seasons," said the Copt, thoughtfully, for in his profession of dragoman the harvest of strangers whom each winter brought, was the most vivid record of time.

"And you have known of this, for all these years," exclaimed Leopold indignantly.

"No, not exactly," said Joseph, looking slightly embarrassed. "I not have know who this man was, but I know now."

"How do you know?" asked Leopold, somewhat recovering himself.

"I not wish to tell you," said the Copt bending his eyes upon the ground.

"Then how can I believe you?"

Joseph drew up his slight figure with an air of dignity, which was almost ludicrous in one so small, but he spoke as proudly as Von Gaetzner could have done. "You have give your word of honor, gentleman, and I have believe it. Now I do give you mine, that every word which I have said is true."

"And will you not tell me more?" asked Leopold.

"I wait first. I see how you shall act," said Joseph sullenly.

Leopold was angry at his tone, but he saw a certain justice in his conduct. In truth he was forced to be satisfied for the present with what he had heard, but he felt the need of thinking seriously upon it, and he could not compose himself sufficiently to meet the party awaiting him at Boolak.

"Tell the English lady, Mrs. Willoughby, that I find myself not well," he said, and turned abruptly from his companion.

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CHAPTER XXIII.

DOUBT.

VON GAETZNER did not heed whither he was going after he parted from the Copt, but his road led him across the bridge which spans the Nile just above Book. He met long lines of camels laden with sweet-smelling cloths from the country, led by reverent turbaned figures in long robes and Turkish trousers. He was jostled by Arab boys and muffled chattering women, carrying fish, vegetables, skins filled with dates, but he passed on, heeding them more than they did him.

When he reached the other shore he followed a path which led up the river to a tall clump of bushes which overhung the bank, and here sat down to think. He sat down to think, but for a few moments his brain refused to act. He had no thoughts, but struggled with a strange sense of wilderment. Joseph's revelation had been so sudden that the conviction which it brought to him was for the moment more confusing than his doubts. He even made an effort to return to his former state of uncertainty. Was the Coptic story true? Alas! If it were not true, how could it have been told? It was of course very improbable from an ordinary point of view, but for this very reason it seemed less likely to have been invented.

How could this little dragoman have obtained such

knowledge of the haunting fear which had been restless in his inmost soul, as to enable him to compose a realization of it so complete? The mere fact of his having gone in search of his brother's grave could not have inspired it, and this was all that the Copt knew. Leopold yielded the premises, but in doing so he was filled with dismay, first for himself, for he, Leopold, was no longer the heir of his family estate. The estate was entailed upon the oldest son by a family law, as is not uncommon in Austria, and if Frederick lived, it would belong to Frederick. Leopold had not supposed that he cared much for the property, but in the ten years which had elapsed since the report had reached him of his brother's death, he had grown accustomed to expecting it, and now he was not only unhappy, he was mortified at the pain which he experienced at the thought of losing it. He had never learned to think of any one else before himself, although he often forgot himself, which is a very different matter, so that it seemed to him as if he had been almost as much wronged as Frederick. Why had he been thus deceived, and by whom? Was it his father, who had made a dupe of him? He could not bear to think so, but the thought led him to forget his own grievance.

He began to shrink, for his father's sake, from surveying too closely the motives which could have led to such a deception. He took out Baron von Gaetzner's last letter and read it carefully. His displeasure at Leopold's desire to see Frederick's grave, his imperative command to him to leave Cairo, both troubled Leopold. A great dread arose within him of looking into the matter any farther. A prophetic sense of coming sorrow and degradation.

He bowed his head and strove not to think at all for a

few moments, but the thoughts would come, one springing from another, and he found himself recalling a long series of half-forgotten incidents and events. The image of Frederick now presented itself for the first time since Joseph's revelation, not as a shadowy existence—a cloudy importunate vision which stood between him and his rights, but as he first remembered him. There had been a time when Leopold believed that he loved Frederick—a long while ago when they were both children. He had afterwards come to fear him, then to dislike him, and at last with the intolerance of youthful superiority, to scorn and despise him. His brother was much older than himself, and always a wild unlucky fellow. He used to torment Leopold, and laugh at him, and constantly to quarrel with their father.

Frederick's history so far as Leopold knew it ran thus. He had been sent early to school and then to a university, where he had learned to play billiards and was fond of giving champagne-suppers. He had been sent to travel on the Continent in his vacation, and had once spent a season with his father at Baden Baden, but this had ended in a worse quarrel than usual, and when Frederick returned to Vienna the Baron saw nothing of him personally, but was reminded only too frequently by bills and visits from tradespeople, of his hopeful heir-apparent. Having refused to live in the family hotel, Frederick had furnished a suit of apartments with great splendor upon the credit of his expectations, which were well known. He had taken to driving fast horses, and to living as fast as it was possible to live—in short he was a "*mauvais sujet*," and his faults were those of a temperament so entirely the reverse of Leopold's that it is no wonder that the brothers were not friends. Frederick

quick tempered and completely unable to control his passions. Leopold was slow to anger—self-contained, and not easily forgive. The precise nature of the final quarrel between his brother and his father was not known to Leopold. He had been a lad of seventeen, studying at Heidelberg at the time of Frederick's final disgrace and departure from Vienna. He was now a man of twenty-five, and he had not seen his brother since. Frederick had been dead to the world from that time, but faint rumors had been floating with regard to him from time to time, which pointed to Egypt, as the abode of his troubled spirit. Five years ago, when Leopold was travelling in Italy, the news reached Vienna that Frederick was desperately ill in Cairo, and was soon followed by the report of his death. Leopold had heard of both together, but it troubled him to remember that his father, who had known of Frederick's danger, had made no effort to reach his dying son. There had been something mysterious in the sudden death and hasty burial of this eldest son in a foreign land, which had disturbed him at the time and had haunted him strangely since. He thought that Frederick's body should have been brought back to Vienna and buried where it was the custom for the Von Gaetznern to be buried. Whatever his faults in life might have been, and he even hesitated to speak to his father on this subject, but the Baron had received the suggestion very coldly. He had never been willing to speak to Leopold about his brother and was much displeased if he asked any question concerning the cause of Frederick's death. Leopold had not thought of blaming his father for this feeling, which he supposed was due to the unfortunate relations which had existed between the father and son, but he regretted it, and the

uncertainty which veiled the last years of his brother's life had led him constantly to speculate on the circumstances and cause of his death. It was partly through this vague uneasiness and curiosity that he had undertaken his present journey to Cairo, and partly from interest in ancient Egypt.

CHAPTER XXIV.

DETERMINATION.

AS Leopold ended his retrospect he grew more and more despondent. He would gladly have excluded the new and fearful light which had just entered the dim precincts of his doubts and speculations, but he could not ; nor could he help the bitter consciousness that all the circumstances great and small which had crowded into his memory, only gave the Copt's story that consistency and corroboration which he would gladly have denied it. There could be no doubt that there had been a mystery with regard to his brother's fate, or that his father desired to maintain that mystery. But why? If revenge had tempted him to put Frederick in a mad house when he was not mad, why should he have spread the report that he was dead? Would it not have been enough to say that he was mad? He could not have been prompted by revenge alone. Leopold could think of but one other motive, and this was the inheritance. Frederick must have been reported dead in order that Leopold might inherit the estate. As he realized this, it seemed to him that he was dishonored, and he caught at an extenuating doubt which suggested itself at the moment as if it had been a hope of rescue. Might not Frederick have really been insane? Surely this was a point on which the Copt might have been deceived, for was not insanity famous for its power of simu-

lating sanity? It did not seem at all improbable that madness should result from the excesses of such a life as Frederick's had been, and the assumption placed his father's conduct in so much better light that Leopold longed to embrace it, but he was checked by the reflection that if Frederick had really been insane there was no reason why he should have been reported dead in order to gain his inheritance. Among other odd bits of learning, Leopold possessed some knowledge of the law, and he knew that a lunatic could not hold property in Austria if his lunacy were proved. If his brother had been mad it was simply necessary that he should have been examined by some physician whose testimony was good, and the question of his inheritance would have been settled forever. Leopold was forced to perceive that thinking about it could not alter the facts, that his brother had been unfairly dealt with, and that his father had known that he was living while he suffered him to be reported dead. When he had reached this point in his reflections, he rose up hastily from the ground and shook himself, and began slowly to retrace his steps, but the decision of the movement was merely the effect of impatience, for he was still quite undecided, and as he went slowly on he kept asking himself what he intended to do? Yes, that, after all, was the important question! What action was required of him in consequence of this new knowledge? Must he see Frederick? Must he denounce his father? He shrank from either one or the other. It would be hard to face a man who had been so injured as his brother, and of his father he hardly dared to think. He had never entertained any tenderness of affection for him. Baron von Gaetzner had always been cold to Leopold even when most kind, but Leopold had admired his father and until now

had respected him. He was unhappy and undetermined. What had he come to Egypt? What good could come of this journey which he had striven so persistently to bring about? Did he not owe more to his father than to Frederick? The thought that love for him had prompted his father's conduct, appealed to Leopold. Might there not be after all some reason for his father beyond what he knew of?

The strongest feeling of which Von Gaetzner had been conscious when he arose that morning had been a longing to stay in Egypt in order to remain near Clara. He had conceived a hope that she might care for him and dreaded, yet longed to know how much, although the doubt was even more alluring than certainty would have been. He had not given much thought to the consequences of this feeling. His wishes were to be altogether dependent upon his will, but the Von Gaetzner whom he fancied himself this morning was a different person from the Von Gaetzner whom he found himself now, and with the sense of the great change which came to his fortunes came an impulse of angry resistance to Fate. He almost hated Frederick as he thought of the false hopes of political distinction which he had longed for, and which his father's letter had rekindled, for they were beyond the reach of a second son, without property of his own. The prospect of returning to Vienna, which had seemed so uninviting this morning, that he had thought of giving up his ambition for the sake of his pleasure, looked different, now that duty required him to remain in Cairo to support his unfortunate brother. He could not blind himself to his duty, with all his sophistry. He only said to himself that he would not condemn his father unheard. He made the deliberate determination to leave Egypt,

and go back to Vienna ; to learn what his father's plans were for him—and then ? His own plans went no further. His mood was all the darker for an inward sense of shame, but he strode on stolidly. He recrossed the bridge towards Cairo, and was nearing his hotel when a vision of the past rushed back upon his memory with all the sweet and sudden force of passion. He seemed to see a very beautiful pair of eyes looking directly into his. A strong desire came over him to meet those eyes again, and with it a certainty of their disapproval. He was passing through a narrow dark street. He stopped and unconsciously put his hand to his heart. There was a great struggle going on between the new feeling which had just sprung up there and the obstinacy of his nature which would not yield or change when it was once determined. Then he hardened himself with a great effort of his stubborn will and turned away from the fancied entreaty of the regretful eyes.



CHAPTER XXV.

A FAIRY SCENE.

It was the evening of the Khedive's Grand Ball. Margaret Willoughby was quite wild with excitement.

"At the prospect of a dance," her mother said, but even the most watchful of mammas do not know all the silly thoughts which enter their daughters' heads. Indeed, who but saw the wonderful arrangement of braids and coils into which the skilful hair-dresser had twisted Margaret's golden locks, could have suspected that naughty projects of rebellion against mamma's supreme authority were concealed beneath anything so lovely.

Certainly Margaret's wickedness was not of the most hardened kind. It consisted in a vague determination to have a good time for this one evening and to let the rest of her life take care of itself—and if a certain person who shall be nameless, and who was coming to Cairo for the ball, was expected to add to her evening's enjoyment, that is no affair of yours or mine.

Miss Ogden's frame of mind was much less enviable. She had seen Leopold for the first time that evening since the memorable day at Sakkara, for her perturbation at the thought of meeting him had led her to delay the meeting as long as possible. Her reappearance at the 'table d'hôte' had been hailed with unfeigned pleasure by John Richards

and Margaret, and Mrs. Willoughby, who had previously made a formal offer through Edward to chaperon Miss Ogden at the ball, was almost cordial, after her grim fashion, but with Von Gaetzner Clara had only interchanged a few constrained sentences without lifting her eyes from her plate.

She was now at her toilet, but it did not advance very rapidly, for she often paused to think, resting her head upon her hand, like the pensive Sybil in the Cistine Chapel. She was aroused from one of these reveries by a knock on the door, and the servant handed her a note. In the address she recognized the same hand-writing as that of the mysterious communication which she had been led to attribute to Joseph the Copt, but this one was even shorter than the last. It ran thus :

"The lady will be very kind. She speak to Baron von Gaetzner. She tell him true, all that she have seen."

Clara was not only surprised, she was frightened. She began to think that there might be some plot at work into which she was being drawn. Her former note from Joseph and her interview with the strange woman which she had treated merely as a curious adventure, an interesting episode entirely unconnected with herself, but which might give her more insight into the feelings and lives of the people among whom she was living, than it was the luck of most travellers to obtain, now assumed a different light. If, as she had believed from the earnestness of the woman, she was pleading for her husband or brother who had escaped from prison, her anxiety to preserve the secret of his retreat was not unnatural, but why should Clara now be requested to speak of the matter to so completely uninterested a person as Baron von Gaetzner?

This seemed to her like trickery, although the object to be attained by it, was completely beyond her comprehension. She was half inclined to seek her brother and confide the whole story to him, but a message from Mrs. Willoughby to know whether Miss Ogden was ready for the ball recalled her to her neglected toilet, and she determined to treat the request of her anonymous correspondent as if it had not been ; to speak or to be silent as her inclination or circumstances might dictate.

Mrs. Willoughby's maid, Mrs. Morton, who had brought Miss Ogden the message from her mistress, looked upon the startled face of the young American lady with a mixture of pity and superiority.

"Is Miss Willoughby ready?" asked Clara in dismay.

"H'oh no, Miss, she's got 'er 'air done, that's h'all."

This was reassuring, and the abigail graciously proceeded to admit that Mrs. Willoughby had dressed early in order to transfer her—Morton's—valuable services to Miss Margaret, since,

"Miss Margaret never could get dressed without 'elp."

In fact Miss Ogden was relieved to find that the older lady had only wished to give her one of those gentle shocks, with which the punctual persons in this world consider it their duty to galvanize the tardy into greater celerity, but she confessed to herself that in this instance the alarm had been timely.

Margaret's satisfaction knew no bounds when they were fairly in the carriage, driving through the dark streets, where every now and then a sudden light would bring some picturesque Eastern figure into strong relief. When they reached the bridge the illuminations began with round glass lanterns,

hung at intervals on either side, the simple forms of which were reflected in curious contorted shapes in the dark running water beneath. It took a long while to cross the Nile, for the Gezeeret palace where the ball was to be given, was not far beyond, and they were obliged to slacken their speed and fall into line with numberless other carriages all bound the same way. At the end of the bridge was an illuminated arch, surmounted by the crescent, all in yellow light! and after a short drive beneath the overhanging foliage of acacia trees, they entered the palace grounds. Along the avenue festoons of little lanterns hung one above another as far as one could see. Then came the garden glowing with rich and varied tints, for all the trees and bushes seemed to bear wonderful colored fruits, like the marvellous jewels in Aladdin's Cave, and all the grass was sprinkled with shining points of light. The palace itself was not a grand structure and by daylight hardly beautiful, but the blaze of light sent forth by many gas jets in studded rows across the front, rendered it a fitting centre for the brilliant scene. A huge fountain caught up the sparkling brightness, and tossed it higher and higher amid snowy foam and rainbow-tinted mists, until it looked white and ghostlike against the evening sky, and then fell back into its basin in a shower of glittering stars. It was like a scene in fairy-land, Margaret thought, and although she was not given to romancing, she could not but remember how that the Prince and Princess of a fairy tale would meet at such a ball as this and dance all night until day dawned, to change their chariots into pumpkins and their diamonds into dew.

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CHAPTER XXVI.

THE KHEDIVE'S BALL.

AS the ladies emerged from the cloak room, Leopold von Gaetzner stepped forward and offered his arm to Clara, anticipating her brother, but Edward only smiled. He was not sorry for the opportunity of joining Miss Willoughby, who was following her mamma and John Richards.

"Now this ball it is part of a ceremony, and it is for three marriages," said Leopold, "for the Khedive, he weds thus, two sons and one daughter."

"That is a clever way of doing things," said Richards, "and must save the Khedive a great deal of trouble."

"My dear John," said Mrs. Willoughby, "do be careful what you say lest you are overheard."

Von Gaetzner heeded neither Mrs. Willoughby nor Mr. Richards, but went on talking to Miss Ogden, bent upon imparting useful information; fortunately he spoke in a low tone.

"It is first necessary that we are presented to Prince Tewfick," he said. "We shall find him in a large room on the left—quite easy to be greeted. He is oldest son to the viceroy. He is thin and dark, and a little fanatic, and he marries with the daughter of D'Elhanie Pasha. Afterwards we shall see Prince Hassan, who has been to England and

also does get married, but the Princess Fatima, their sister, we may not see."

"And is the Princess Fatima to be married too?" asked Clara.

"Oh! yes. She will take her cousin Ibrahim, son to Achmet Pasha, which he would one day have been Khedive, but that at Kafr-ez-Tayat he was drowned in the Nile in a railway accident."

"And what is her cousin like, whom the Princess is to marry?" asked Miss Ogden, with true feminine curiosity.

"He is like a tall fat man which is not handsome, but, oh! very solemn, very lazy." Here their conversation was interrupted by the necessity which Leopold had mentioned of being presented to the Prince. He was as the Austrian had described him, thin and dark, with a reserved and rather sensitive face, but a forehead a little wanting in breadth. His manners were gravely courteous, and he was dressed in simple evening costume, not differing from that of any European gentleman, except in the fez upon his head.

Leaving the reception room, they now climbed two broad flights of stairs to a long entry paved with marble, which divided the palace in the centre. The dancing halls opened from this upon the left, and on the right was a large room devoted to conversation, several to cards, and one to coffee and to smoking.

Mrs. Willoughby turned to the left, and Margaret and Edward gayly followed, bent upon a dance, for Edward as well as Margaret had looked forward with pleasant anticipations to this ball and intended to enjoy it. To be sure, his Paris physician had especially warned him against waltzing in a heated room, and his London doctor had cautioned him

against the night air in Egypt. His sister, whom he looked upon as rather a Cassandra, without admitting that her unspoken forebodings might be as mournfully realized as the sad prophesies of the Trojan maid, had eagerly offered to stay at home, if he would be content to give up the ball, asserting that she did not care for it at all. Edward answered by declaring that he did care. In fact, he cared a great deal—more than he had ever cared for a party of any kind before, and as he stepped into the crowded ball-room with Miss Willoughby upon his arm, he felt rewarded for the obstinacy with which he had carried his point, in defiance of his judgment and that of others. The thanksgiving in which we indulge is not always for the successful resistance of temptation. The best of us sometimes rejoice that we have done that which we ought not to do, just at the moment of obtaining that for which we have erred. The time of regret and repentance no doubt follows, and seems to the offender unjustly bitter when compared to the offence, but still the forbidden fruit is sweet.

It was perhaps true that, as Morton said, Miss Margaret was helpless in adorning herself, but she was a subject of whom any artist of the toilet might have been proud, when she stepped upon the floor, and all eyes were turned admiringly towards her. She was dressed in pale green, with here and there a bunch of lilies of the valley, and the color was exquisitely becoming to the rounded whiteness of her neck and arms.

Edward was intensely conscious of her beauty. He could not help the thrill of pleasure which he felt when her hand lay upon his, or when his arm supported her ever so lightly, in the

dance and when the sunny tendrils of her golden hair once touched his cheek. Von Gaetzner, meanwhile, had paused when the rest of the party turned towards the dancing hall.

"It is for conversation which we are come, is it not so, Fräulein?" he said to his companion, and then seeming to take her concurrence for granted, led the way into a square room surrounded by divans rather uncomfortably high, where they sat down.

By a word of dissent Miss Ogden might have avoided the *tete-à-tete*, but she had not spoken that word. She sat quite still for a few moments after they were seated. She was all in white,—one of those wonderful French dresses made up of transparent puffs and delicate flounces and blond lace, and scattered pearls. She wore pearls too in her brown hair, but it was not the pearls which Von Gaetzner noticed—but the classic shape of the small head. How proudly it was carried, and the graceful outline of the neck and shoulders. She had no color to-night, and there was a dark tint just faintly visible beneath her eyes—but in the eyes themselves was a subdued excitement, the light of which lent power and fascination to the whole face. Leopold was the first to speak.

"You have not yet come to look quite like yourself," he said, "since that you have been ill."

"I feel quite well again, thank you," said Clara.

"Oh! you have had a very great fright," said Von Gaetzner, "in the tomb of Apis, for I have known what you have felt, better than all the rest."

Miss Ogden looked up with the old incredulous smile, which he knew so well. She had often told him by this faintly disdainful curl of the lip, this mocking light in her

deep grey eyes, how little she thought of one of his cold compliments.

"Oh! I can see what you would say, Fräulein," said he quite imperturbably—"You have not thought that I was anxious. It is this that you would say."

"I confess that I was not struck with any display of solicitude on your part, when I recovered from my foolish fainting fit."

"And you have thought that I have not cared that you should faint, because I have not run about and been full of talking and surprise."

Clara smiled—but this time it was from amusement at the picture of himself which Von Gaetzner had drawn.

"I should not have expected you to be so excited as that," she said demurely, "over anything short of an absolute discovery. Supposing I had been a mummy, now, and you had been the first to find me?"

Leopold did not answer but kept his eyes upon her. He did not look reproachful so much as masterful, as though he knew that she must cease to rail at him—and she did. She lowered her eyes and said seriously,

"I really supposed, Herr von Gaetzner, that you thought it weak in me, to be so much frightened as to faint away."

"No," said Leopold. "I have not thought you weak—not ever—but especially not then—for I have seen the cause of your great fright."

"Did you, indeed? Did you see that man?" asked Clara, much surprised.

"I have seen his back only," said Leopold, "for he has been far, oh, very far before me. I have seen the figure of a man, which it was running and I have asked my-

self whence it should he come—and then I have heard you scream.”

Von Gaetzner paused and drew a long breath. He was far from emotional, but he seemed to dislike to recall the cry of which he spoke. “I have hastened on,” he said, “and I have seen this figure of a man turn to one side, and I have followed him, for I have said within myself—he shall account for this which he has done.”

“Did you find him?” asked Clara breathlessly.

“No,” said Leopold, “but when I have seen you are not dead, I have not cared. My fright has been much more great than even yours, for I have thought this brute has killed you.” He looked away as he said this, and Clara was much moved.

“The whole thing was very mysterious,” said she in a low tone. “Where can he have gone?”

“Oh! as for that,” said Von Gaetzner, “he has escaped into the Serapeum, for I have been there since, and I have found this passage-way which it has been built with the temple, but afterwards it has been choked up with sand. Do you not remember when we have been in the Serapeum, oh! quite alone, how that we have heard a sound?” He turned towards Miss Ogden quite innocently, but in spite of herself the mention of their interview in the Serapeum brought the hot blood to her cheeks and neck.

“Yes, I remember,” she said with an effort.

“Why is it, Fräulein,” said Leopold earnestly, “that you have not told of this man, whom you have seen—no not to any one?”

The change of subject was a relief to Clara’s embarrassment.

"I will tell you," she said frankly, "but then you must promise not to tell any one, and not to think me very foolish and imaginative?"

Leopold smiled reassuringly, "If you shall tell me all which you have seen?" he said.

"I saw nothing at first," said Miss Ogden, "but a pair of eyes glaring at me out of one of those huge tombs, then I ran and I heard footsteps following me and when I turned to look I saw a man—but oh! I cannot tell you what a horrid fancy haunted me, for it seemed to me that the face of my pursuer, although wild and distorted, was like yours!"

Leopold stared as though he had himself seen what she described, and then turned away his head.

Clara was struck with the strange fixed expression of his face.

"You surely cannot think," said she earnestly, "that I mistook this poor wretch for you?—I afterwards received an anonymous note, which I think was written by that young Copt, whom Mr. Curzon employs as a dragoman, giving me to understand that the person whom I had seen was some escaped prisoner, and asking me not to betray him."

Still Leopold did not speak or look round. Clara was frightened. She touched his arm gently with her fan. "Are you not well?" she asked softly, "or are you angry?"

He turned and met her pleading eyes with a cold smile,

"I have been thinking," he replied. Clara was deeply wounded at this sudden change of manner. She bit her lip to keep the tears from rising to her eyes.

Just at that moment John Richards approached with a happy light in his face, as though he had thought of something which pleased him very much.

"Will you not dance, Miss Ogden?" he said eagerly.

He looked so kind and handsome that Clara felt as if she would like to go with him, besides it was a way of hiding from Leopold her pained feeling.

"Thank you, I shall be very glad to dance," she said, and almost at the same moment the Austrian arose—made one of his most polite bows and strolled carelessly away. His figure was so tall that Clara could distinguish it quite plainly even amid the crowd, and a little while afterwards she noticed him in conversation with another tall man, apparently an Englishman, with a finely shaped head, and close-clipped curly hair.

"I thought you would enjoy a little dance," said Mr. Richards. "Young ladies do not care to come to parties for the sake of sitting still."

"It was very kind in you to think of me," said Clara. She felt humbled and sad.

"But it will be a great pleasure for me to dance with you," said John sincerely. "Come, let us get into the other room where your brother is making such a sensation with his queer American step."

In spite of her sadness, Clara smiled to herself. She knew very well beforehand what style of dancing Mr. Richards' would be, nor was she at all surprised at the many bumps which fell to their share among the selfish crowd of waltzers.

Margaret Willoughby had danced with Richards and Curzon, and now she was again dancing with Edward in spite of the solicitations of others less fortunate. She enjoyed his evident admiration and the pleasure which he felt at being thus distinguished quite innocently—that is,—she

did not think at all. She only felt—as he did—in harmony with everything about her and for an equally simple reason. Ogden was a beautiful dancer,—distinguished even in his native land where there are many such, and in his native city, which excels the world in this most graceful art. He liked to dance, as who does not like to do that which he does well, but it was more than the mere fact of dancing and of having a sympathetic partner, which filled him with excitement, as if he had been breathing some exhilarating gas. It was Margaret's manner, so different this evening from what it had ever been before. There was a fire, a softness, a what the French call "*élan*" about the girl, which rendered her beauty a hundred times more telling. How could Edward know that her eyes had detected the well-knit, athletic figure of the tall young fellow who was talking with Von Gaetzner; that her whole heart was in a flutter of expectation, and that he had but a small part in causing the pleasure which she showed? It was his sensitive nature which made him feel the change in her so keenly, but he had no magician's rod to help him to divine the cause.

NEW YORK

CHAPTER XXVII.

LEVERETT WILLOUGHBY.

VERY richly and suitably arrayed in mauve-colored moire-antique, stood Mrs. Willoughby just beneath a chandelier, in conversation with the English Ambassador. The light from above showed her figure to advantage, for she was comely and well proportioned. Her brown hair, quite unchanged in color, was smoothed down over her temples on either side of a narrow pointed strip of forehead. Her complexion was remarkably pure and fresh for that of a woman of her age, but her eyes were rather cold and there were faintly discontented lines about the corners of her mouth.

Leverett Willoughby, who was observing her from a little distance, knew that he was measuring a formidable enemy, but he determined to dash boldly to the encounter.

"My dear Aunt! I am surprised to see you in Cairo," said he, when they had shaken hands. "I should have thought it the last place in the world to suit you."

Mrs. Willoughby would have expressed nothing but surprise at the meeting, being too much chagrined to feign any of the pleasure which politeness required, but Leverett had taken the ground from under her feet, so she summoned to her aid some of the freezing dignity of which she always had a large reserve.

"I am afraid, Leverett, that you hardly know my tastes," she said. "How did you leave your father?"

"The governor is pretty well, thank you. There is Margaret! By Jove! How well she is looking! Who is that fellow she is dancing with?"

"That is Mr. Ogden. A young American, whom I like exceedingly. Ah! Baron von Gaetzner! What have you done with my charge?"

Mrs. Willoughby was delighted to see Leopold at this juncture, to whom she became even more cordial than usual, forgetting her displeasure the day before at his failure to join the party at Boolak. Leverett thought her rather over-gracious to the Austrian, and ungracious to himself, but he cared very little. He had accomplished a necessary preliminary in speaking to his aunt, and he now looked about for Margaret, but she was no longer in sight.

There was nothing Oriental in the architecture or the furniture of the dancing hall. It was a simple parallelogram, hung with mirrors and rich curtains like any Paris ball room. The dancers, too, were entirely European, for although the partially Anglicized Prince Hassan condescended this evening to walk through the figures of the Lancers, Oriental mankind in general still believes that dancing is a labor only intended for slaves and women. In accordance with other Mohammedan ideas, there were of course no Egyptian ladies present, so that a few fat Pashas who collected for the most part in the coffee-room, and the gayly dressed attendants who passed constantly about among the guests with sherbets and ices on silver trays, were the only Eastern features of the entertainment.

Miss Willoughby had disappeared from among the dan-

cers, so Leverett strolled out into the entry. Here were some dismal looking English women from the Residence at Alexandria, and Mathew Curzon promenading to and fro with the ponderous daughter of a banker from Smyrna. Leverett was turning away in disgust, when he was attracted by a window at the end of the entry. It opened upon a stone balcony which projected along the entire front of the palace, and stepping out he was greeted by a most exquisite view of the luxuriant garden in its brilliant atmosphere of many colored light.

The spray from the huge fountain fell in silver drops at his feet, and the sound of music came swelling grandly from the open windows of the palace, but he could not help shivering as the night air struck him, for it was very cold and damp. First then, his eyes fell upon the figures of two persons who were leaning against the low balustrade looking down into the basin of the fountain.

"Could that be Margaret?" He thought so, but he could not see her face. He was so near, however, that but for the loud music, he must have heard her voice.

She was speaking in a gentle, sorrowful tone.

"If I had ever dreamed of what you tell me, Mr. Ogden, you should not have had this pain. I am so sorry—oh! so sorry, from the bottom of my heart! You will believe me, will you not?"

Leverett saw her put her hand into that of her companion—saw him stoop, and press it to his lips, and turn hastily away.

Then he recognized the young American with whom Margaret had been dancing. But Edward passed in through the broad window without seeming to see any one. His

breath was caught by a sharp pain through his chest. A chilled sense of misery had crept all over him. He had been so happy, and now he was so wretched that he had but one desire, to creep away from sight. The thought of dying had never come to him before, but it seemed to-night as if he would be glad to die. Leverett remained rooted to the spot, struck by the anguish in his face, for Margaret bent her head still lower after she was left alone, and remained quite motionless.

"What does it all mean?" said her cousin to himself, but he would have been much less clever than he was if he had not guessed. He stood watching her for some moments without venturing to attract her attention, and had just resolved to speak to her when Margaret stood up and turned towards him.

"How do you do, cousin Margaret?" he said in his frank easy way.

"Ah! how do you do?" said Margaret, flushing all over with surprise. "How did you know I was here?"

"A little bird told me, but he said that it was very cold and damp and that you had better come in."

"It is a little chilly," said Margaret, drawing her light cloak more closely about her, "but when did you come to Cairo, cousin Leverett, and why have we not seen you before?"

"I got here this afternoon just before dinner, after travelling all day in the slow train from Alexandria. I can think of no more tedious and fatiguing method of passing eight or nine hours. After dinner I took a nap, and then delivered myself into the hands of the barber, who was the only person I saw until I came to the ball."

As Leverett spoke he looked down kindly but curiously at his cousin. The startled look had gone from her eyes and the flush had died out of her cheeks. She was much paler than she had been half an hour before, and he almost thought that there were traces of tears about her large blue eyes, which usually looked upon the world so serenely. She was not half so pretty without her color.

"I am going to take you to the refreshment room," said Leverett. "A glass of wine will do you good."

"Oh! I do not need anything, thank you," said Margaret, but still she let him lead her down the stairs in the direction of the room. She could not help liking to be with him, and yet she felt, poor child, as if it were heartless in her to enjoy herself just then. Certainly this meeting with her cousin was very different from what she had fancied that it might be, and her whole mood, which had been tuned to enjoyment, was changed.

Edward Ogden had passed swiftly from the palace into the illuminated garden, following a bright solitary pathway without knowing where he went. He was stopped at last by a high wall which enclosed the garden, and preserved the privacy of the palace from vulgar eyes, and pausing, turned into an empty grotto beside the pathway, where one dying lamp flared and flickered, and at last went out, leaving him in perfect darkness. He had thrown himself down on a bench with his head on a stone table, and he remained quite still, almost unconscious of everything except the dull pain at his heart.

Why had he been such a fool as to think that Margaret could care for him? Had she not everything that he had not—health and a light heart, and many friends, and a bright

future to look forward to—to say nothing of an acknowledged position in her own country? While he was a homeless wanderer, feeling most bitterly towards the few relations who were left to him. Balked in the study of his profession by the failure of his health and forbidden to return to the climate of his native city, where alone he could have made himself a mark. Yes. He had been a fool, and he had received a fool's reward. Margaret had been kind and gentle, but her very kindness wounded him, for he could see that it sprang from a sort of wondering pity. He was roused from his sad reverie by the heavy rolling of wheels and tramp of horses. It was the carriages of the guests beginning to leave the ball. He must go back and find his sister! He stood up, and then sat quickly down again, for he felt once more that sharp pain through his chest. What was he to do? Could he go back to the hotel, and meet his friends as if nothing had happened? Could he condemn himself to pass the next six weeks in the company of this girl, who had rejected him? If he had himself only to think of, he would certainly not do so,—not to see a whole world in ruins instead of Thèbes or Karnac—but there was his sister. He knew that it would be a great sacrifice for Clara to give up the Nile, although she would have done it without a moment's hesitation rather than that he should suffer—but she had been reluctant to accept Mrs. Willoughby's invitation, and had done so for his sake, and he determined that he would not subject her to the mortification of drawing back at this late hour. No. He would do just as he intended to do before this madness seized him. He would not breathe a word of what had taken place to-night, and he felt quite sure that Margaret would not do so.

Mrs. Willoughby had been wandering about with Von Gaetzner, looking for her daughter, and had returned to the ball-room in despair of finding her, when Margaret entered at the farther end of the hall leaning on the arm of Leverett Willoughby. Her mother's fears were realized, for before she could interfere this dangerous cousin had whirled her off into a waltz. For ten, fifteen, twenty minutes to come Mrs. Willoughby's anxious heart must be satisfied with a passing glimpse here or there of the recreant pair. A waltz cannot last forever. When this one was ended, Leverett tried to induce his cousin to come out into the entry with him, but there was no avoiding the severe expression of Mrs. Willoughby's eyes, and the high spirits with which she had begun the evening had quite deserted Margaret.

"I think I had better go back to mamma," she said.

"Oh, very well," said Leverett. "Just as you please"

"I have been wondering where you were," said Mrs. Willoughby coldly, "Baron von Gaetzner was looking for you to take you down to supper."

"It will give me very great pleasure, if you shall like to go with me, Miss Willoughby," said Leopold.

"Thank you," said Margaret, with a bewildered air. In truth there was not much alacrity in her tone.

"I thought you were going down to supper with me, Margaret," said Leverett boldly.

Mrs. Willoughby grew desperate.

"Will you not take me, Leverett?" she said with one of her sweetest smiles. "There is so much which I should like to hear about our friends in England."

This was final. Margaret took Von Gaetzner's arm in silence, and Mrs. Willoughby allowed the current of the

crowd gradually to separate them from herself. Leverett was provoked with Margaret. He thought she might have made more effort to retain so agreeable a companion as himself. He knew his aunt so well of old, that he was more amused than angry with her manœuvering, but he was determined not to take her to supper if he could possibly help it.

"Who is that lovely girl?" said he as Miss Ogden passed at this moment, on the arm of a young English officer from Malta.

"Who do you mean?" said Mrs. Willoughby, "Oh, Miss Ogden. She is here under my care."

"Ah! Miss Ogden. The sister, I suppose, of the young American, whom you like so exceedingly," said Leverett, maliciously. "I should like very much to know her."

Miss Ogden seemed to have been in search of Mrs. Willoughby, for at this moment she turned and came towards them, and Leverett Willoughby had the opportunity of being introduced and of asking to have the pleasure of taking her to supper. Fortune favored him, for John Richards appeared the same moment and relieved him of Mrs. Willoughby.

"My aunt seems to be very much taken with Baron von Gaetzner," said Leverett Willoughby, to Miss Ogden's very great surprise. "Does she want to marry him to Margaret?"

"I really do not know," said Clara haughtily.

"But you know the Baron surely," said Leverett. "He is not the man I take him for if he has been in the same house without making your acquaintance."

"Oh yes," said Miss Ogden, coldly, "he is an old acquaintance of my brother's."

Did Mrs. Willoughby wish her daughter to marry Leo-

pold? she was thinking. The idea had occurred to her before, but only instantaneously.

"He is an odd fish," said Leverett. "Not the least like his father. I have just come from Vienna, where I dined with Baron von Gaetzner. He is a very clever man." Clara was silent. She wished to show Mr. Willoughby that she did not like what he said or the manner of it.

But Leverett had found seats for them at a small table in one of the supper rooms, and he was as he spoke carefully carving a cold bird. He seemed as unconscious of his companion's displeasure, as he would have been indifferent to her approval.

"Did your brother ever know the other Von Gaetzner, Frederick?"—"Here (to a waiter) just bring this lady some champagne, will you."—"Frederick von Gaetzner had rather more fun in him than Leopold. He had a short life, poor fellow, but he got some good out of it." He paused. Clara was so astonished, that her interest in all that concerned Leopold got the better of her indignation.

"I did not know that Mr. Von Gaetzner had a brother," she said.

"Oh! dear, yes," said Leverett. "Have a little salad, Miss Ogden? No? Why it is not time yet for ices. I do believe that you Americans take pride in your small appetites. In England, we like to be strong and healthy. Our young ladies do not care about having waists which look ready to break in two."

"It is fortunate that they do not," said Clara, with asperity.

"I remember Frederick von Gaetzner," resumed her provoking companion, "ever so many years ago. Gambling

was his 'bête noir.' So it has been mine—for that matter."

Miss Ogden started and unconsciously drew a little away from the table, but Leverett did not wait for her to say anything.

"Frederick was the most awfully unlucky fellow," he continued, "He had not a kreützer at his command during his minority, and yet he was always quarreling with the older Baron, who had his own little debts of honor to settle. To be sure, he could usually get his note taken, and he promised to pay so much when he came into his property that they say there would not have been much of the estate left if he had lived."

"He is not living then?" said Clara.

"Oh! no. I believe he got into some awkward scrape about six or seven years ago, and disappeared. He never came back to Vienna, but where he died I am sure I do not know. There was a story of his having come to Egypt, and that he was living in great style in Cairo. We all felt badly when we heard that the poor fellow was dead, but it was a good thing for Leopold."

"I am afraid Mrs. Willoughby may be looking for me," said Clara uneasily. "I see that people are beginning to go."

"She would not have been out of the way so long if I had been talking to her daughter," said Leverett, with a grim smile.

"What do you mean?" asked Clara.

"Only that she considers me a very dangerous character," said Leverett. "I am a younger son, and in debt."

He was a very handsome fellow and there was something rueful in his face as he said this, which touched Miss Ogden, although she did not like his careless tone.

"You are not any the worse for the first reason," she said frankly, "but I do not wonder that Mrs. Willoughby disapproves of your being in debt."

"She disapproves of my being a younger son much more, I assure you," said Leverett. He had risen and offered his arm, but at that moment they saw Edward standing at the door of the supper-room. Miss Ogden hastened to join him, and Leverett bowed and left them.

"Oh! Edward, what has happened?" said Clara as soon as they were alone.

"Nothing but that I have taken a slight cold," said Edward, in his musical voice.

"But you look ill."

"You must not be so imaginative. I got a little chilled, that was all. I am all right since I smoked a cigar."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

GOOD-BYE.

"THIS is our last day on shore," said John Richards.
"How shall it be spent?"

"I think it had better be devoted to preparations for our voyage," said Mrs. Willoughby.

"Oh, we shall have time enough for that," said Richards.
"Selim will attend to all that is essential."

"Why, do we start to-morrow?" said Margaret. "I had no idea we were to go so soon."

"It seems that we must go on board to-morrow," said Richards, "although whether we start then or the following week depends entirely upon the wind. Our dragoman has been very impatient for ten days past, and has at last engaged a cook."

"I have sent to ask Miss Ogden to come in for a moment in order to explain this to her," said his aunt.

The party were assembled in Mrs. Willoughby's parlor, on the morning after the ball, and Miss Ogden entered at this moment.

"Now where would you like to go to-day, Miss Ogden," said Margaret, when it had been duly explained that they must leave Shephard's on the morrow.

"Yes," said Richards. "Which of all the sights in or about Cairo would *you like to see on this last day?*"

"That is a solemn question," said Clara. "Do you mean of those which I have seen before?"

"Why yes. There is nothing new, I suppose," said John despondently.

"Of all the sights which I have seen," said Clara, "I would rather see the Sphinx."

"And the Pyramids," said Margaret.

"To be sure—the Sphinx and the Pyramids," said Mrs. Willoughby. "One ought to see them more than once."

Only John looked rueful. "I have seen the Pyramids so often," he said, "but we might take luncheon with us and have a jolly picnic."

Just then a servant entered with two cards. "Mr. Lev-erett Willoughby," and "Baron von Gaetzner."

"Show them in," said Mrs. Willoughby.

She spoke with resignation, for the name of each visitor neutralized her welcome to the other.

Leopold started slightly on seeing Clara, whom he evidently had not expected to find, but he advanced gravely towards Mrs. Willoughby.

"I am come, madam, to say farewell," he said with a low bow, "and to thank you for the invitation which you have given me so very kindly to go with you up the Nile."

He seemed to have thought out this speech, for he pronounced it with slow precision.

"But must you say 'good-bye' so soon, Baron von Gaetzner?" asked Mrs. Willoughby. "I feared from what my nephew told me that we were not to have the pleasure of your company in our Dahabééh, but we have just been planning an excursion to bid farewell to the Pyramids and the Sphinx before embarking. Can you not join us?"

"To see the Sphinx again," said Leopold thoughtfully, "oh that is what I should like best to do, but yet I feel I may not find the time. No doubt you do expect to be there all day."

"Why yes," said Mrs. Willoughby, "for Miss Ogden is going with us, and John suggested that we should take our luncheon."

"Ah—this is it!" exclaimed Leopold, "I shall take a horse perhaps and ride to Geezeh in the afternoon, then I may say farewell again." He turned as he spoke to where Miss Ogden had been standing when he entered, but she had quietly left the room. Miss Willoughby was talking to Leverett Willoughby in the embrasure of a window, and John Richards was seated in a comfortable chair reading a newspaper.

The Austrian was surprised and puzzled. He made an apology to Mrs. Willoughby for his haste, on the score of his approaching departure, and left the room also.

"Come, we must get ready, Margaret," said Mrs. Willoughby, anxious to break up the *tête-à-tête* in the window.

"I was just asking my cousin," said Leverett, "what your party is, for the Nile."

"Only Miss Ogden and her brother," said Margaret, "and John, and mamma and I."

"We shall just have enough," said Mrs. Willoughby, with nervous haste.

"So! she is afraid I shall offer myself as a travelling companion," thought Leverett to himself, and with his usual love of contrariety he said,

"Those Dahabéëhs usually hold six, do they not, Aunt Willoughby?"

"I believe that some of them hold eight or twelve," said Mrs. Willoughby evasively.

"And yours?" asked Leverett in a tone of polite interest.

"I think that we shall not have too much room for five."

"Ah! you really did not expect Baron von Gaetzner to join the party," said Leverett maliciously.

"Oh! yes," said Mrs. Willoughby, becoming rather red. "The boat would accommodate one more, I think."

"Certainly it would," said John Richards, and then John, who had not heard any of the previous conversation, was suddenly struck with a brilliant idea.

"Why don't you go up the Nile with us, Leverett, instead of Von Gaetzner?" he said cordially.

He had always liked Leverett Willoughby, and he had no idea of the serious apprehension with which his aunt regarded him. Mrs. Willoughby was beside herself at John's stupidity, but she was too much a woman of the world to show her annoyance openly.

"Pray do not hesitate to say so if it would be a convenience to go with us, Leverett," she said in tones of the most icy patronage.

If she had looked at the young man she would have seen his eyes flash.

"It would give me immense pleasure to do so," he said haughtily, "but I have just made an engagement with Baron von Gaetzner to return to Vienna for the Court Ball."

There was silence after this for a few moments. Then Margaret, who had sat blushing with her eyes on the ground, said very timidly—"Will you not at least go with us to-day, cousin Leverett, to see the Sphinx and the Pyramids?"

"I will, certainly," said Leverett with decision. "At what hour do you start?"

"At twelve o'clock," said Mrs. Willoughby quite meekly, and then Leverett took his leave.

Ogden was on the sofa in his room looking rather pale, but he sprang up hastily when he heard a knock at his door and opened it himself.

Von Gaetzner entered.

"I have come to see you, and it is to say farewell," said Leopold, "unless that you too may be going for a last look at the Sphinx."

"I think not to-day," said Edward, smiling rather bitterly. "The Sphinx can hardly help me, for I said farewell to wisdom some little while ago."

"To wisdom?" repeated Leopold. "Ah! You do mean that this Sphinx, she is said to embody all that is most wise."

"Why, yes, you yourself are responsible for that idea," said Edward, "but when do you leave Cairo? Not to-day surely?"

"I do take the train this evening for Alexandria. To-morrow I shall sail for Trieste."

"I almost envy you," said Ogden, turning to the window. He showed much more of his despondency to Leopold than he would do to Clara, for the simple reason that he knew his man. The faintest suspicion that his friend had any special cause for trouble was as far from entering Von Gaetzner's mind as if Edward had been in a gale of spirits. The need of the human heart for sympathy often asserts itself unexpectedly in the most reserved natures and when it may not have sympathy, pent up grief will find expression.

Sometimes a man who will not give way before his wife, will tell his sorrow to his dog, or make an allegory of it for his little child, taking comfort all the while in the thought that they cannot understand it—or he will instance it perhaps as a possibility to some chance acquaintance with whom he believes himself quite safe.

"This young Willoughby—he will go with me, but he shall not be a trouble—what you call a bore," said the Austrian savagely.

"John Richards thinks him rather a clever fellow," said Edward, returning to his seat. "I do not fancy him."

"He will talk," said Leopold impatiently.

"Ah! I see," said Edward laughing, "he does not give you a fair field." He stood up as he spoke, for the Austrian seemed about to go.

He had not taken the chair which Edward offered, but had been wandering uneasily about the room, and now approached him as though intending to say adieu, but paused and said nervously,

"Miss Ogden, is she going to the Pyramids, or may I see her to say farewell?"

"I think she is getting ready to go," said Edward. "She had some absurd idea of staying to keep me company, but I drove her forth."

Still Von Gaetzner did not seem satisfied.

"If that I might see your sister now," he said doubtfully, "for I have, oh! very much to do, and it is possible that I shall not reach this Sphinx."

"I will find out whether she can see you," said Edward gravely. He left the room and returned in a few moments.

"I learn from Mr. Curzon's dragoman that my sister

and the rest of the party have already set out for the Pyramids."

"So soon!" exclaimed Von Gaetzner, evidently much vexed and disappointed.

"They went sooner than they expected, it seems," said Edward, "because the donkey boys foretell a storm. Joseph was going to follow with their luncheon."

"That fellow Richards, he will have his food—yes, if the earth were being burnt up in the sun!" exclaimed Leopold in a tone of great disgust.

Edward could not help laughing. .

"Richards may be fond of his dinner," he said, "but he is always glad to share it with a friend."



CHAPTER XXIX.

THE GREAT PYRAMID.

THE sun, which had been shining when they left Cairo, gradually withdrew as the party approached Geezeh, and their spirits seemed to flag with the decreasing light. The picnic had not been jolly, in spite of Richards' efforts to make it so, and just now Mrs. Willoughby was looking very glum, for in spite of her watchfulness Leverett had managed to lure Margaret away with him for a walk round the Pyramid.

The two cousins were loitering very comfortably along, and had fallen to talking of by-gone times, but there was a constraint between them even on this delightful theme—a something which had grown up since last evening at the ball.

"Margaret," said Leverett, at last, quite abruptly, "what was that American fellow saying to you on the balcony last night?"

Margaret started and blushed deeply, but said nothing.

"Will you not tell me?" asked her cousin.

"Certainly not," said Margaret firmly. "It is not a question which you ought to ask."

"So I thought myself last night," said Leverett, "but now that I find this fellow and his sister are to spend at least six weeks in your society, the matter looks more serious. How do I know what may come of it? Yes. I understand your expression," he continued, noting the silent protest of Mar-

garet's averted face. "You mean, that there is no reason why I should know—in fact, that I have no right to care."

"No, I do not mean that," said Margaret gently.

"What then?" said Leverett.

"I think that you should trust me more."

"Margaret," said Leverett, "why do you not look at me? You never look at me now."

"Oh, Leverett, what nonsense!"

"I remember when we used to play a game," continued Leverett, "of looking into each other's eyes to see which could look the longest, without winking."

"Yes, so do I," said Margaret laughing, "but you would be rather surprised if I were to begin suddenly to stare at you now."

"No I shouldn't," said Leverett, changing his tone. "I should think it quite natural. I am not fit for much else but to make people stare."

"You know you are fit for a great deal, cousin Leverett," said Margaret earnestly, "if you would only try to do it instead of wasting your time."

"I don't know it at all."

"I know it," said Margaret.

"Come, that is encouraging," said her cousin. "So you really think me fit for something?"

"Yes," said Margaret stoutly, "and I think that you should try to make every one see that you are."

"But where is the use of trying? Even if I could, who cares what I am?"

Margaret did not answer.

They had now walked round two sides of the Pyramid which interposed the whole mass of its masonry between

them and the rest of the sight-seers. As Leverett spoke they turned the third corner.

"Do you care a very little, Margaret," said he, coming nearer to his cousin.

"Why yes—of course," said Margaret, summoning all her self-possession, but it was not at the moment very much.

"May I take your caring for me as a thing of course?"

Again Margaret was silent. Although she strove to speak, she could not. In spite of all his faults she loved Leverett, and she felt that he had convicted her of her love. Unconsciously they both stopped. He had come very close to her, and suddenly he put his arm around her waist.

"Dear, dear Margaret," he said.

For a moment she did not move or speak. Then a sense of shame and wrong-doing began to grow within her. She drew herself away from Leverett.

"You must not do that," she said in a choked voice.

"Why not?" asked Leverett.

"It is not right, and you know it!" said Margaret turning upon him with sudden indignation.

"But when we were children you often gave me a kiss without thinking it wrong and I have not even taken a kiss."

"We are not children now," said Margaret, and her eyes flashed. "Mamma said you were wicked and unprincipled."

"I love you, Margaret, is that wicked and unprincipled?" He tried to take her hand, but Margaret stepped back well out of his reach.

"I know you are pure and good, and I am a worthless fellow," he said, "but I love you."

"If you loved me you would respect me," said his cousin,

in a gentle tone. "Oh! Leverett, if you do love me!" she exclaimed clasping her hands. "If you love me only a very, very little, will you not try to be a better man?"

There was something in her face so innocent and so touching that Leverett in his turn was ashamed.

He was a man of the world. A man who had "seen life." He had lowered himself in many ways, and at that moment he felt that he must have been low to begin with, compared with the frank, lovely nature, which he had dared thus to approach, and yet there had been some good in him, for he felt this simple appeal of Margaret's to the bottom of his heart and an unusual emotion swept over his handsome face.

"I wish I could be better," he said.

"Try, Leverett," said Margaret.

"I will," said he, drawing in his breath, and this was all that passed between them.

He did not attempt to obtain any promise from her, in return for his, or to discover the extent of the tender feeling which she had betrayed. It must be confessed that afterwards he called himself a fool for having lost the opportunity, but there was this much grace left in him, that for the time at least he realized his unworthiness.

They turned the last corner and walked along the fourth side of the Great Pyramid in absolute silence, and when they joined the rest of the party they were still very quiet.

"Are you going to climb the Pyramid, Leverett?" asked John Richards.

"I think I shall."

"You had better take a guide," said Curzon.

"Oh! no. I shall not be bothered with a guide."

"It is hardly considered safe, Leverett, to go without a guide, unless you have climbed the Pyramid before," said his aunt coldly.

But Leverett was gone.

"Tant pis pour lui," said Curzon, and I am sorry to say that for the moment Miss Willoughby almost hated Mr. Curzon.

"I think I will go too," said John Richards. "I am as good as a guide, for I have made the ascent twice."

"That is very kind of you, John," said Margaret, "but I do not think there is any real danger. I never saw anyone climb so easily as Leverett."

There was an unnatural stillness in the air. Not a grain of sand stirred from another as Leopold von Gaetzner rode along, and his horse's hoofs sank silently into the dry soil of the desert. He reached the Pyramids and paused to dismount, looking about for some one to take his horse. Mr. Curzon's dragoman stepped forward, and offered to hold him.

Leopold would rather have employed any one else, but since the Copt was there he could not decline his aid.

"Ah! you have come at last," said Mrs. Willoughby as he approached Margaret, Curzon and herself.

"Yes, I am come," said Leopold, but he did not look at Mrs. Willoughby. He was gazing round him absently.

"We were warned that there might be a sand storm in the desert before evening," she continued, "and so we thought it best to start early."

Leopold did not answer. Where was Miss Ogden? Had she not come, after all? If not, he had taken this long ride, and spent time which he could ill spare, for nothing!

She must have avoided him intentionally. He grew angry at the thought.

"We have done a great deal, I assure you," said Curzon, who was anxious to be polite to Baron von Gaetzner. "We have eaten our luncheon, and Miss Willoughby has walked round the Pyramid, and Richards and Leverett Willoughby are climbing it."

"To walk once round the Great Pyramid, it is to walk three times round St. Peters at Rome," said Leopold, still speaking in a preoccupied tone.

"And Miss Ogden," he said after a pause. "Has she not been of the party?"

"Oh, yes," said Margaret. "Miss Ogden came with us. Where is she, mamma?"

"To be sure," said Curzon, "where is Miss Ogden? I thought there was some one missing!"

"Miss Ogden," said Mrs. Willoughby—"she was here a little while ago. Oh! I remember she went to visit the Sphinx."

"Oh! Look," said Margaret. "There is Leverett on the very top of the Pyramid!"

She had been watching his graceful figure springing from one huge block of stone to another, followed at some distance by John Richards. Both had active manly forms, but John's looked stalwart beside the symmetrical proportion of her other kinsman. As he stood now, for one instant, at the summit of the mighty monument, she forgot to be afraid of being noticed in her pride and happiness.

Her mother looked at her sharply, and then turned to where Von Gaetzner had been standing, but Von Gaetzner was gone.

CHAPTER XXX.

ALBOOHOL.

THE sky was a dimly luminous grey. The palm trees were strangely still. Their long feather-like foliage hung straight and limp like mourning plumes.

Through a hollow between two hills of sand rose the Sphinx on Clara's sight. Rigid, relentless, awe-inspiring, she seemed like some un pitying, unimpassioned judge, before whom a great cause was being tried involving life and death. Clara had come alone to see the Sphinx, because she wished to renew an impression which had been grander than any which she had yet received in Egypt, but as she drew near, she was filled with dread. The impenetrable mystery of the majestic statue seemed to enclose her, and to threaten her with a vague foreboding. All its former benignity of aspect was gone. Stern and unapproachable the deity gazed unceasingly before her with an awful fixity, and held a wondrous silence all about her as though compelling nature to respect.

Clara looked from the Sphinx to the still mist-veiled sky, at the pale line of the horizon, and distant trees deprived of motion as by some magic spell, and she struggled with an overwhelming sense of oppression. She felt fearfully alone. Then she saw Von Gaetzner coming towards her with long strides over the heaps of dark, grey sand, and she was glad.

She had not forgotten the distrust of herself which she had felt, or the pain which his sudden change of manner had caused her, but he had come when she most needed him, and she was glad.

"Is this not solemn?" she asked as he drew near and stood beside her.

He did not answer for a moment, and Clara noticed that he was very pale.

"It—it is terrible," he said at last in the same hushed tone as that in which she had spoken.

"Have you ever thought," said Clara, "that this Sphinx might be an Egyptian embodiment of Fate? To me she seems utterly immutable; (even as the Fate of the Athenians, without the power to change the god's decree.) She knows no mercy, but she finds no pleasure in revenge."

"You are right," said Leopold. "This Sphinx she is too mighty to care for human joy or woe, but the Arabs name her *Alboohol*, which means the father of terror. Dear Fräulein," he added presently, "you know, I think that I am come to say 'good-bye.'"

"It is true then," said Clara in a voice which trembled very slightly, "that you leave Cairo to-night?"

"Yes I must go, but I have to ask one thing of you," said Von Gaetzner quite humbly. "That you shall forget, what I did ask of you before—when I have spoken to you in the Serapeum."

"I have forgotten it," said Clara, "I do not remember that you asked me anything."

"Then, I have asked you to say that you were bound to me," said Leopold. "I do not ask it now, but yet I will not cease to hope that one day you shall be mine."

"But I cannot!" cried Clara, with a great effort. "I have something to say to you," and here her voice broke off.

"What is it?" said Von Gaetzner in a changed tone.

"When you spoke to me in the Serapeum," she began, looking down, "you did not give me time to answer you—" She paused, for this explanation was very difficult, but Von Gaetzner did not seem inclined to help her. "If I had had time to think as I have had since," she continued, "I should have doubted—just a little—your knowledge of yourself."

"My knowledge of myself," repeated Leopold, in a tone of haughty wonder.

The tone aroused Clara's spirit.

"Yes," she said. "I should have doubted as I do doubt very much, whether you really love me."

"Pardon me," said Von Gaetzner, "but I have not said that I did love you. No, not ever! I have asked you that you would pledge yourself to me for I have wished to pledge myself to you—to marry you—you only."

"And why," asked Clara, blushing very deeply, "should you wish to marry one whom you could not love?"

She spoke proudly, but with a vibration in her voice which told of the struggle which it cost her.

"Since that you ask me why, Fraülein," said Leopold, "I will confess to you that I have no belief in what you do call love."

Clara was so surprised that she could not speak, but it was not altogether surprise which overcame her; she could not have told why the bright, clear light of Leopold's eyes, as he said this, sent a sharp pain to her heart.

"Listen, Fraülein," he said, noticing the frightened, incredulous expression of her face. "One often fancies that he loves,

but he deceives himself, and is to blame, for thus helps he to deceive the world. This is not right, and with a man may this happen many times. He moves with the spirit of the moment everywhere. He makes his own circumstance, and then yields to it. Much enjoyment has he from variety—but a woman she dreams of love more seldom. She hears not the song of the siren—but sits at home at her work always until the dream comes to her, and then she will not forget the phantom. She clings to it, for she is more subject to habit, to association, than a man, and so is called more constant.”

“I do not think that you know anything of the nature of a woman,” said Clara bitterly.

“I think that I do,” said Leopold very quietly. “I think that I know much even of you.”

“What do you know?” asked Miss Ogden slowly—her dark grey eyes blazing with defiance.

“I have told you in the Serapeum. I said that you were mine. I believe that you will be my wife.”

“Never!” said Clara.

“And why not? We do sympathize together, most entirely, and if I do not believe in love, dear Fraülein, I do believe all the more in sympathy. Also, you must not think, from this which I have said, that I do not believe the laws of marriage should be kept. I do believe these laws are very useful, very necessary to society, and that all men should hold them up.”

“But you believe the law the only tie between a husband and a wife,” said Clara.

“Oh! no,” replied Leopold, “for I have said, I do believe that they should sympathize together.”

“Suppose,” said Clara, “that a husband should find

some one else with whom he could sympathize more keenly than with his wife? You have described man's nature as impulsive and fond of change."

"Oh! it would be very wrong," said Von Gaetzner, "to ask a man to put a curb upon his sympathy if that it should be wide, because that it might chance to draw him to some other woman than his wife."

"Perhaps you think that he should be allowed to marry more than one," said Miss Ogden scornfully.

"So—I do not think," said Leopold. "He may be true to one, and yet not blind with his intellect to the beauty or deaf to the eloquence of other faces and other tongues. If ever I do claim you for my wife, dear Fraülein, I will not wish to take from you your liberty."

"At least you are consistent," said Clara, speaking in sad earnest. "It is quite natural that you should not believe in love, since you do not believe in God, and I have noticed nothing in your character to belie your words, but such a view of married life, so barren, so desolate, so worthless, has never before been presented to me. I do not know that it may not be a true one—I only know that if it be, I will not marry."

"Pardon me," said Leopold, "if I say that I think you are not reasonable."

"I do not care," said she, "for I believe in something besides reason."

"You do most surely not show feeling," said Von Gaetzner, "if it is that which you do mean."

"Say no more! I have heard and I have answered you," cried Clara, and to his great surprise she suddenly burst into tears.

He approached her awkwardly, uncertain how to act. A longing stirred within him to believe as she would have him, to ask her forgiveness, but at that moment a memory rose up sharp and terrible between them. It was the memory of his brother. What would Clara think of him if she knew the truth which he was trying to avoid?

"May I not speak to you, Clara?" he asked.

"Ah! no!" she said, "leave me, I am tired of your theories."

"But you have not said farewell."

Then she turned upon him.

"I say it now," she answered, in a voice which thrilled him through and through. "Farewell, Mr. von Gaetzner; I will never see your face again!" She looked very beautiful as she pronounced this sentence of banishment.

The wind which had arisen suddenly swept past them with a loud wail, blowing her grey dress and dark blue cloak back from her slender form and bearing her hat far away into the desert, so that all her brown hair fell loose and streamed away behind her, but her face never changed. It was white like marble. Her lips were compressed, her eyes were wild and dark, and the Sphinx loomed up gloomy and terrible beyond her and seemed to Leopold to confirm his condemnation. He was powerless, filled with despair. He admired her more than he had ever done before, but he could not have claimed her if she would have let him. He felt as if he had been tried and found wanting, and he went slowly away like one ashamed. He could not face the rest of the party, but went at once to find his horse, which the little Copt was still holding.

Von Gaetzner handed him a silver piece carelessly as he

mounted, but to his surprise Joseph put the money from him with a deprecating motion while he placed a determined hand upon the bridle.

"Gentleman, I have not been come for this," he said, looking up earnestly into Von Gaetzner's face. "I wish to make you one question."

"Well, what is it?" said Leopold, not without impatience.

"This lady," said the Copt, "has she information to you of the person she has seen at Sakkara?"

"Who do you mean?" asked Leopold, with a forbidding frown.

The hot blood of the Copt was up in a moment.

"Demand to the lady," he said angrily, "who have give her fright. Then she will say—*your brother* which you have shut up for ten years in the Morastan."

A pale flash like heat lightning lit up Von Gaetzner's face and vanished leaving it darker than before. He turned away from the Copt with a muttered imprecation, and rode swiftly back to Cairo through the gathering storm.

Meanwhile the Sphinx grew darker and darker in aspect. The wind moaned drearily about her and ever increased in force, raising the light sand until the air was full of fine, sharp particles.

Clara had sunk upon a stone and buried her face in her hands. The rest of the party were calling to her, but she did not hear them, for their voices were borne away upon the wind. They hurried hither and thither, confused in their search for her by the increasing gloom. At length John Richards found his way to the Sphinx.

"Miss Ogden," he cried and laid his hand lightly upon her shoulder to rouse her, for he had spoken to her before in

ALBOOHOL.

vain. Then Clara raised her head and he saw that h
was full of sorrow.

"Mr. Richards!" she said wonderingly. "Oh!
are all the rest? How long have I been here?"

"Not very long," said John kindly, "but there is
coming up, and we were anxious about you, for w
hasten home. Take my arm, and draw your cloak ov
face to keep the sand out of your eyes and mouth."

Clara felt very grateful for his kindness and his pro
just when she was so desolate. She took his arm a
ered her face as he directed, while he led her to the
who were now all collected in the house near the Py

It was decided to remain here until the storm
somewhat have abated, and thus Leverett Willough
the evening train for 'Alexandria.

"You will miss your steamer," said Mr. Curzo
a shade of exultation in his voice.

"No, I shall not," said Leverett.

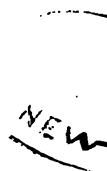
"Why? It sails for Trieste to-morrow morning."

"I beg your pardon. It sails for Southampton
row afternoon."

"I thought you were going to Vienna for the Cour

"No, I have decided to go to England for Christ

"So, you have changed your mind since morning
is just like you, Leverett," said John Richards; bu
looked puzzled. He did not understand it.





CHAPTER XXXI.

EL. KHEÉAL.

THE Dahabééh in which our travellers were to sail lay at anchor by the left bank of the Nile. It was called "El Kheéal," or "The Shadow." A pretty name, they all thought, although Edward Ogden had made a very dismal joke about it. "I fear that for me," he had said, "it may prove the shadow of death." He had been alone with his sister when he said this, on the morning they left Shepherd's, but the instant after the words had escaped him he regretted them, for Clara, who was on her knees before a trunk which she was packing, rose and came to her brother and took his hand, and looked into his eyes, with a face so pale and terror-stricken, that he realized what he had done. Evidently this sorry jest brought the first torturing suspicion to her mind of the possibility that his life was in danger. She said nothing, but after a moment she dropped his hand and kissed him tenderly on the forehead. She was quite cheerful and active in the preparations for their voyage, but by and by, when all was done, and the trunks had been carried away, she stole softly to her own room. It looked very bare now that all the pretty things which she and her brother had collected, and which Clara had taken such pleasure in arranging, had been removed, but she hardly noticed this. She cast herself down upon the sofa and gave way to a passionate burst of grief, until Selim the dragoman, whom Mr. Richards

had had recommended to him by Mr. Curzon, and had decided to take with him up the Nile as a servant, came and knocked on the door to say that the carriage was waiting.

John Richards was quite innocent of any gloomy association connected with the name of his Dahabééh. Indeed he had chosen the boat partly for the sake of the name, as it was the only Arabic one which he could find. He was explaining this to Margaret, as they stood together on the upper deck watching the small dark boats with picturesque lateen-sails, which rippled past them through the yellow-brown water, while the Reis or Captain, and the steersman, sitting cross-legged and turbaned in the mellow sunshine on the lower deck, were enjoying their long pipes and an afternoon cup of hot black coffee, and the furled foresail of the Dahabééh swept far up into the sky, bearing a bright pennon which curled languidly upon the evening breeze.

"In what language are the names usually," asked Miss Willoughby innocently.

"In what language do you think?"

"I do not know," said Margaret. "In Hebrew? In Coptic?"

"No, in English," said John, very much pleased at his cousin's naïveté, and at his own superior knowledge. "Did you hear that, Ogden?" he said to Edward, who was also on deck in a sea-chair, apparently absorbed in reading, but he looked up from his book and smiled at Miss Willoughby. It was the first time that he had done so, since that sad hour at the ball, and she met his eyes a little shyly, but he made a great effort to look her in the face quite frankly and simply.

"Do you remember the baker's explanation in 'The hunting of the Snark,'" he said. "I think it ran thus:

“ ‘I said it in Hebrew, I said it in Dutch,
I said it in German and Greek,
But I wholly forgot (and it vexes me much)
That English is what you speak !’ ”

He was very glad when Margaret laughed at this. He meant to behave like a friend to her, whether he could feel like one or not, and Margaret on her part was most anxious to forget what had passed. It was certainly hard to begin, but the presence of a third person so simple-hearted and unsuspecting as John helped them both.

Below, Mrs. Willoughby was seated in the cabin threading and cutting some towels for her maid to hem, when Clara entered from one of the smaller rooms, which opened off a narrow entry at the end of the boat. She had put the last touches to the anxious arrangements which she had been making for her brother's comfort.

“ Selim says that towels are always being used up or lost,” said Mrs. Willoughby contentedly. “ I am so glad to have something for Morton to do.”

She seemed to Miss Ogden to be in her element as she sat beside the table in a plain dark silk, with a small lace cap, and a pair of heavy gold eye-glasses. Her comfortable homely air pleased and attracted our heroine more than anything about her had done before.

“ She ought always to thread towels,” she thought, smiling to herself.

The cabin was just large enough for one to pass between the dining table in the centre and two high divans on either side, beneath a row of square windows.

The divans and the chairs in the room were covered with turkey-red and the floor with a fanciful matting, while plain

varnished boards and beams, the natural color of the wood, formed the roof, and through the windows came air and sunshine, and a view of the tall palm trees crowded along the river bank, with luxuriant bushes at their feet. Opposite lay the beautiful island of Rhoda, covered with trees and flowering shrubs, and again beyond, the palace and *hareem* of Ibrahim Pasha, surrounded by gardens extending all the way to Cairo, but above all arose the mosque of Sultan Hassan and the lofty dome of the Citadel.

Leverett Willoughby had set forth for Alexandria a week before, on the morning after the storm, and then there had been nothing but packing and confusion until the whole party said farewell to Shepherd's and surrendered themselves to the Nile. The long lazy week after their late activity had been a pleasant change to most of them, and the peaceful sunset brought a sense of rest, but to Clara it was a forced rest. She would gladly have exchanged it for any work which could have occupied her mind and prevented her from feeling the desolation of her mood; from dreaming over words and looks which were forever passed away, like the bits of wood or leaves of prickly-pear which went drifting slowly by upon the current. She had curled herself up on one of the divans and leaned her head and shoulders out of a window looking down into the water until she could not bear the sad fancies which beset her. As she raised her eyes wearily, she saw an elderly man in plain dark clothes, wearing a fez, who stood among the palm trees on the river bank, looking curiously at the Dahabééh. Something in his appearance struck her as familiar, but she did not recognize him, until he was turning away, when a gleam of sunlight lit up his grave face and sharp black eyes. Then she saw that

it was the stranger whom she had first seen in the reading-room at Shepherd's. This person drew back among the trees and vanished from Miss Ogden's further observation, but we will retire with him to where a camel, or rather a dromedary, saddled and ready to travel, was waiting with its driver, a heavily built Nubian. The stranger climbed into the saddle in silence, threw a few words in Arabic and a couple of coins to the driver and gave rein to the dromedary, which bore him rapidly away nearly ten miles in the direction of *Mitrehenny*, a small mud village, already mentioned as occupying a part of the site of ancient Memphis.

When he reached his destination the sun had set, leaving a warm ruddy light behind, which spread far up over the sky. The inhabitants of the village were resting after the labor of the day in delightful lazy groups in front of their low clay houses, roofed with palm branches and thatched with straw. The rider of the camel however had no eye for the picturesque. The slender stems of the palms almost black against the red glow of the horizon, had no æsthetic fascination for him. His small keen eyes were searching stealthily among the dirty idle groups, but after he had dismounted and chosen one from a crowd of applicants to hold his dromedary, he passed back among the trees as though bent upon seeing the fallen Colossus, no doubt out of respect to what was expected of him.

As soon as he had ceased to be the centre of observation however, he wheeled round and approached the little village from behind. He paused before the low arched door-way of a hut, which stood a little apart from the rest and had perhaps rather more pretension to cleanliness and comfort. A stout wooden door closed the entrance, but through a narrow

slit near the top of the wall, evidently intended to serve as a loop-hole for observation, floated the notes of a German song in a mellow female voice. The stranger listened for a few moments with a softened expression to the song, which came in snatches as though the singer were engaged in some active womanly occupation, then he knocked.



CHAPTER XXXII.

HEINRICH SCHÜTZEL.

THERE was a short silence before the door was opened by a woman of about thirty years of age, with a fine, firm figure, a clear, creamy skin, somewhat tanned by exposure to the weather, but relieved by a healthy color, and an abundance of yellow brown hair braided in smooth plaits around her head. Her round blue eyes had an unsatisfied, wistful expression, however, and there was a settled sadness in the lines about the mouth.

She started when she first saw her visitor. The color faded from her lips and cheeks, and her whole frame assumed an aspect of rigidity, while a look of fear and hatred darted from her eyes.

If he had been a loathsome serpent, she could hardly have shown more horror and aversion in this first second of recognition—but she commanded herself with a sudden strength of which one would not have thought her capable.

“So, it is you?” she said, speaking in German, in a penetrating voice. “For what have you come here?”

The stranger had been observing her furtively from beneath his eyelids, and had evidently enjoyed the shock and the disagreeable surprise which he had caused, but he shifted his glance uneasily from the direct gaze of her eyes.

“I have come to see you,” he said, also in German, “I

should like to ask you a question or so—in short to have a little talk with you, and hear how you are getting on,” but his manner was not as confident as his words.

“You are as impertinent as ever, and as apt a liar,” said the woman.

“Not to be in your favor, madam, is painful, but an old sorrow,” said Heinrich Schützel, with a leer, “but it is hardly worth your while to comment upon my truthfulness, since you once set me so lasting an example of that virtue.” The woman recoiled at these words as from a blow. A dark, red flush replaced the pallor of her face, but her eyes remained defiant.

“In spite of your cowardly revenge,” she said. “In spite of all the evil which your malice has helped to bring to me and mine—I am glad—very glad, that I acted as I did when I remember what I escaped.” A fierce light shone in the stranger’s eyes for one instant, but as quickly vanished.

“I think I had better speak to Netita,” he said coolly, “she will be less excitable, and can answer my questions as well. Let me come in, and call the girl.”

“And if I should do so, how would you dare to look her in the face,” exclaimed the woman without making the least movement to enable him to enter. “She is no longer the defenceless child whom you struck to the ground, when you came to take from me my last hope!” Her voice which had risen passionately, here faltered and fell choked by sob.

Schützel did not seem at all dismayed at this outburst, but he raised his eyebrows, as though surprised.

“I do not know what you mean,” he said.

“Who knows as well as you, the living death to which

your master has been condemned?" asked the woman bitterly. "When you tell me that, I will tell you who robbed me of my child."

Heinrich Schützel stroked his short grizzled beard gently as though in thought.

"What leads you to think that this person whom you are pleased to call my master, is not really dead?" he asked reflectively.

"If I had no other reason to think him living, the fact that you have said that he was dead, would be reason enough," retorted the woman quickly. "If I did not know that through your kind help he has been languishing for ten years in a mad-house!"

"Softly, softly," said Heinrich, with a deprecating motion of the hand, "for since you know so much, perhaps you know that he escaped some two weeks ago, and you may know where he is now." Here he paused and fixed his sharp eyes suddenly upon her face. She shrank a little, but spoke out boldly.

"You shall not know whether I do or not."

"For convenience," said Heinrich coolly, "I shall assume that you do. It is not of the least consequence that you should acknowledge it. Now I in return am possessed of a secret which you would give much to know. Can you imagine what it might be?"

A sudden flash of hope lit up the woman's face. She cast one imploring glance upon the man before her, but one glance was enough. That hard derisive mouth; those half-closed, cruel eyes, held no comfort for her. She shook her head, and relapsed into despondency.

"You will tell me nothing which I care to hear," she

said. "How you have found me out for a second time in my retirement, where you came from, and what your motives, are equally matters of indifference to me. The time is past when you could play upon my anxiety, to gain information from me. My child is dead." A heart of stone might have been touched by the deep despair of the tone in which the last words were spoken, but Heinrich Schützel seemed quite unmoved.

"It is a pity," he said, "that you do not care for my secret. We might have made an exchange. As it is, I shall certainly find Hassan, the escaped lunatic, without your assistance, but you will never know what I could have told you about your child."

"Be it so," said the woman, and withdrew as though about to close the door, but Schützel stretched out his arm hastily to prevent it.

"Stop," he said, "you have forgotten that I wish to see Netita. Besides, I must satisfy myself at once that Hassan is not here."

"And by what right do you ask to see Netita, or by what warrant can you search this house?" asked the woman, with flashing eyes. "Do the injuries which you have already inflicted with impunity enable you to continue openly the system of persecution which you have hitherto conducted under a mask?"

"I suppose," said Heinrich, with great coolness, "that you would not prefer to have the house searched by the authorities with a warrant to arrest you for having aided the escape of a dangerous lunatic from the mad-house, yet this will surely happen unless you allow me to enter without further hindrance."

"I will not let you enter, and I do not fear your threats!" said the woman, planting herself more firmly and making another effort to close the door, which was again defeated by Heinrich, who had not withdrawn his arm. A struggle seemed about to ensue, when a small nervous hand grasped the stranger's shoulder and turning in surprise, he saw Joseph the Copt standing beside him, with his fierce, dark face uncomfortably near.

"You shall depart from these house, these instant," said he, almost hissing out the words between his clenched teeth. "You shall spoken to no one If not—I have a gun to clean from a gentleman. I shall shoot you."

Heinrich did not at all relish the manner of the Copt, or the appearance of the fowling-piece which was slung over his shoulder.

"Do not be so hasty, man," said he soothingly. "I was just bidding good-evening to my old friend, and am going back to Cairo at once, so you need not make such a to-do about it."

"Is this man your friend?" asked Joseph of the woman, still holding the stranger by the shoulder.

"He is not my friend, he is my enemy, Joseph," said the woman sternly.

"I did not confide in him," said Joseph. "He said he was your friend, and that he had been to find you in Old Cairo, but I watched him, for I saw that he watched every one. This afternoon he went away. I was ill content. I was so fortunate that I was in the act of cleaning my master's gun, so I took shot and powder, and I rode after this traitor on a donkey."

The Copt had first spoken in English, but now used

Arabic, and the woman answered him in the same language, although she spoke it with less fluency. In spite, however, of the strange tongue and the rapidity with which he poured forth his hurried explanation, Heinrich Schützel understood every word he uttered and hastened to reply with as much ease of expression as if he had been a native Egyptian.

"You would only waste your master's shot and powder upon me, young man," said he, disdainfully, "if you take me for this woman's worst enemy, but since she will persist in treating me as such, I will be frank with you and acknowledge that I have acted always under orders—in fact that that I have never acted without orders. If anything were to happen to me, another would be found to fill my place, but if you were accused of murder, there would be a powerful hand to tighten the rope around your neck." As he ended he shook himself free of the Copt's grasp with a sudden movement, turned upon his heel and strode away.

A general knowledge and some experience of the course of justice in Cairo, added force for Joseph, to his last words.

The Copt followed at a little distance with his gun until the stranger had mounted his camel, taking care to keep within range, but to attract as little attention as possible.

When the stranger had ridden out of sight, he returned to the arched gateway and tapped gently at the wooden door. It was opened this time not by the sorrow-stricken woman, but by a lovely Egyptian girl, the same who had excited Margaret Willoughby's admiration. Joseph entered hastily. The dwelling was utterly devoid of furniture. A bare paved courtyard hardly more than nine feet square, led to the one covered room which its four walls enclosed. Here sat the fair-haired woman on the floor, in an attitude

of the deepest dejection. Before her were a few primitive cooking utensils and a brazier of coals. One or two female garments hung against the wall, and in the corners of the room, which in spite of its extreme poverty was scrupulously clean, were heaps of sweet-smelling hay, which must have served for beds.

The Copt glanced hastily around him as though in surprise.

"Where is he?" he asked almost with awe.

The woman raised her head. "He is gone," she said. "He has sought his old refuge. There was no time to be lost."

"Do you think that he is safe there?" asked the Copt, "since the stranger lady saw him?"

"Why not? She promised to tell no one what she had seen."

The Copt was silent for a moment. "Did you hear what this man said about acting under orders!" he asked presently.

"Yes," said the woman. "I knew that. I have often told you that there was a plot against us."

"I begin to be afraid," said Joseph, slowly, "that this Von Gaetzner, whom I trusted, was in the plot."

"After all that you have told him!" exclaimed the woman reproachfully.

"He must have known all that I told him, if he was false," said the Copt, looking rather crestfallen, "but I believed that he was innocent, because he seemed so shocked and overcome by what I said. I meant to tell him more, for I had great hope that he would help us."

"And why have you lost faith in him?" asked the woman.

"Because he has gone away without trying to help us!"

"Stop!" cried the woman, starting up. "Did you not write and ask this lady to tell him what she had seen in the tomb near Sakkara?"

"I did," replied Joseph, "for I said to myself, if he has not known this history before, it will be hard for him to believe it. He may doubt the poor Egyptian, but he will believe this lady in everything."

"Do you know whether the lady told him?"

"No. I asked him at the Pyramids, but he did not answer. Then I was too hasty, and I told him that it was his brother who frightened the lady. He seemed very angry, and he rode away, but I do not think he believed me."

"We must know at once, just what the lady said to him," said the woman. "I will go to her myself and ask, for if she told him all, this hiding place is no longer safe."

"But had I not better go meanwhile and warn him?" asked the Copt.

"And where then could he go for safety, or for shelter?" asked the woman. "It would be madness for him to trust himself in the city or to return hither."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

FAMILY HISTORY.

LEOPOLD VON GAETZNER had been three days in Vienna. The court ball was over, and he who faded from our sight amidst a sand storm in the desert comes bravely into view one sunny morning on the Joseph's Platz, dressed with much more care than he affected on his travels. His figure showed to better advantage in a dark blue walking-coat, than in the rough grey suit which he had worn in Cairo, and although not absolutely smooth, his hair was reclaimed from utter lawlessness. It had indeed been cut, and if not what an Englishman would call short, was short for a German.

His outer man was certainly improved, but if we in our privileged characters had drawn nearer and looked into his face, the change which was recorded there might not have appeared to us for the better. To be sure his eye had lost that speculation which seemed to concern itself more with theories than with practical results, but the watchful expression, which it had gained in the last few days, was not a pleasant substitute for thought.

His mouth had never been beautiful, but had indicated a rare degree of serenity and strength. It still seemed strong, but the strength was that of defiance, and the serenity was gone. He had lost his old unconsciousness of manner, and

looked about him as he walked as though expecting, yet dreading, to meet some searching eye, from which he would not flinch.

Every alteration spoke of an unvanquished will, harassed by an uneasy mind, but the details were so subtle as to puzzle one in defining them, as, in trying to distinguish the defects of a copy which we should instantly reject as a whole, we often become confused by unimportant points in the original picture which seem to have haunted the poor copyist, who has exaggerated them until they swallowed up all the beauty and the grandeur of the great conception which he was striving to render. If every man carries a heaven or hell within him, there are few intellectual faces which may not express one or the other.

Leopold directed his steps towards the Hotel Leidergow. He found the princess and her daughter in an elegant little morning room, filled with plants and bric-a-brac, which opened from a suite of more stately apartments.

The Countess Marie, who greeted him somewhat shyly after her mother, was short and rather square shouldered, with an olive complexion, jet black hair and a pointed chin, long blue eyes with black lashes, and very red lips. Her nose and mouth were finely moulded and shared a certain nobility of expression, but her head was too large for her stature and seemed out of proportion to her slender waist and delicate feet and hands.

There was a timidity about the Countess, a distrustfulness of herself, which was very attractive in one who had been so much courted, but it failed to impress Leopold, although he was far from indifferent to the charms of women ; but he loved harmony—perhaps because there was so little of it

in his own composition, or because it was the leading characteristic of one woman who had unconsciously become his ideal. He therefore turned his eyes away from the poor little countess even when addressing her.

"May I inquire how you have been since the ball?" he began, in a tone so free from interest in the matter, that it seemed surprising that the lady troubled herself to answer. She smiled, however, graciously, showing a row of pretty teeth.

"I have been quite well, thank you," she said, "but my mother caught cold the next night at the opera and has not been able to go out since."

"They keep the opera-house so warm," began the princess, "and then one feels the contrast so much when the door of the box is opened behind one and the cold air comes in," etc., etc.

Leopold was too weary to listen. His eyes went roaming about the room and at last fixed themselves on a portrait which hung over a curious old carved cabinet between the two windows. The light was so bad that he could only see the outline faintly from where he sat, but something in the pose of the figure attracted him.

It is probable that if he had been in Vienna a week before, he would have risen and strode across the dainty boudoir without regard to decorum or the astonishment of the two ladies, but he was more anxious than he had been about the effect which he produced, and so he sat abstracted and uncomfortable for some ten minutes, answering the well-chosen remarks of the princess and the countess until his zeal for investigation would be restrained no longer.

"Excuse me, madam," he said, springing up and ap-

reaching the picture. "Will you be so very kind as to tell me whom this portrait represents?"

His ceremonious politeness of manner was in strong contrast to his abruptness of movement, but in some degree excused it in the eyes of the Princess Leidergow. She came to his side and answered his question with another.

"Do you not know who that is?" she asked.

"Certainly not," said Leopold. "I think I never saw the face before, but it is like some face which I have seen."

"Why this is my cousin Caroline," said the princess, with a tender inflection. "Surely there is some picture of her in your father's house?"

"Of your cousin, madam?" said Leopold, looking very much bewildered.

"Yes. Of the Baroness Caroline von Gaetzner. Is it possible that you never before saw a picture of your mother?"

"Ah! yes, madam," cried Leopold, "I have a miniature of my mother, and I see now that it is that of which this portrait reminds me, but I have lived so much away from home that I did not know—I mean, I thought myself entirely without female relations."

"That is strange," said the princess loftily, "I should have supposed that you would have been told of the connection between your mother and myself."

"Did you know my mother well?" asked Leopold eagerly.

"Your mother and I were brought up together like sisters. She was left an orphan at an early age, and always lived in my father's house. Indeed, she was his ward."

"My ignorance of such a tie must indeed seem strange to you," said Leopold, "but I have never known any one to whom I could speak of my mother, except an old family set-

vant. I will be very grateful for all that you will tell me of her."

"I will try to tell you all I know of her short sad life," said the princess, "although it is painful for me to dwell upon some of its circumstances. That smaller picture underneath your mother's is the portrait of her first husband, your Uncle Leopold, the father of Frederick." The agitation which these words caused Leopold and which he vainly tried to suppress, reached its climax at the mention of Frederick's name. His eyes mechanically sought the smaller picture which the princess indicated, but he became very pale and was obliged to grasp the back of a chair to steady himself as he stood. "Send Lentz here with some wine," said the princess, turning to her daughter. "Baron von Gaetzner is not well."

The Countess Marie cast one glance of pitying interest upon Leopold, and hastened from the room.

"Take this seat, Leopold," said the princess kindly when they were alone. "I am afraid that I have said something which has caused you pain."

"I—I always supposed," said Leopold in a low tone, that Frederick was my brother."

"He was your half-brother," said the princess with gentle wonder.

"But my father was his father!" exclaimed Leopold. "I cannot understand it."

The princess in her turn looked utterly amazed. "Have you never heard then of your father's older brother, after whom you were named?"

"Yes, madam,—but I have been told that—I supposed that—my uncle Leopold died without children. I did not

now that he ever married. Still less that he was married to my mother."

"Baron von Gaetzner has naturally been reserved with you upon this subject," said the princess, "but I am surprised that Frederick should never have spoken to you of his father."

"I do not think that he knew any more than I did, when we were children. I cannot think so, although there were five years between us!" said Leopold. He passed his hand over his forehead with an expression of perplexity. A servant entered with wine and water upon a tray. The princess poured some out with her own hands. Leopold took it, and began to feel better.

"You are very kind, too kind to me, madam," he said, when the servant had withdrawn. "I have no right to trespass upon your kindness, but if you could explain all this which is so new and strange to me, I should be very grateful."

"In doing so I shall only be fulfilling my promise of telling you what I can about your mother," said the princess, seating herself beside her guest, "but I feel that I shall also be performing a duty to my dead friend."

Leopold did not speak, but he looked again at the portrait of his mother, upon which the princess' eyes were resting. It represented a young woman of about nineteen years of age, with hair of a bluish-black, and clear brown eyes, in which there was an expression of fearless innocence. The face bore a resemblance to that of the Countess Marie Leidenbergow, but a richer color in the cheeks, and the stately carriage of the head and shoulders rendered the original of the portrait far more beautiful than the little Countess. She leaned forward in the picture showing the outline of her figure

to her waist, while her lips were parted in a smile. The dress was white satin, cut square in the neck and edged with soft lace, and the texture of the satin and the rich pattern of the lace were rendered with great skill.

"Caroline was very young when she was married," said the princess. "That picture was taken just afterwards. Your father did not know her until some years later. The two Barons did not agree very well together. Their tastes were different, Little Frederick was a year old, and I was staying with my cousin at Glen Hausen, when your father came there for the first time since his brother's marriage. He was very young, but was even then rising into political notice, and was an ardent advocate of free trade, while your uncle was a protectionist and bitterly opposed to innovation. He made a great effort and was of course courteous to his brother, as a host should be, but it was always an effort, for he liked better to chase the grey fox through the forest than to sit at home and talk of measures and diplomacy. To Caroline, also, he seemed uncongenial, for she avoided him as much as politeness would allow her to avoid a guest, and I could not tell whether she disliked or whether she merely disapproved of him because he was said to be fond of *ecarté* and *rouge et noir*. I thought him a man of talent, as he has since proved himself to be, and liked to hear him talk of the customs of foreign courts—with many of which he was intimately acquainted ; for although the older baron loved to hunt, and the younger one to read, there was one taste which they shared in common, and which has descended in the family. They were both great travellers. About this time I went with my father and mother to the court of St. Petersburg, and your father was sent to Paris in the diplomatic

service. I believe your uncle spent several winters in Egypt with his family, but died at Glen Hausen, whither he had returned as usual one spring, in consequence of a fall from his horse. I confess I was exceedingly surprised when I heard of my cousin's second marriage. She lived until after I was married to Count Leidergow, but I never saw her again. I wish that I had kept some of her letters, for we always corresponded, and she wrote charmingly, but we had promised to destroy one another's letters in order to be able to write more freely than we could otherwise have done. I was thirty years abroad. In that time there may be many changes. My father and my mother and my husband were all dead when I returned, quite as a stranger, to Vienna." The princess paused with a quivering lip, but she resumed after a moment. "Two years after I heard of your mother's death, I met the young Baron Frederick travelling on the Continent with his tutor. He was a lad of about fifteen years of age, full of life and mischief. His features were very much like yours, but his hair was darker and his expression quite different. This is the only time that I ever saw him after his childhood, although I wish that I might have done so often. I have heard that he led a wild disgraceful life, poor fellow; but he had no gentle influence near him, and his position towards your father was a difficult one for an impetuous temperament like his. He was of course heir to the family estate of Glen Hausen, which since his death has passed to your father, but according to your uncle's will and on the form of the entail he could not come into it until he was twenty-five years of age. I have always supposed that it was probably the associations of his childhood connected with his own father which led him to choose Egypt as his

place of refuge when he finally left Vienna, under the Baron's just displeasure, but you think that he did not remember his father?"

"I—I do not know, madam," said Leopold, absently. "We were very little together even as children."

"His death was very strange and sudden," said the princess musingly.

Leopold started as though recalled to a sense of danger. He rose and walked hurriedly to the window; opened and shut his watch several times, and mumbled something about an engagement which he had entirely forgotten.

"I beg your pardon, madam," he continued formally, "for having led you to speak of a very painful subject and taken up much of your important time."

"It is not necessary," said the princess with much dignity. "Now that it is over, I am exceedingly glad to have said to you what I have," and so saying she dismissed Leopold with a courteous bend of the head.

He walked home very slowly, lost in thought.

"Frederick was not Baron von Gaetzner's son." That was Leopold's leading idea. In consequence he was not his heir. On the contrary the Baron was Frederick's heir—or would have been if Frederick had been dead. As it was he had usurped the property of his nephew, whom he had wrongfully confined and had reported dead for his own sake, not for Leopold's. His son resented this discovery in proportion as his vanity had been flattered by his former theory of extenuation, that his father had been tempted by a too tender love for himself, although he did not fail to see that he must be as much a gainer by the success of the scheme as if it had been made for his benefit.

The family hotel was upon the Herren Gasse, very grand and gloomy. The concierge looked forth anxiously as Leopold entered with a heavy tread, but when he saw who it was he withdrew with respectful haste.

"What is it?" said Leopold as he caught sight of the little wrinkled guardian of the door.

"A letter, Baron Leopold, a letter for Baron von Gaetzer," said the old man coaxingly. "I was looking for Nicholas to take it up."

"I will give it to my father," said Leopold, holding out his hand to take the letter without looking at it.

He went on, climbing a long flight of stone steps, and thinking of all which the princess had told him, until he reached the landing at the head of the stairs and rang at the door of the apartment. Then he glanced down carelessly at the letter in his hand, and was surprised to see that it bore the well known Egyptian post mark. The two little pyramids and the Sphinx were quite unmistakable, even in the flickering light from a single gas-burner above the door. The old troubled expression crept back into Leopold's face. The honest love of truth which was natural to him, suddenly asserted its strength against the sophistry of self-interest.

"I will not stand this plotting any longer," he said to himself. "Now that I see through it, I am bound to put an end to it—and the sooner the better. I will have an explanation with my father."

But this was more easily said than done, for there had always been great restraint on his part and extreme reserve on that of his father, in speaking of family affairs. They were quite at their ease in discussing the political questions of the day, and had found more in common since Leopold's

return from the East than ever before, in spite of the unwelcome subject which had not ceased to intrude itself upon the thoughts of the son.

Baron von Gaetzner could hardly have been so successful a diplomatist if he had not been an agreeable man, and he had exerted himself to his utmost to excite Leopold's ambition, and to interest and divert his mind. He had been able to accomplish the first object, but his efforts at diversion had rather failed. In politics, or more properly, in the principles of statesmanship, his son evinced an eager interest, but in society he was intensely bored.



CHAPTER XXXIV.

BARON VON GAETZNER.

DINNER was over. Baron von Gaetzner sat in a deep arm chair covered with red Russia leather. His figure when upright must have been about middle height, but was heaped together in a luxurious fashion which still gave the impression of lightness and mobility, and reminded one of the crouching of a cat or a tiger which enjoys perfect repose, and yet is prepared to spring. His hair was light brown, slightly touched with grey, and his eyes a pale cold blue. His forehead was high and rounded, his face well shaped, except for rather a massive under jaw, the squareness of which was partly concealed by an imperial. But neither the imperial nor the moustache above it could hide a subtle cruelty in the expression of his mouth. Every appointment of his dress was exquisitely precise, and spoke of the habits of the courtier grafted upon the despotic nature of the man. The library in which the Baron sat, was his favorite room. It was surrounded with long low book-cases. The walls were covered with velvet paper, and skins of rich soft fur and Turkey rugs were spread here and there upon the dark polished floor with studied carelessness. Letters, papers, books, and pamphlets, were heaped upon a massive table near him of carved black-walnut, in orderly confusion. He had taken up one of the pamphlets, but he was not reading.



He was looking meditatively at his firm white hand,—a smooth and carefully tended hand with finely shaped fingers and long pointed nails. Leopold stood upon the threshold of the arched entrance to the room. The heavy red velvet curtain which he had pushed aside fell noiselessly behind him, and he watched his father for a few moments in silence trying to fix the resolve which he had taken that afternoon; then he turned his eyes slowly away.

A shaded light upon the table hardly pierced the gloom of the distant corners of the room, but he could distinguish the familiar outline of some bronze vases and fine old painted plates—fragments of bas-reliefs, and curiously shaped weapons, which were arranged on the tops of the book-cases, and he was surprised to see a number of strange objects which had been added to the contents of one of them since he had last seen it. Yielding to an impulse of curiosity he took one of his long swinging strides in the direction of this book-case, and then suddenly stopped, for he perceived that it was covered with Egyptian relics—such as idols, jewelry, amulets, and scarabæi, some of which he thought that he recognized, but with a strange sense of bewilderment.

His father started and looked up, for he was first made conscious by this movement of the presence of his son.

“What do you want?” he asked sharply, but Leopold was not daunted.

“I was struck with the resemblance of that little image of Osiris, to one which I saw in the museum at Boolak,” he said.

“Perhaps it is the same,” said the Baron carelessly.

Leopold advanced still nearer to the object of his special interest, which was a quaint little bronze statuette about five

inches high, affixed to a square bit of marble as a pedestal. He picked it up and brought it to the light.

"It is the same!" he exclaimed and looked questioningly at his father.

"Yes, my agent has just sent me these curiosities from Cairo," said the Baron indifferently. "He had some trouble in getting them through the custom house at Alexandria. The viceroy does not allow antiquities to be carried off if he can help it."

"So he has an agent in Cairo," said Leopold to himself, both puzzled and suspicious, "that accounts for the letter."

"And what trouble which your agent could take enabled him to get these curiosities out of the museum at Boolak?" he asked aloud.

"Oh! As for that," said the Baron coolly, "he had but to claim them in my name. It is a collection made by your Uncle Leopold on his last visit to Egypt. He left it at Boolak for safe keeping, as he was going to travel through Syria on his way home, intending of course to send for it, but he died soon after his return, poor fellow, and I should never have known anything about these things if I had not chanced to find a list of them among his papers this autumn."

"Did he bequeath them to you?" asked Leopold.

"Oh! no," replied the Baron, coloring slightly, "but I inherit them of course, and so I suppose will you."

"I thought that he might have intended them for some one else."

His father shot a hasty glance at Leopold.

"I suppose you are referring to your unfortunate brother Frederick, about whom your mind has been so much exercised," he said indifferently. "You naturally do not realize

how different Frederick's tastes were from yours, and fancy that these antiquities might have interested him." The last words were spoken as lightly as the rest, but more satirically.

Leopold felt that now or never he must put his resolution into practice.

He walked back to the book-case and replaced the image of Osiris. He then drew another large chair opposite to his father's, and said, as he seated himself, very seriously,

"My mind is still uneasy about Frederick, but I have more reason to be anxious than I had when I spoke to you about him before, and urged your having his remains brought back to Vienna."

"Why, you are growing superstitious, Leopold!" said his father scornfully, "you had better go and have a mass offered for his soul."

"There are one or two questions which I must have answered," continued Leopold, without noticing his father's tone, except that his manner grew more stern. "The first is why I have been led to believe that my uncle's son was yours?"

Baron von Gaetzner started and his brow contracted slightly.

"Correct yourself, Leopold," he said coldly. "I am not aware that you have been led to believe anything."

"I will not accuse you, or anybody else," said Leopold gravely, "if the facts which I have gathered can be explained without doing so. I learned to-day for the first time, quite accidentally, that my uncle died leaving a son, who was direct heir to his property, and that that son was Frederick."

"Perhaps to-morrow you may hear that this hotel is on the Herren Gasse," said his father contemptuously. "Really,

Leopold, it is not worth while for us to discuss how far your preoccupation renders you ignorant of what is going on around you. I, for one, have neither the time nor the patience." He half rose from his chair and laid his hand upon the bell, but Leopold arrested it.

"Why did you tell me that my half-brother Frederick was dead," he asked, "when he was really shut up in an insane asylum?" The fearless directness with which the question was put had a startling effect upon Baron von Gaetzner. He sank back into his seat, his face looked for one second almost blank, but soon became composed, although a slight effort could be detected in his tone as he answered slowly :

"The reason why I told you your brother was dead, was simply because I believed him to be so. I still believe it."

"Then," said Leopold, "you are grossly deceived, for I learned while I was in Cairo, that Frederick still lived, and had only lately escaped from the asylum, in which he has been confined for ten years."

"And pray, from whom did you obtain this startling information?" asked the Baron, incredulously.

"From a young Copt," said Leopold, boldly. "He also told me that Frederick was not insane, when he was shut up in this mad-house."

"What more did the young Copt say?"

"Nothing, except that my brother had escaped within a month from his place of confinement."

"Did he tell you where he was?"

"Not directly," said Leopold, looking slightly embarrassed. "He did not dare to do so."

"What means did you take then of ascertaining the truth

of what he told you? Did you visit the hospital in which Frederick was supposed to have been confined?"

"No," said Leopold. "I thought of doing so, but it hardly seemed worth while—that is, my time was much occupied."

Something akin to a blush stole over his face, and the change did not escape his father.

"Oh! indeed," he said ironically. "And you believed this Copt although he did not offer you the faintest proof of his extraordinary statement?"

"You forget that I had already searched in vain for Frederick's grave at the Convent where you told me that you believed him to have been buried."

"And you seem to forget the habit of the Greek monks of digging up the bodies entrusted to their charge, which I mentioned to you in my letter. If you want confirmation of that fact you can find it in Murray's Guide Book."

"An accident which occurred almost in my presence, and what was afterwards told me of it confirmed my suspicion that my brother was still living," said Leopold slowly. He paused, but the Baron said nothing. He raised his eyes, and was surprised to see that his father had taken up a book.

"It is hardly worth while for me to talk, sir, if you are too much engaged to listen," said he rising haughtily from his seat.

"It is not at all worth while for me to listen," said Baron von Gaetzner, turning a leaf as he spoke, "if you have nothing more important to communicate. You can hardly expect me to believe that you made no effort to discover the whereabouts of this brother in whom you profess to take such an interest, if you really believed in his existence."

"But I did discover where he was, or at least where he had been," said Leopold.

"Did you go in search of him?"—The Baron looked keenly over his book. Leopold was silent.

"The truth is that you had no sort of faith that he was living, but, being naturally inclined to scepticism, you have been troubled with doubts as to his being dead, and you have wished to see the effect of these doubts upon my mind," said his father, with an amused smile, and he resumed his book.

This was too much for Leopold.

"I swear to you on my honor," he exclaimed, "that when I was in Cairo I believed that Frederick was alive, as firmly as if I had seen him myself."

"And why?" asked the Baron without looking up.

"Because," said Leopold, speaking unguardedly in his unwonted excitement, "he was seen by a person in whom I had the most entire confidence."

"Where was he seen?" asked Baron von Gaetzner, and Leopold was comforted that his father's voice had some answering warmth in it. At last he seemed interested.

"He was seen in the Apis Cemetery, near Sakkara," said Leopold, and Baron von Gaetzner laughed. There was a tone in his laughter which his son did not like. It caused him a nameless feeling of uneasiness. He regretted that he had spoken as impulsively as he had done without knowing why. If he could have seen through the book, which his father held between them, the eager glitter in the Baron's eye, and the strange ferocity with which he set his teeth after that laugh, would have rendered him even less well satisfied with what he had said.

But Baron von Gaetzner had no intention that his son should read his face, and when he closed the book and laid it on the table, there was not a trace of the expression which it had worn. On the contrary, he looked puzzled and somewhat concerned.

"I confess, my dear boy," he said with unusual suavity, "that I cannot see anything convincing in what you tell me, for although the person in whom you have so much 'confidence' may be most reliable, I do not see how you prove the identity of the man seen by this person, with Frederick, unless he or she had formerly known your brother."

"I see plainly that you are determined to be incredulous," said Leopold. "It was the strong resemblance of Frederick to myself which struck the person who saw him and which convinced me of his identity."

"You must indeed feel the most extraordinary faith in this informant," said the Baron, with an emphasis which again brought the color to Leopold's face, "if the accident of a chance resemblance remarked by him or her (here he looked slyly at his son) can have had so much weight with you. Really I had not supposed you either credulous or impressionable before."

Leopold was silent. He was indignant, but he did not know how to defend himself against this double attack. The Baron was not slow in following up his advantage.

"I should like you to look at me frankly," he continued, "and own that what you have told me is no more than a cock-and-bull story, not worthy of being listened to even by a school-boy, much less to be told by such a grave philosopher as yourself."

For a moment Leopold felt as if the subject of his suspi-

ion, his anxiety, his apprehension for so long were indeed a phantom of his imagination, fading at the first attempt to make it visible to other eyes. He passed his hand over his forehead with a perplexed, but earnest, expression. There was a pause, and then he said,

"I can better judge of the weight due to the information which I have obtained if you will tell me a little more than you have chosen to do hitherto, of the cause of my brother's going to Egypt, and the manner in which you supposed him to have died there."

The Baron's face darkened. "I think, Leopold," he said angrily, "that we have wasted too many words already upon this unprofitable subject. I do not care to dwell upon Frederick's disgraceful career. Enough that he was a gambler and a profligate. His actions were only governed by caprice and freaks of temper, and his death brought about by various excesses, among which was the constant use of Hasheesh." Here Baron von Gaetzner looked at his watch. "I have an engagement to meet Count Werner at the opera this evening, and one or two letters to write, so I must ask you to leave me."

Leopold bowed and withdrew.



CHAPTER XXXV.

A WORD TO THE WISE.

BARON VON GAETZNER watched his son with an odd expression as he left the room. It was between affection and contempt.

When he was alone he drew his chair to the table ; took a letter from his pocket and spread it open before him. The letter was from Alexandria and ran thus,—

“ I trust that the Herr Baron will safely receive the collection of antiquities, which I have just shipped for Vienna by way of Trieste. I have addressed them to a fruit merchant, a friend of mine, named Carl Yates, as to avoid suspicion I was obliged to pack them in skins stuffed with dried dates. I hope, however, that they will reach the Herr Baron without accident even before this letter comes to hand, for I have written privately to the importer to whose care I have directed them. He is not wealthy, although well-to-do, and an order for fruit, or the like, might be politic.”

The Baron made a wry face at this point, and turned over a new leaf.

“ On the evening before I left Cairo for Alexandria to attend to this business,” pursued his correspondent, “ I learned accidentally the probable dwelling of the Egyptian girl Netita and her guardian at a little village called Mitrehenny,

the site of ancient Memphis. As soon as I return I will be in search of them, although how far I may succeed in gaining a clue to Hassan's movements through them is very doubtful. I will do my best. The Herr Baron has, no doubt, more recent information of the movements of Baron Leopold than I can furnish. He set sail from here five days ago. The American lady in whom he appeared interested has given up her passage in the Nile steamer, but she and her brother have joined an English party in a Dahabééh. I will ascertain when they start for Upper Egypt in case it should concern the Herr Baron to know. I enclose the list of Egyptian antiquities which the Herr Baron placed in my hands, and remain

His most faithful servant,

HEINRICH SCHÜTZEL."

Having let his eye run carelessly over this letter which he had evidently read before, Baron von Gaetzner took a fresh sheet of paper from a small leather desk beside him, and hastily wrote as follows,

"I am in receipt of your letter of the — instant. The antiquities arrived safely this morning, by your friend the fruit-merchant! You deserve credit for the ingenuity of the device, but I do not fancy the way you propose to me of rewarding your coadjutor. His dates must have a fine flavor. They no doubt smack of the Ptolemys and the Pharaohs, but you should consider that more modern dates may chance to have pleasanter associations for me. Now, to business. I have just heard a report that Hassan has been seen among the tombs of the Bulls, near Sakkara, and I think it quite possible that the report is true. He was in Cairo at the

time that the Apis Cemetery was opened, when every one was interested in the excavations, and through his father's friendship with Monsieur Marriette was enabled to visit them whenever he felt so disposed, even when strangers generally were not admitted. You must remember this, and I think will agree with me, that in trying to avoid pursuit this is not an unlikely retreat for him to have chosen. The fact that Gretchen has moved to Mitrehenny, for I suppose it is to her whom you refer as the person who has charge of the Egyptian girl, and the fact that Mitrehenny is not very far from Abooseér and Sakkara also agrees very well with the supposition that Hassan has taken refuge in the Apis Cemetery. Let search be made for him there at once, and take strong measures to secure him. Not my honor alone but your own safety and reputation are at stake. Even your life is in danger as long as this *Lunatic* is at liberty.

Yours, VON GAETZNER."

Heinrich Schützel found this letter waiting for him when he returned to his hotel after his long ride to Mitrehenny. He was very tired, and very hungry, and not in a very good humor. He determined that he would not read the letter until after supper, and ordered something hot at once. While he was eating he looked viciously at the letter. He did not care in the least to know the contents. He had had a postal card from his friend in Vienna to say that the fruit had arrived safely, and this was all that he was anxious about in that direction. When his supper was over, he smoked a cigar, and then not having anything else to do, he broke the seal. He read the first half of the letter without altering a muscle of his face.

"It is always so with him," he said to himself bitterly, when he came to Baron von Gaetzner's witticism about the dates. "He condescends to accept one's utmost exertion to do his pleasure with a word of scanty commendation, and repays the service with a jest." Then he glanced at the bottom of the page, and his eye caught the name of Hassan. He seemed more interested after that, and read on eagerly. His expression grew very dark at one point. It was at the mention of Gretchen; but he controlled himself, and even smiled as he folded up the letter. His was not a pleasant smile, however.

It was a dark night, but the stars shone overhead distinctly. Heinrich Schützel was glad of the darkness as he issued once more from his hotel; but there was a woman making her way towards Cairo at that moment, who shrank and trembled at each object which she passed upon the road, and to whom the black night was filled with spectral terror. She clung trembling to the arm of her companion, although her figure was the taller of the two. It was a slight arm, but muscular and warmed to sympathy and kindness with blood from a manly heart.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

A DISCLOSURE.

THE lights of the city shone out all the brighter for the darkness, and as the two wayfarers neared the Nile, they could see them reflected on the rippled surface of the water. The fainter images of the stars had come to join them, rocking and floating here and there in the shadows of the houses or gleaming out on the broad breast of the river between black shifting shapes of real or phantom boats. The Dahabééh "El Kheéal," was lighted within, and through the half-drawn curtains came glimpses of the cosy little cabin where Mrs. Willoughby and her nephew John Richards were matched against Edward and Margaret in a game of whist. One or two of the crew were sitting on the lower deck puffing away at their pipes as usual, but the upper deck was deserted, save for one solitary figure—the figure of a young girl clad in some light, thin material which looked white in the darkness.

She was standing quite still with her head raised a little as though listening. In truth she had heard a faint rustling among the bushes on the bank of the river, and presently two persons emerged from the foliage and crept cautiously towards the Dahabééh, until they reached the plank which formed a temporary bridge connecting the boat with the shore. They seemed both to have their eyes fixed upon the

rl, and Clara Ogden (for the white figure was hers) gave apprehension as they drew near. She cast a glance at the men on the lower deck to be sure that they were still there, and was relieved to see one of them go to the side of the vessel. The foremost of the strange visitors was already crossing the plank. He stepped on deck, and said a few words in Arabic to the man who came to meet him. Then he turned to help his companion, whom Clara now distinguished as a woman wrapped and muffled in a heavy cloak. The man remained below, but the woman climbed the narrow ladder to the upper-deck and approached Miss Ogden with anxious haste.

"Do you not remember me, Fraülein?" she asked in a voice with a thrill of agitation in her voice.

"I," said Clara. "You are the woman who came to see me in the hotel." She hesitated and then added, "I thought you to have come back yourself with my clothes, but I sent them by the servant. I wanted—that is, I have been glad to speak to you again."

"I remembered that the Fraülien preferred sending them to me," said the woman a little proudly. "I am now that she desired to speak to me."

She stood motionless with her eyes bent upon the ground. The hood of her cloak had fallen back, and showed the outline of her face and throat. Even in the darkness Clara could see the beauty in the features which were faintly visible, but it was through a new quality in the woman's voice that she had recognized her. Miss Ogden's life had passed so suddenly from the most excitement to dull monotony, that she would

have been glad of the diversion afforded by seeing her even if she had not felt interested in her mysterious v She seemed a link with the past.

"I could not understand," began Clara, diffident note which I received on the evening of the Khedive's and I should have liked to ask you to explain it."

The woman raised her eyes and looked questioningly at Miss Ogden, but said nothing.

"I think the note was written by your friend the Count," said Clara, "but it was the request which it contained which struck me as so strange."

The woman's face grew eager in a moment.

"Ah! It is of that, that I am come to speak," she said. "What did the note say? Tell me, dear Fräulein, for the love of heaven!"

"I have the note still," said Clara. "It simply requested me to tell Baron von Gaetzner all that I had seen. I had not received a former note from your friend in the same hand-writing, and learned from you that it referred to a person who startled me among the tombs, I could not have guessed what it meant, and as it was I could not tell why you should first request me to tell no one of my acquaintance, and then ask me to tell Baron von Gaetzner."

"Did you tell him, Fräulein?" asked the woman in a tone of the most intense anxiety.

"I did not mean to do so when I read the note," answered Clara haughtily, with a feminine instinct of self-protection. "I did not think that request was one which either you or your friend had a right to make."

"Ah, too true—too true," cried the woman wringing her hands in agony. "But did you tell him, Fräulein?"

you tell Baron von Gaetzner about the man whom you saw at Sakkara?"

"Yes I did," said Clara, not without emotion, although she spoke quietly; but what was her surprise when the woman before her suddenly threw up both her arms and uttering a low cry of despair sank upon the deck at her feet.

"What is the matter?" she asked in a bewildered tone, but there was no answer. The woman had broken down completely. The mental strain of the interview which she had undergone that afternoon and the exertion of her long walk from Mitrehenny had been too much for her.

"Oh! Joseph! oh! that unlucky note! There is no hope, no hope!" she sobbed wildly. Touched by her anguish, Miss Ogden bent down over her, and tried to raise her gently.

"Try to calm yourself," she said, "and tell me frankly what your trouble is. Perhaps I may be able to help you."

"My sorrow is too great," groaned the woman, but she made an effort to rise, and suffered Clara to lead her to a seat.

"I am very sorry indeed," said Clara still perplexed, "if I have done anything in any way to increase your trouble. She was too unhappy herself not to sympathize with mental suffering, but she could not understand what had caused this outburst. Then a suggestion occurred to her as vaguely possible.

"You must not imagine," she said with gentle dignity, "that Baron von Gaetzner would repeat what I told him of my adventure to any one."

As though forgetting her own anguish for a moment, the woman raised her head and looked at Clara with a strange compassion.

"You do not know Baron von Gaetzner," she said, and there was something so impressive in her manner, that Clara shrank and shivered as if a cold hand had been laid upon her heart.

"There are three Barons von Gaetzner," continued her terrible visitor. "There is this man, and there is his father, who is like him, and there is his poor hunted brother, who has been shut up for ten years in a mad house, but who is no more mad than you are."

Was Clara mad? She did not know. A sudden rush of disjointed half-forgotten memories came crowding upon her with the woman's words. She felt faint, and unconsciously she put out her hand for support. The woman saw and caught it.

"Ah! Fräulein," she said sadly. "It is thus always! My trouble has shadowed you. It is too great, and it bears down whoever tries to help me, but," she added earnestly, "it is better that you should know all, dear Fräulein, than that you should trust one who is not true—one who is false!"

"I will not believe it!" said Miss Ogden, struggling to regain her composure. "Even if this strange story which you tell me about the persecution of his brother be true, you have no proof that he is responsible for it."

"He has given the proof himself," said the woman excitedly. "I knew that his father was a cold hearted villain, who had plotted to get rid of my poor Frederick in order to enjoy his wealth, who had schemed to carry off my only child to die among strangers, never to see his mother's face again, but I knew nothing of this young Baron. I was only afraid to trust him because he was his father's son. Then Joseph spoke to him about his brother, and he pretended to

be much surprised, much shocked. Joseph believed in him. He wanted to give him proof that what he had said was true, and he knew that you were a witness whom he would respect, so he wrote to you and asked you to tell him what you had seen."

"How did the Copt expect him to guess that the man who frightened me was his brother, if indeed he was?" asked Clara, but as she spoke she remembered the changed expression which Leopold's face had worn, when she told him of the resemblance of this person to himself, and however little she admitted, the doubt within her was fast yielding to a certainty that he had known whom she had seen, and had dreaded lest she also should discover what he knew.

"Joseph did not expect Baron von Gaetzner to guess, Fräulein," said the woman patiently, in answer to Miss Ogden's last question. "He intended to tell him who the man was, and he did tell him after he had seen him speaking to you near the Pyramids, but Baron von Gaetzner seemed very angry. He rode away without a word, and he left Cairo without attempting to help us, and went back to Vienna, to his father. This is why I say that he is false."

Clara was silent. The mention of her last interview with Leopold aroused such painful associations that she could not speak. It was not merely that she believed that she had spoken to him then for the last time, but that she had been so bitterly disappointed in him, and now it seemed that he had not only fallen short of her standard which might perhaps have been ideal, but he had laid himself open to the blame of all the world, by seeming to connive at a piece of low villainy. She would not be reconciled to such a thought. She told herself that it was completely out of keeping with

all that she knew of his character, and she made one more effort to defend him. In doing so she used his name for the first time, for she forgot all forms, and overlooked the distance between herself and the woman to whom she spoke. They were all three reduced to the level of common humanity.

"You have no reason to believe that Leopold von Gaetzner would betray you because he went back to Vienna," she said earnestly. "I do not know how you are connected with his brother, but if the story which you have told me to-night is true, he may have gone home on purpose to gather farther proof of it. He is slow to believe anything, and you could hardly expect him to be ready to accept such a strange statement at once."

"Listen, Fräulein," said the woman, rising and standing once more respectfully before her, "There is a man from Vienna now in Cairo; one who has reason to hate me and mine, and this man came to my house this afternoon in search of Frederick von Gaetzner. I believe it was Leopold von Gaetzner who told him where I lived and who sent him to recapture my husband."

"Your husband!" exclaimed Clara.

"Yes," said the woman gently, but proudly. "I am the wife of Frederick von Gaetzner. I do not wonder that you are surprised," she added. "I seem to you very much beneath a Baron, and so I was in degree, but he loved me, and I still love him too well to trust his enemies."

It was impossible to disbelieve the woman's words. They were spoken with the simplicity of truth, but Clara shrank from the conviction which they brought, at the same moment that with strange inconsistency she felt the deepest pity for her who spoke them. What had she to do with the family-

pride of the Von Gaetzners, that the idea of a mésalliance among them should shock her so? She recognized the absurdity, even the unworthiness of the feeling, and put it from her.

"I am very sorry for you," she said, "and I do not wonder that the suffering which you have undergone should make you feel afraid to trust any one, but I think you are mistaken in supposing that Leopold von Gaetzner sent this man to trouble you this afternoon or even knew of his coming. I know him well enough to be able to tell you that it is not at all like him to do such a thing, and you certainly have no proof that he has done it."

"I pray to heaven that I may not have that proof," cried the woman, "for if he did set my bitterest enemy upon me and told him of the only refuge in which the poor fugitive was safe, my husband may be taken ere I can warn him of his danger." She wrapped her cloak hastily about her as she spoke. "Farewell, Fraülein, and may God grant that you are right! I believe that you will not betray me." Thus she was about to go, but Clara detained her.

"Where are you going?" she asked. "What do you intend to do? Not surely to walk to Sakkara to-night?"

"I must," replied the woman.

"I think your fears are groundless," said Clara, "but I wish that I could help you." She stood for one moment anxious and perplexed, then a sudden thought occurred to her. She stepped to the top of the stairway, and beckoned to the young Copt who was waiting uneasily below. He climbed eagerly to where they stood.

"Take this," said Miss Ogden, drawing several gold pieces from her purse, and speaking in English for the first

time, for all her conversation with the woman had been in German. "Go and hire the swiftest horse in Cairo to bear you to the Tombs of Apis, and if necessary to help the fugitive in his escape."

The young man looked quite bewildered, but the woman seized Miss Ogden's hand and raised it to her lips.

"May heaven bless you, Fräulein," she said, "and help you in your hour of need!"

"But these woman," said the Copt anxiously. "When I shall leave her what may she do?"

"Can she not go home?" asked Clara wonderingly, "Where does she live?"

"Six miles from here, lady," said the Copt, "at Mitrehenny."

"Oh! do not think of me," cried the woman, who caught at what they said by a kind of instinct, although she did not understand English, but she now turned to the Copt and said in Arabic, "I can walk home quite well alone. Do not fear for me. I shall be quite strong, when I feel that you are carrying help to Frederick."

"She is not fit to walk so far," said Clara to Joseph at the same moment in English.

No wonder that the unfortunate Egyptian looked troubled and confused.

"Have you no friend in Cairo, with whom she can spend the night?" pursued Miss Ogden.

Joseph's face suddenly cleared and brightened.

"I can assure to you," he cried joyfully, "that there is my mother residing in Old Cairo, and she shall present these woman an enormous welcome."

Clara could hardly help laughing, and the woman would not cease protesting, but at last Joseph's plan was accepted. "You shall ascertain all that shall chance to me, lady," he said reassuringly, as he took his departure.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE RESCUE.

THERE was a favorable wind blowing. El Kheéal was to sail at twelve o'clock. Mrs. Willoughby and her daughter had gone to Cairo to make a few last purchases. John Richards was at the 'Hotel du Nil' taking his leave of Mr. Curzon. A very touching one, no doubt, but not eternal, since his friend Mathew proposed to take the next steamer for Thebes, and it was probable that they would meet there in less than three weeks. Clara Ogden and her brother were alone in the cabin of the Dahabééh. Edward lay back lazily on one of the high ottomans with his head turned towards the window. He was watching two native washermen at the river's edge. One had on a turban and wore a brilliant striped cotton garment, resembling a dressing gown, girted tightly in at the waist with a cord. He was bending over the clothes which he plunged and re-plunged into the sunny water with laudable energy, while his companion and assistant, in Turkish trousers and a short jacket, wrung them out, and heaped them one upon another in a wide flat bowl.

Clara sat at a little distance from her brother with a book upon her knee, but she was not reading. Vainly she tried to do so, she could not keep her mind from wandering restlessly about the events of the evening before, and at length

in despair of being able to fix her attention, she closed her book and went to find some work. While she was gone, her brother happened to turn away from the window and was surprised to notice a slender girlish figure, all in black, standing on the deck just outside the cabin door, through which she gazed timidly. The lower part of her face was veiled, but the soft dark eyes and low broad brow were quite familiar. Where had he seen those eyes before? Then, as by a charm, the sides of the boat which enclosed him vanished, and instead of them he saw the fields of waving corn—the pale, clear sky—and Margaret Willoughby fair and calm, and sweetly accessible, as in that far off dream which he must put away from him forever.

"There is some one at the door, who seems to wish to speak to you, Clara," he said softly to his sister, who returned at this moment. He did not move, for he remembered how the sight of him had startled the shy maiden once before. Clara advanced hurriedly towards her, and stepped outside, so that her brother did not hear what passed, but the interview was brief. He saw the Egyptian girl hand something like a letter to his sister, with the joyous air of one who brings glad tidings.

Clara took the note and asked some questions which the girl answered by signs, nodding her head and pointing up the river, and that was all. Clara did not come back to him for some time, but lingered without while Edward watched the slight, supple form of the Egyptian as she climbed the steep bank of the river with activity and ease, and sped swiftly along the narrow pathway at the top, until the overhanging bushes hid her from sight.

Clara's letter was three pages long, and finely written.

We will tell what it contained in simpler language than the Copt employed, for with the longest words and the most abrupt sentences, Joseph sought to explain, how as he rode out from Cairo, the night before, on the horse which Miss Ogden bade him hire, he met a silent little procession just where the road from Sakkara joined the road to Geezeh. It seemed to consist of three men, one walking in front, and one on either side of a sullen downcast figure which he knew only too well for that of Frederick von Gaetzner. He recognized the man in front. He was one of the keepers of the mad-house, and without pause or hesitation he dismounted and addressed him. First he spoke mildly but earnestly. He tried to reason with the man upon the enormity which he was committing in confining a perfectly sane fellow-creature among mad-men. Then he hinted at some hidden power, which would revenge this injustice. He passed from threats to prayers—he even offered to bribe the keeper, but all in vain. The soldiers whom the latter had brought to help him, and who held their prisoner on either side, pushed roughly past Joseph, and then he saw one walking in the rear, whom he had not seen before. He wore a face of exultation, as he recognized the Copt, and he laughed a bitter laugh.

"How is my fair friend Netita?" he cried derisively in English. This man was Heinrich Schützel, and at the sound of his words and his laughter, the prisoner raised his head and made a sudden movement of his powerful frame, wresting his arms from the soldiers' grasp. Then he turned and sprang upon his enemy with terrible ferocity. He was of course unarmed, and Schützel had a brace of pistols at his belt, but before he could draw either, Frederick had locked him in his arms. He raised him high in a deadly grip and

flung him senseless on the sand. The keeper ran to his assistance, while one of the soldiers tried to seize the prisoner, and the other levelled a carbine at his head, but just as he was about to fire, Joseph leaped between and struck up the man's arm, so that the shot went wide. Then as the keeper still leaned over Schützel's unconscious form the Copt made a sign to Frederick to spring upon the horse, which he still held, and before the astonished soldiers had realized what was happening, their prisoner had leaped into the saddle and was off. Both men fired, and one ball must have struck, for Frederick's tall figure was visible for an instant on the beautiful Arab horse, in the flash which accompanied the report, and seemed to totter. Then he regained his balance, shook the reins, and horse and rider vanished in the darkness. The black night had proved no enemy, for it was both his protection and Joseph's. Vainly did the keeper from the mad house, who had been bribed to this night's work with promises of rich reward, urge the Turkish soldiers to seek and seize the wily Copt. Joseph had not fled far, but he had flung himself down upon the desert, flattening his body into the soft yielding sand until he lay surrounded by it, as in a mould and presented hardly any interruption to the even surface of the soil.

The grey light of dawn was creeping over the horizon when Heinrich Schützel returned slowly to his hotel. He waited until the hall porter unlocked the front door, and then glided stealthily in. The man looked at him askance. Such early morning returns were not uncommon among gay young fellows who had been drinking or playing all night ; but Schützel was no longer young, and his face was more haggard and ghastly than the most reckless dissipation could quite explain.

There was no mention of course of this incident in Miss Ogden's letter. It only told of all that Joseph had seen and done, and of the gratitude of the poor woman at the escape which had been brought about, but in spite of the joy with which the words were penned, Clara grew sick at heart. Another time perhaps, she could be glad with these people to whom she had lent such timely aid—now she could think only of Leopold. Was it indeed true then that he had betrayed the hiding place of this poor wretch, whose piteous story might have aroused his indignation, his compassion, even if he had not been his brother? Would he again have condemned him to a captivity far worse than death? She had refused to believe that he could be so ungenerous, so perfidious, and now, if she credited what the Copt had written—here was the proof. She bowed her head and wept. . . .

It was the hour of mid-day prayer. A high unearthly voice was heard above the din and bustle of the city. From every minaret in Cairo the long wailing summons sounded to all the busy multitude below, calling them from every worldly occupation to turn their faces towards Mecca, and bow down and worship, confessing that "there is no God but Allah and Mahomet is his Prophet." With the help of sail and oars El Kheéal was prepared to leave the shore, but this call must be obeyed. The boat paused expectant, while the crew threw down their oars and knelt to pray. The passengers stood waiting upon the upper deck. They were all there together to say good-bye to Cairo, for as the ceremony ended, the Dahabééh shot out into mid-stream and headed up the Nile.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE COUNTESS MARIE.

THERE was to be a reception at court. One of those state occasions when Baron von Gaetzner in his position of "Kammerherr," or knight of the bed-chamber, was required to be present, and he had indicated to Leopold his desire that he should accompany him.

"By the by, Leopold," said the elder Baron in his easy, off-hand way, as the father and son drove rapidly towards the Palace, "there is one subject upon which I have delayed speaking to you, but I think that it is better now that I should do so." He paused. Leopold's heart beat fast. His expectations rose high. Was his father at length going to speak more definitely than he had yet chosen to do of his plans for his son's advancement?

"I have waited intentionally," resumed the Baron, "to say what I have to say, until you had been here long enough to form the acquaintance of the Countess Marie Leidergow, that you might be able to judge of her without prejudice."

Leopold frowned. What had the Countess Marie to do with his future career? But he was soon to learn.

"I do not wish to influence you unduly," continued his father, "but merely to remind you, in case you are well inclined towards the countess, that the Princess Leidergow is in high favor with the empress, so that if you should decide

to choose her daughter for your wife, you would secure a powerful influence at court."

"I should be sorry to think, sir," said Leopold haughtily, "that my position at court was to be dependent upon the favor of my mother-in-law, or indeed, of any one but myself."

"When you are older, Leopold," said the Baron, "you will learn that nothing is to be gained at court for nothing. All progress in the favor of a sovereign is somewhat dependent upon the favor of those who surround him. Without more address or diplomacy than you display at present, or are likely to attain except with far greater effort than you have seemed inclined to make, even my influence alone, would be powerless to assist you." He paused again—but Leopold was silent.

Baron von Gaetzner was too clever a man to be pompous, but there was a subtle power in his quiet voice and dry pointed fashion of expressing himself, which always mastered his son for the time being, without satisfying or convincing him.

"In case you should be so fortunate as to become the husband of the Countess Leidergow," pursued the father, "you will be at liberty to make your home at Glen Hausen for the greater part of the year, only coming to town at such times as are important to your advancement—that is, often enough to avoid being forgotten—or when any chance of preferment renders it advisable. This life will be consistent with your love of study and retirement, without risking your interests at court, since I shall be here to guard them—and who knows," said the Baron pleasantly, "perhaps some day you may rise to such a position as that which I hold myself?"

He put this suggestion in the tone of one who offers the highest inducement which he can think of, but Leopold did not respond to the tone. To appear at royal ceremonies as his father did, with a bunch of silver keys tied to his belt, and an air of infinite mystery and importance, was not the goal of his ambition. It soared far higher, and yet he envied the ease and address, the familiarity with all matters of etiquette which his father possessed, even the insight into public affairs which the position gave.

"I am sorry that your scheme for my welfare comprises marriage," he said stiffly, "as I have no inclination to be married to any one."

"Indeed!" said Baron von Gaetzner, with a sarcastic reflection of his voice. "It is possible that time may conquer your disinclination. I hope so," he added lightly, "for otherwise I can promise you very little. It is unfortunate that royal favor does not necessarily descend from father to son—but here we are at the Palace."

Leopold's pride was hurt, and he was disappointed. A feeling of intense bitterness took possession of him, which was not dissipated by the brilliant and stately scene upon which they entered, but rather grew as he looked about him with sharpened vision, and distinguished how much that was mean and petty was covered by all this pomp and splendor.

After some time spent in waiting for the honor of a greeting from the Emperor and Empress, Baron von Gaetzner hastened to introduce his son to a number of persons whose acquaintance he thought would be of value to him. Several of these were men of talent and learning, and at any other time Leopold would have been charmed at the opportunity of meeting them, and eager to elicit their opinion upon many

questions of the day in which he had begun to take a lively interest, but his father's words had raised strife within him. He felt that he must be alone in order to regain his peace of mind. As soon as respect or politeness would permit, he excused himself, and making his way through the many chambers and ante-chambers, was about to quit the palace, when his absent gaze encountered a pair of dark blue eyes fringed with black lashes which he recognized as belonging to the Countess Marie Leidergow.

She was standing beside her mother who was deep in conversation with an elderly French officer. Leopold stopped and hesitated. He had been struck by an involuntary expression of entreaty in the eyes, which immediately afterwards sought the ground, and he was puzzled by it. The idea of the political and social career which marriage with this lady would open to him had not been in the least alluring when his father had suggested it, half an hour before, and was far from his thoughts at this moment, but his curiosity was excited by the unintentional betrayal of interest from one to whom he considered himself as almost a stranger, and he looked critically at the downcast face before him. It was not beautiful, but neither was it wanting in nobility of expression. Presently she raised her eyes but she did not look at Leopold. She turned decidedly away from him and seemed absorbed in listening to the music. This decided him. He drew near and entered into conversation.

"Do you love music?" he asked.

"Better than anything else in the world!"

The fervor of her answer surprised him.

"But you care for other things, is it not so? Do you not

like reading or writing, or is it dancing of which you are more fond ? ”

“ I am very fond of embroidery,” said the countess smiling. “ I like to embroider very much, or to drive on the Prater. I do not care for dancing.”

“ And you have studied, is it not so ? ”

“ Ah ! yes. I have studied music. Are you not a lover of the Italian music, Baron von Gaetzner, or do you prefer our own ? ”

“ I do not know anything of music,” said Leopold. “ I have no taste for it.”

“ Do you mean that you do not care for music ? ” asked the countess in a disappointed tone.

“ I mean that I do not know one note from another,” said Leopold. “ I am fond of some songs on account of the ideas which they express.”

There was a long silence. It has been said that Leopold was rather wanting in ease of manner, and the countess seemed unaccountably shy with him, for when a young Prussian officer approached and ventured to address her, she greeted the new-comer with the air of one accustomed to society and to receiving attention, indeed as if she were rather tired of both. Soon after this Leopold left her, and went out into the street. He felt the need of thinking, for to those with whom thought is a habit, it often becomes a need in spite of the comfortable manner in which the majority of mankind seem to get on without it. He was not so bitter as when he entered the palace, and more desolate. Caring little where he went, he strolled into Strauss' Concert Garden, less for the sake of the music as may be divined, than for that solitude which is said to be most complete in a great

crowd. The sense of isolation from the scene about him chimed in well with his mood,—for he seemed to himself a lonely mortal destined to lead a stale, flat, unprofitable existence, which should be a kind of satire upon his hopes and aspirations. His father's advice to make a politic marriage, and hang about the court seeking favor with the Emperor's favorites, in the ambitious hope of rising one day to a like dignity to his own, had been a great shock to Leopold. He was a man of principle, although, as has been seen, his principles were peculiar. The society of Vienna, which was at this time exceedingly corrupt, was not only distasteful—he felt that it was morally beneath him, and the idea of dividing his attention between the pleasures of agriculture and a series of petty court intrigues for some twenty or thirty years to come was not attractive in itself, but it presented a positively painful contrast to the ambitious day-dreams in which he had half consciously indulged. Why had he been so loath to surrender his career to Frederick, when he fancied that he still lived, if this was all that life could offer? Now that he was beginning to accept his father's theory that it was a fancy, he wondered very much that he should have been so moved by it, but with the inconsistency not uncommon in philosophers, he had longed to be a great statesman—to rule the fate of nations, while his whole time had been devoted to abstract science and the acquirement of abstruse information. It is possible, that in believing that he possessed a mind capable of weighing the opposing results of events yet incomplete, of fathoming the causes of state policy, and judging coolly and without prejudice in the midst of danger or excitement, he had not overrated his powers, but however lofty or far-seeing an intellect he possessed, he had none of

the grace of a courtier. He knew none of the wiles wherewith to steal into men's confidence. He was not capable of flattering without seeming to flatter, or reading character or divining motives. In truth he went about with his head in a cloud of which he had been entirely unconscious, until his father had rudely awakened him to its existence. He was not quite prepared to abandon his early dreams because the practical mode of attaining them was so unattractive. Indeed they took fresh hold of him as he recalled them, but he was haunted by certain memories which had stolen about him like a subtle charm from the moment his father recommended him to marry the Countess Marie Leidergow, and these memories were not of the countess, but of quite a different person, so far as they could be said to be embodied at all. They were of sweet responsive glances, of eager, low spoken words ; of a graceful shadowy outline, a delicate hand with tapering finger-tips. They were so insidious and so pervasive that it was hard to escape them, but Leopold was making a great effort to do so. He was trying to put the visions of the past out of his sight, and to face the present and the future from what he would have called a practical, that is a politic, point of view. Since he could not become Prime-Minister of Austria with one bound, and what the Baron had said of his want of address was quite true, this marriage, the suggestion of which he had resented so bitterly, was a necessary expedient. He reflected that such a position as his father had attained might be taken as a means rather than an end, and it seemed to be less unworthy of effort. He began to wonder whether, with his peculiar views of matrimony, it would be such a very great hardship to make the Countess Marie his wife—always supposing, and

it must be confessed that Leopold supposed this very easily—that the countess might care for him. If he gave her the opportunity of trying, was it not possible that she could sympathize somewhat with him, and if the experiment failed, could they not live on courteous terms together, free to attract any outside sympathy which might exist for either. Thus reasoning with himself, he determined to make a careful study of the Countess Marie, but just as he reached this sage conclusion, some unaccountable freak of imagination brought back the image of Clara Ogden as he had seen her in their last interview. He saw her standing before him, pale and beautiful, with her long hair streaming back upon the wind. He remembered the soft disordered locks about her temples. He remembered the graceful curve of her cheek and throat, and a keen sense of regret possessed him for all that he had lost. He grew reckless of his prudent self-counseling, of his father's wise advice. Why had he always noticed this woman, and been indifferent to all others? Why had she seemed to read and to understand him, when every one else was puzzled or surprised by what he said? In this baleful scepticism he had set down her sympathy to adaptability of nature. He had thought that he could feel for another woman of like temperament, what he felt for her. He had never asked himself where or how such another could be found, but now—now that it was too late—there came to him a strange certainty. An irresistible, unreasonable belief that hers was the one nature in the world with which his was made to sympathize. It was his first article of faith. Impelled by the strength of it, he rose up as unconscious of the gay groups in the concert garden as he had ever been of the chirping of grasshoppers in a summer field. He

passed out from among them and hastened home. Once in his own room, he seized a pen and paper, and hastily wrote a letter which he folded and directed to—

“Miss Clara Ogden, care of Mrs. Willoughby, Poste Restante, Thebes, Egypt.”

Then he took it out, and mailed it before he went to bed.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THEBES.

IT was the nature of John Richards to be placid, and to make himself comfortable, but he had never been so placid or so perfectly comfortable as on his voyage up the Nile. He had ever been inclined to think well of this earthly existence, in spite of the calumnies in such general circulation against it, but circumstances had combined just now to render his life peculiarly pleasant.

In the first place there was his aunt. He had always thought her a very creditable sort of aunt. Her virtues were such as he believed that a woman should have, and although he was not blind to her failings, they had not clashed with him as yet, and so seemed pardonable, perhaps even necessary off-sets to the comely dignity of her presence, her usually even temper, and the power of making everything about her luxuriously homelike, even in a Dahabééh. Then there was Margaret, who was full of life and sweetness—not quite so gay as she had been when she first reached Cairo, but still always ready to join in any plan which promised pleasure, or to do any little thing which John wished done. “Quite what a well-brought-up cousin should be, with no nonsense about her.”

Richards had that jealous reserve with regard to his relations more or less common to all Anglo-Saxons—the combi-

nation of which with their proverbial frankness is such a puzzle to the French—but he would have expressed the opinion above quoted openly enough to an intimate friend. He would not have hesitated to say that his aunt was an excellent housekeeper, and would probably have taken the trouble to add that Edward Ogden was an exceedingly agreeable companion with whom to smoke an evening cigar and talk of all which he had seen during the day, but there was another person in the party, of whom he thought more just at this time than he thought of all the rest, who lent unconsciously a zest to his enjoyment which associated itself always with Egypt and the Nile, and of this person he would notwithstanding have been reluctant to speak.

Clara Ogden was too keenly sympathetic to have remained entirely ignorant of John's growing admiration—she must have been alive to the difference in his manner towards herself from his manner towards others, if she had not been absorbed in realizing the greatest grief of her life.

Edward had never recovered from the cold which he caught on the evening of the Khedive's ball. His cough was incessant, and he passed many sleepless nights, the traces of which he vainly tried to conceal, and although he strove now for his sister's sake to be prudent, the feverish color in his wasted cheek and the unnatural brightness in his eyes did not escape Clara. She could do nothing but reproach herself for not having awakened earlier to the imminence of his danger. If she had only persuaded him not to go to that fatal ball more earnestly than she had done! She really had not been to blame in this respect; but her nature was so energetic that she could not help feeling as if some exertion of her will might have staved off this great

calamity. If she had not been taken up with other thoughts she told herself, all might yet be well, and she hardened her heart until it grew quite bitter against Leopold von Gaetznar.

Edward himself was not hopeful, for he was struggling with that kind of depression which is most adverse to recovery—the idea that there was little left for him to live for. To be sure his position with regard to Margaret was no longer outwardly embarrassing to either. They looked at and spoke to one another quite easily and naturally, for having once resolved to hide his feelings, Edward had too much self-control to yield to them, but the more he saw of Margaret's sunny, happy temperament, the more it charmed and attracted him. Indeed to be in daily association for three weeks with the object of one's affections is not the best cure for unrequited love, and the effort which he made at self-repression must have become painful but for the dreamy, soothing influence of the Nile, to which Edward was peculiarly susceptible. He would sit reading beneath the awning on the upper deck, while the rest of the party went on shore to inspect the various villages upon their way, or lie on one of the divans in the little cabin, idly watching the sky and surrendering himself to the motion of the Dahabééh. What was this subtle charm of the great river, which had stolen upon him from the moment they weighed anchor and sailed away from Cairo, as it had stolen on many another, making the past seem unreal, melting away all conventional rules wherewith to measure life until it came to be a succession of changing effects of moonlight and of sunset, and joy and sorrow were no longer vivid but tender and beautiful?

It was nearly a month since they set sail. Clara had passed a sleepless night. Just as the light began to dawn

she rose and crept softly to the door of her brother's cabin which was next to hers. His cough, which had troubled her much during the night, had ceased, and she could hear him breathing a little hard but regularly. It was evident that he had fallen asleep. Then she went back to her room, but she could not rest, so she dressed and went out into the air. She was full of sad thoughts and of undefined forebodings, as she climbed the six or eight steps from the lower to the upper deck, but when she reached the top she could not withhold an exclamation of surprise.

Far over the heavens spread the rosy light of dawn, and just as the sun rose the Dahabééh stole silently in view of the great plain of Thebes. The endless scene of desolation, stretching away into dimness and mysterious distance, under the pure light of a new day, was so grand and unexpected that the whole current of her thoughts was changed, and she stood leaning upon the railing which encircled the deck, wrapped and reverent until the sound of approaching steps aroused her, and she saw John Richards coming up the narrow stairway. She was not glad to see him, and yet she had been conscious of a vague longing for some one to share her impression. Perhaps John was not the person.

"Good morning, Miss Ogden," he said. "You are up early. How is your brother to-day? Why, bless my heart, what are all these ruins we are coming to? I must run and get my guide-book."

He disappeared, and Clara could hardly help laughing when he returned with the desired authority, and began turning over its pages in hot pursuit of information.

"Let me see," he said, "we have passed Geezeh, Dendera, Keneh,—this must be Thebes!"

"Why yes," said Clara, "do you not see the Colossi in the midst of the cultivated land, and the "Memnonium" beyond? It is all so much grander than I expected. The space is so wide, and the ruins are so far apart. I am trying to conceive of a city which can have covered all this plain. How magnificent it must have been!"

"To tell you the truth," said Richards, "I am rather disappointed. It is so dismal and forsaken, and the ruins look so small. It reminds me of a desecrated burying-ground with a few scattered tombstones here and there. Can those low square objects on the other side be Karnac and Luxor?"

"You have got up too early," said Clara, laughing and shaking her head at him. "If you will only wait until our ordinary breakfast hour, I feel sure that Karnac and Luxor will look large enough."

"You are the Prophetess of the Nile to me," said John, "so I will believe it. All the beauty which I have seen so far has been inspired by you."

The words were spoken half in jest, but the glance which accompanied them was earnest.

"That is strange," said Clara dreamily, "for do you know that I never tried to imagine what ancient Egypt must have been before I came here. I had no natural longing for the brilliancy, the idleness, or the grandeur of the East, but now it fascinates me. I take the greatest pleasure in picturing to myself the past splendor of Thebes and Memphis, and my imagination is dazzled by it."

"Why as for that," said John, drumming with his fingers upon the railing, "the Temples, and the Pyramids are all

very well, but in the representations which I have seen of the ancient Egyptians, they do not look capable of appreciating anything grand or beautiful. They have no brains to speak of, and their figures are as straight as pokers. Fancy one of those fellows dancing, or pulling in a boat-race, or leaping a hedge and a ditch on horseback—why when they are painted as rowing, their arms are as stiff as their oars ! ”

“ I am inclined to think,” said Clara, smiling, “ that that is more the fault of their school of painting, than of their models. Art was in its infancy, and they seem to have had a conventional way of representing men and animals which was rather stiff, I grant you.”

“ I will tell you what I think about their Temples,” said John confidentially. “ I think that they must have worked like ants, by instinct, to build them, under a system which they could not understand.”

“ But who gave them their system ? ”

“ Who gives it to the ants ? ”

“ I do not know,” said Clara, “ they may make it. I am not sure whether the ants do not understand their own system, or whether we understand them.”

She looked away from John down the river as she spoke. It was evident that her thoughts were far from him. He longed to bring them nearer.

“ You did not tell me how your brother was, Miss Ogden,” he said.

“ About as well as usual, thank you,” said Clara with rather less effort to seem cheerful than it was her wont to make.

“ I have sometimes thought,” said John seriously, “ that is, it has occurred to me that you might be more anxious

about your brother than you were willing to let him see—in fact I have feared that—that—” John stopped and hesitated. He had not said much, but he had hinted more than he intended and he feared that he had given pain, but Clara understood quite well the spirit in which he spoke.

“I have been very much troubled indeed about my brother lately,” she said, with a slight quiver of the lip.

“Will you not give me one promise, Miss Ogden?” asked John fervently. “Will you not promise that if you need a friend, you will turn to me?”

“I will not forget your kindness, Mr. Richards,” she said, and she did turn to him, and looked gratefully into his open manly face.

John was so thrilled and transported by her speaking eyes, that he felt as if there was nothing which he would not do for such another look. It seemed to him that he must give vent to the enthusiastic madness which possessed him, but just as he was about to speak, Clara made an exclamation—

“What is that coming after us?” she said. “Do you not see something? It looks like the steamer!”

“I do believe it is,” said John. “By Jove! we shall have some letters!”

In a moment all was bustle on board “The Shadow.” Mrs. Willoughby, who was in the outer cabin giving orders about breakfast, was quite elated at the prospect of news from England. Margaret, who appeared soon after, very pretty, but rather languid, looked like a different person when she heard that there was a steamer coming. Clara went again to her brother’s door. This time she opened it very softly, but just as she did so he started up in bed, and to her horror she saw a dark stream of blood pouring from his mouth.

"It is a hemorrhage," cried Mrs. Willoughby who hastened in at Clara's cry of anguish. "It must be stopped at once. Run, Morton, and bring some salt. Do not be so distressed, my dear ; why I have known people to have hemorrhages and to live for sixty years afterwards. There, see now it is nearly over. Your brother will soon be better."

In truth the hemorrhage was soon stopped, and although Edward remained very weak for a few hours, he gradually grew stronger and was able to take some nourishment, but Clara's fright was less easily allayed, in spite of Mrs. Willoughby's reassurances, of Richards' silent sympathy, or of Margaret's stealing her little hand into hers and offering her peachy cheek to be kissed, evidently believing that it would be a great comfort.

CHAPTER XL.

A LAWYER'S LETTER.

THEY now lay at anchor opposite the landing place at Luxor. The steamer was fast approaching, and Mr. Richards' dragoman warned him that if they wished to visit the tombs of the kings, they had better go on shore and secure donkeys to carry them, since the supply was by no means equal to what the demand would be when the steamer arrived.

Of course Clara would not think of going, but Mrs. Willoughby and Margaret were delighted at the prospect, and John must go with them.

They were in the best of spirits, although they left the brother and sister with many expressions of regret, which they no doubt meant at the time. Clara would not for the world that they should have given up or delayed the excursion, but there was something terribly sad in the sound of their gay exclamations and laughter, as she sat by poor Edward's side holding his white, thin hand. She had never noticed before how thin it was, and his eyes which rested tenderly upon her seemed unnaturally large, owing to the great paleness of his face. She did not speak her thoughts, but sat quite still.

"Clara," said Edward suddenly when they had been silent for a long while and the voices of the others had gradually

died away. "If I had known that this cold would be so bad, I would not have persuaded you to come up the Nile with these strangers."

"I know, dear."

"Do you remember whom you spoke of as '*that English woman*?' " asked Edward with a return of mischief to his eyes.

"But I did not know Mrs. Willoughby then, Edward," said Clara blushing. "I am sure she has been very kind to both of us."

"Yes, but I can see, Clara, that you do not quite trust her," said Edward. "I believe myself that she is somewhat manœuvering."

"It is strange," said Clara, looking down, "that you are the second person who has accused her of that, but I am sure that Margaret is innocent of all guile."

"Of course she is," said Edward energetically, "but who was the other person who said what I have said?"

"It was her nephew," said Clara, "Leverett Willoughby." —Edward's face changed.

"I meant to have told you, Clara," he said, "that if you ever meet that young man again, I do not wish you to have anything to do with him."

"Certainly I will not, if you do not like him," said Clara looking surprised. "I did not altogether like him myself, but there was something about him which I rather pitied."

"There is too much pity felt for such as he," said Edward bitterly. "They live for no other purpose than to enjoy themselves, and when their bad behavior begins to tell upon them, there is always a chorus of compassionate women ready to pity, or longing to forgive, even before they ask forgiveness."

Clara confessed to herself that there was much justice in what her brother said, but she could not help wondering how he had found time to form so decided an opinion of Leverett Willoughby.

"Have you heard anything against Mr. Willoughby?" she asked, "or are you only speaking from the impression which he made upon you?"

"From both. That fellow Curzon told me a number of things which were not very much to his credit, but I certainly should not have believed them, if they had not agreed with my own idea of the man."

Miss Ogden was dimly conscious of another reason for her brother's unwonted severity of judgment, but her feminine instinct prevented her from dwelling upon it.

At this moment the Réis of the boat, knocked at the door and handed in a package of letters.

"Has the steamer arrived?" asked Clara.

"Te-as—has come," said the Réis whose English vocabulary was limited.

Clara looked hastily over the letters, which were most of them for John Richards, or his aunt. There was one for Edward, evidently from his lawyer, and one for Clara herself, and none for Margaret.

"I do not think that Miss Willoughby is much given to letter writing," said Edward as he broke the formidable looking seal of Mr. Tapedeed's letter.

Clara's was from Harriet Endicott; but she was in no hurry to read it, glad as she had been to receive the last letter from the same hand. She felt as if the whole current of her life had changed since then, and the old interests were swept away forever, but she hoped that the feeling would

pass. She walked to the window and looked out idly at the steamer, which was moored some fifty yards away, and was landing her passengers, a few at a time, in a small row boat. On the shore were two camels, and a half a dozen lean donkeys with a swarm of dark Nubians waiting to escort the travellers to "The tombs of the kings," "The Memnomium," "Medeénet Háboo,"—in fact any possible or impossible distance which they might desire to undertake, although it was now nearly noon-day. Clara noticed a delicate looking lady who had just been assisted into the row-boat, holding up her arms to receive a large baby which the nurse stretched towards her from the side of the steamer, before embarking herself. A short, square man with black whiskers and a very conceited expression followed. He seemed to be the lady's husband, for he restored the baby to the nurse and sat down beside her with an air of patronage and possession.

Clara's attention was recalled at this moment by an exclamation from her brother.

"What is it, Edward?"

He turned towards her and held out the letter from his lawyer, which he had been reading. "We have lost everything!" he said in that distinct low tone, which persons sometimes use in the midst of great mental agitation.

Clara took the letter silently and read it, but her face was very pale.

"DEAR SIR,—I sit down to a very painful duty. It is to tell you of the failure of the 'Flock & Kelly Mills,' in the stock of which the property inherited by you and your sister from your mother was principally invested. As trustee for that property, I know that I am open to the world's censure,

in not having foreseen the failure, but I can only point to the high credit and standing which the 'Flock & Kelly Mills' have so long enjoyed, and beg that my long friendship for your family may not be forgotten in judging the worth of my intentions and the sincerity of my regret.

Truly Yours,

WILLIAM TAPEDEED.

"What shall we do?" said Edward desperately. "Between this smooth-tongued rascal and our affectionate uncle, we have not a cent which we can call our own."

For a moment Clara was too much stunned to speak. She clasped her brother's hand hard and looked into his face with a troubled, bewildered expression. "I cannot understand it," she said at last. "Do you think it is all gone? Is there nothing left?"

Her brother was touched by her distress. "What was that other letter which came?" he asked. "Was it not from Harriet Endicott? Perhaps that may throw some light on it."

Harriet's letter had fallen on the floor. Clara picked it up and opened it, and she and her brother read it together

"DEAREST CLARA,

"I hasten to write in hopes that my letter may reach you at least as soon as the bad news. We are all so sincerely sorry about the failure of the 'Flock & Kelly Mills'. It will of course be a great loss to you, but I trust no serious inconvenience for as soon as my father heard it he wrote at once to Mr. Longplea and withdrew his suit. That is to say, he no longer disputes Aunt Teresa's will, and he hopes that

the certainty of her legacy may in some measure lighten the sudden loss of your other property. I wish myself that the suit had never been, but the past which cannot be changed must be forgotten, and I hope will be by every one."

"Oh! Edward! I am so thankful!" cried Clara.

But Edward said nothing. He went on reading the letter.

"Now let me tell you (it said) of a plan which has been on the carpet for a long while, and I hope is coming to a happy issue, for it is almost decided that Lena and papa and I shall go abroad! I have been longing for it ever since your first letter came this autumn. I was so interested in all that you told me of your travels in Germany and France and Egypt. What pleasant people you have met and what odd ones! It must be great fun, but pray do not see too much of any one person. That might become serious, for marriages with foreigners as Lena says, are 'rarely felicitous.' If you are going to marry any one but an American, I advise you to take the Englishman. What is his name? Richmond?" Englishmen are patented as good husbands—but a truce to such nonsense! my head is quite turned at the prospect of foreign travel. Dear Clara, forgive me, and tell me seriously, how is Edward? I was made so anxious by your saying that you had gone to Egypt for his health, for we had never dreamed that he was not quite strong and well. I pray that he may soon be better, and that I may see you both ere long.

Yours faithfully,

HARRIET ENDICOTT."

"Harriet is a very true hearted girl," said Edward.

"And Uncle Charles has not behaved so badly after all," said Clara.

But Edward was not so ready to forgive his uncle.

"I do not feel grateful to him in the least," he said sternly.

"But what should we have done, Edward, if he had gained his case? We should not even have had money enough to pay the cost of the suit."

"He would not have gained his case," said Edward fiercely. "It was contrary to all justice, and he knew that well enough. It is all very grand for him to make a virtue of withdrawing at this time as if he were renouncing a right, but, if I could, I would insist upon his fighting it out, whether he liked it or not! I cannot endure to accept as a favor what is fairly our right!"

"Nor I either," said Clara proudly, "but I consider it our right to be undisturbed in the possession of what our aunt left us, and I do not see that we lose that right because we are no longer obliged to prove it."

"And yet you think that Uncle Endicott might have gained his case."

"I did not mean that I thought it would have been just for him to gain it, but I cannot help feeling glad on Harriet's account that he has given it up, as well as our own, for it seems to me that we have trouble and anxiety enough."

Just then there came another knock at the door.

"Is English lady," said the Réis, "Is ask—me not understand."

"An English lady!" repeated Clara, "where?"

The Réis pointed towards the large cabin. Clara leaned forward, but saw no one.

"I must go and find out what he means," she said to Edward, and passing out through the short passage-way which separated the sleeping rooms, into the principal one, she saw a lady seated on one of the high divans, whom to her great surprise she recognized as the same whom she had watched landing from the steamer.

She had a sweet pale face, faintly freckled, and the decided line of her hair which was smoothed down after the English fashion upon her forehead, was rather trying. It was sandy hair, but seemed to be very thick and long, for it was twisted round her head in a high braid, like a coronet, which was surmounted by a white bonnet.

She wore a long cloak of Scotch plaid over a dark blue dress rather dusty round the bottom.

In fact Miss Ogden inwardly commented upon her as pleasant looking, but decidedly "unstylish."

"Is this Mrs. Charles Willoughby's Dahabééh?" asked the lady as Clara advanced towards her.

Miss Ogden had never heard the name of Mrs. Willoughby's deceased husband, but she felt safe in assenting politely to the stranger's inquiry.

"Will you be kind enough to tell her that Lady Alice Willoughby is here?" said the visitor.

Clara explained that Mrs. Willoughby was absent with her daughter and Mr. Richards.

"That's bad!" said Lady Alice—looking suddenly perplexed—"And will they be gone all day?"

"I fear that they will," said Clara, "for they have gone to see the tombs of the kings."

"How very tiresome!" exclaimed the lady.

"Can I do anything for you?" asked Clara, doubtfully.

"Thanks!" said Lady Alice. "It is awkward for I do not like to trouble you, and then I have not the pleasure of your acquaintance."

"I shall be most happy to serve you, if it is in my power," said Clara, a trifle stiffly. "My name is Ogden, and my brother and I share the boat with Mrs. Willoughby."

"Ah! thanks," said Lady Alice. "If it is not inconvenient I should like to wait here until my husband comes for me. He is visiting the Temple of Luxor, and I do not know how long he may be gone. My baby and the nurse are outside under the awning."

"Oh! pray let them come in," said Clara, with a smile of amusement. "I shall be glad of your company, for I am all alone, except for my brother, who has been ill."

Lady Alice hardly heeded the last part of the sentence, she was so busy giving orders to the nurse—an important-looking person—who now entered with a very large baby in her arms, so that the two together seemed completely to fill the cabin.

"Would you not like to lay aside your bonnet?" said Clara, feeling forced into the duties of a hostess. She clapped her hands to summon a servant, and ordered her own state-room made ready for the reception of her guest.

Lady Alice was evidently pleased by this attention, and did not hesitate to accept it, saying that she was rather tired and would be glad to rest. So the mother and child and nurse retired, and Clara returned to Edward.

"What were all those strange sounds?" said he curiously. "I thought I heard a baby crying."

"So you did," said his sister, laughing, and proceeded to tell him of her visitor.

"Her name is Lady Alice Willoughby ; who do you think she can be ?"

"Oh, I know," said Edward, "her name was Lady Alice Fowler, and she married the brother of that wretched fellow Willoughby, who came to Cairo for the Khedive's ball. I think that John Richards must have had a fancy for her at one time, for Mr. Curzon once tried to tease him about her before me, but John shut him up very quickly. He is not the man to stand that sort of thing."

Clara blushed without knowing why. "Do you know I never thought of Mr. Richards as likely to be in love with any one," she said.

"Why not ?" asked Edward quickly.

"He is so very unimaginative," said Clara.

"Falling in love is not always an affair of the imagination," said her brother.

CHAPTER XLI.

LADY ALICE.

IT was several days since they reached Thebes, but Miss Ogden had not seen Lady Alice Willoughby, since she surrendered her to the care of her affectionate aunt to await the return of her husband on the evening of their arrival. Clara had been almost constantly shut up with her brother, and the rest of the party had been almost constantly abroad upon the various pilgrimages which it behooved them to make in order to see all that should be seen at Thebes.

They had just returned to "The Shadow," after one of these excursions. Tea had been served, and Margaret had seated herself at the table to pour it out.

Clarence Willoughby was lounging on one of the divans beside his aunt, and Lady Alice and John Richards were opposite.

"This Dahabééh is very comfortable certainly—one of the best I ever saw," Clarence Willoughby was saying in a patronizing tone. "How did Richards happen to stumble upon it?"

"John was in Cairo some time before we came," said Mrs. Willoughby, "and he took much pains in choosing one which he thought would suit us."

"If you had only let us know that you were coming to Egypt," she added graciously, "we should have been so glad to have you share our boat."

"It was rather stupid in us not to think of you," said Clarence in a modulated artificial voice, "but we hardly knew ourselves that we were coming until a few days before we started. It was quite on Alice's account. Her physician recommended a change, and you know I sacrifice everything to Alice."

Margaret shot an indignant glance at her cousin, for his selfish neglect of Lady Alice was well known to most of his relations.

"We were so late in coming to Egypt," broke in Lady Alice, "that we were advised to take the steamer with the hope of hiring a boat to go farther up the Nile when we reached the first Cataract."

"I should have thought you would have been almost afraid to bring the baby, Alice," said Mrs. Willoughby, with faint disapproval.

"Thanks," said Lady Alice. "Nora is a very healthy child."

"I always forget her name," said Mrs. Willoughby.

"She is named Leonora, after my aunt Lady Atherton," said Lady Alice.

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Willoughby. "Margaret is named after the first Lady Atherton, Clarence's mother." There was a pause.

"Will you not ask Miss Ogden to come and have a cup of tea with us, John?" said Margaret, turning to Richards who was sitting near her.

He answered with a nod and a smile, and rose to do her bidding, in fact there seemed to be an understanding between the cousins on this point.

"Who is this Miss Ogden whom you have with you, Aunt Elizabeth?" asked Lady Alice.

Mrs. Willoughby had been expecting this question, but she looked rather uncomfortable.

"I really do not know exactly," she said hesitating, "for she is an American whom we met in Cairo, with her brother, who is something of an invalid."

Lady Alice merely said "Oh!" but Clarence Willoughby was less reserved.

"My dear aunt," he said, "how you surprise me! Why in the world should you have asked persons of whom you knew so little to share your Dahabééh?"

"We asked them because we liked them exceedingly," said Margaret with spirit, "and we like them better the more we see of them."

"Gently, gently, Margaret," said her mother uneasily. "There really was no one else to ask," she added, turning to Clarence Willoughby, "and although I have never fancied Americans, Miss Ogden and her brother are not so objectionable as some whom I have seen."

"Oh! mamma, I am afraid Clara will hear you," cried Margaret, blushing rosy-red with honest shame.

"I thought that the young lady who lunched with me had good manners and an interesting face," said Lady Alice.

"Yes, she has both," said Mrs. Willoughby, "but I am afraid she is a little designing," she added in a lower tone, looking towards the door through which John Richards had passed.

Lady Alice caught the glance and looked in the same direction, just as the person indicated reappeared in the doorway. She reddened and was silent.

John had been to the end of the short passage-way and

tapped at Edward's door. It was opened very softly, and Clara appeared with her finger on her lip to enjoin silence.

"How is your brother?" asked John, in a whisper.

"He is better than he was this morning, thank you. He is sleeping. Is dinner ready?"

"No, not yet, but will you not have a cup of tea with us? Pray do. Your brother cannot miss you when he is asleep."

Clara smiled but shook her head.

"Then I will bring you a cup here," said John.

"Oh, no," said Clara, "I do not care for any. I do not indeed."

"But I like to get it," said Richards, "and it will do you good." He turned away, leaving Clara troubled and perplexed.

"I had better go," she said to herself. "It will never do for this kind Mr. Richards to be seen waiting upon me," and she followed him to the outer cabin.

"Come and sit by me, Clara," said Margaret as she entered, "My cousin, Mr. Willoughby," she added introducing him—"Lady Alice, I believe you have met."

Her manner was markedly cordial, for the way in which her mother had spoken of their absent friends had shocked the quiet sincerity of her nature and aroused her to unusual effort.

"Thank you," said Clara, accepting the offered seat, and bowing slightly to Lady Alice, but still more slightly to her husband.

Lady Alice immediately began apologizing for what she termed her rudeness in having mentioned some Americans, who had been with her in the steamer, in rather disparaging terms.

"But you only said that they were disagreeable people," said Clara, opening her eyes, "and I have no doubt they are."

"Oh no, I remember quite well," persisted Lady Alice. "I said that they used to go on shore before any one else, and that they would take their choice of the donkeys and the camels, just as if they had a right to them, and I never would have said that if I had known that you were an American."

"I supposed that you did not," said Clara, smiling, "but I should not have been the least offended if you had. Surely you would not consider me rude, if I told you that I had met some very disagreeable English people?"

"Oh! of course not," said Lady Alice, a little disconcerted, "only you know really," returning to the subject of her thoughts—"I should not have fancied that you were an American. You speak more like an English woman."

"I do not think that I speak differently from most of my friends in America," said Clara quietly. "I hope not, for an American who returns from abroad talking like an English woman is apt to be laughed at."

"Would you really rather speak with an American accent?" cried Mrs. Willoughby.

"No, madam, I should like to speak with as little accent as possible. The cultivated people in both countries have the same standard," said Miss Ogden with spirit.

"Gad!" exclaimed Clarence Willoughby just above his breath, "she is the coolest of her kind."

He had been scrutinizing Clara through his eyeglass ever since she appeared, in a manner which kindled John Richards' indignation.

"What is that?" said John fiercely, as his ear caught his muttered exclamation.

"What is *what*? my dear John?" asked Clarence with a sneer.

"I really think that we must go back to the steamer, Clarence," said Lady Alice moving uneasily, and looking at her husband with a deprecating expression.

Clara found her brother awake when she returned to him.

"I was wondering what had become of you, Clara," he said. "What have you been doing?"

"I have been entertaining Mrs. Willoughby's niece," said Clara, smiling.

"Lady Alice? What is she like?"

"She is not unattractive, but an odd mixture of bashfulness and self-importance."

"Is she at all like Miss Willoughby?" asked Edward, in a tone which was carefully careless.

"Not in the least," said Clara. "Her face and her eyes are round, her skin is fair, but slightly freckled, and she has a very small mouth. If she had on a hat with a pheasant's plume she would be just like the young ladies in Punch."

"What a description!" said Edward, laughing, "and how is her husband?"

"He is perfectly horrid."

CHAPTER XLII.

THE SLEEPING FISHERMAN.

"**M**RS. WILLOUGHBY was telling me this morning, Edward," said Miss Ogden, "that Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Willoughby are very anxious to go farther up the Nile—and—"

"And what?"

"It occurred to me while she was speaking that if you and I were to give up our places in this boat, Mr. Willoughby and Lady Alice would be very glad to take them."

"And what would become of us?" asked Edward in amazement.

"We could go back to Cairo in the steamer," said Clara, a little tremulously.

"Then you think it is all up with me?" asked Edward in a changed tone.

"Oh no!—no, Edward!" cried Clara passionately, "but it would be such a comfort to be near a physician."

Edward turned his face towards the wall, and remained silent for several minutes.

Clara drew behind the bed-curtains, and felt the full terror of her grief, as she had not felt it before. It seemed to be pressing close upon her, crushing her down.

Presently Edward moved. "Are you there, Clara?" he said.

"Yes, dear."

"I have been thinking about your plan, and I believe it is the best thing we can do. Of course now that I have had one of these troublesome hemorrhages we cannot tell when I might have another, and it is best to be on the safe side—that is, to be near a physician, as you said. It seems hard though," he continued once more turning to the open window, "to be torn from all this beauty, and hurried down the broad bosom of the Nile, with all the indignity of steam."

"Dear Edward—do not let us go if you are happier here!"

"Ah, Clara, if this body which is so surely wasting day by day, would but fade entirely. If it could but all go from you when my spirit goes into the great immensity of space, then I might really dream away my life as many have fancied that they would like to do, but this may not be, nor can I stay, although all around us is death arrested from decay, and held for centuries in a partial ruin more enduring than health or life. This delightful dreamy motion of the Dahabééh, and the soft plashing of the water, and our kind friends, are difficult to leave, but it may be better for us both to make the effort. I should feel so keenly, for your sake as well as for my own, any trouble or inconvenience which I might cause if I should be more ill, that I would rather go."

Clara said nothing. It was not so hard for her to go as for Edward, for she longed to have him quite to herself—to be able to give him everything he liked or fancied without fear of troubling other people, but she partly guessed what he was feeling and her heart bled for him.

Indeed the prospect of parting from one winsome face was almost more than he could bear.

Miss Ogden found an opportunity later to speak to Mrs. Willoughby of the change of plan. She was too sad to notice the suppressed exhilaration of spirits which the suggestion caused.

"I am very sorry for you, very," said Mrs. Willoughby, "but, as you say, my dear, it would be rather awkward if your brother were more ill, and perhaps it will be safest to return. I suppose of course that Clarence and Lady Alice will be very glad to take your places and I may ask them as you suggest." In fact Mrs. Willoughby was inclined to be beamingly gracious to Miss Ogden for taking herself and her brother out of the way at so opportune a moment. She was by no means dull in seeing or suspecting what was going on around her, and she had been uncomfortably conscious for some little while of her nephew's growing fancy for Clara. She did not know how strong it was, but John Richards himself did not know that.

On this especial afternoon there had been an excursion planned to Karnak in which Clarence Willoughby and Lady Alice were to join. They were to see the Temple first by sunlight and afterwards by the light of the moon.

"You will go with us, will you not, Miss Ogden, on this last expedition?" cried Mrs. Willoughby with befitting enthusiasm.

"Thank you," said Clara, "I think not."

She was surprised when she went back to him, to find her brother up and dressed.

"I feel a great deal stronger than I did," he said, "and I am not going to spend all my time in bed. I intend to see Thebes, and that you shall see it too."

"Oh ! Edward, you will not think of going out ?"

"Only on the upper deck," said Edward smiling, "I am inclined to think that Thebes must have been built with a view to its aspect from the Nile, so I will be content with that."

He did look better than in the morning, and Clara was delighted. She helped him on deck, where they were rather startled to see Mr. Curzon in close conversation with Margaret Willoughby. The brother and sister interchanged mutual glances of astonishment.

"I thought we had left him behind in Cairo," said Clara, *sotto voce*.

"Just then Mr. Curzon took his leave, and Miss Willoughby saw them and came forward—but there was something, or rather the absence of something, in her manner which struck them both. She spoke cordially, but she looked dull and dispirited.

"It seems that Mr. Curzon came up on the steamer," she explained, "as far as Kenh, and then left it, and rode across by the wells of El Egháyta with only his dragoman to accompany him. Was that not being very independent?"

When the visit to Karnak was mentioned, Edward insisted upon Clara's making it with the others.

"You may never be able to see it again, in all your life," he said.

"I cannot leave you alone, Edward."

"I like to be alone."

"Would you mind having my company, Mr. Ogden?" asked Margaret, to his infinite surprise. "I do not care at all for ruins," she continued, "and I have a headache, and I should like to be quiet this afternoon." She had turned to him with her old childlike confidence, and he was too much touched to answer, but his sister answered for him.

"That will be very kind in you, Margaret," she said, "and I will feel quite safe in leaving Edward, if you are here. I confess that I should like to see the Temple of Karnak."

The rest of the party were exceedingly sorry, when the time came for starting, to hear of Margaret's headache, but accepted the news without comment.

"Margaret was overtired yesterday," her mother said. "I trust she will lie down."

They set out in pairs. First rode Clarence Willoughby and Mr. Curzon on horseback, then came Miss Ogden with Mr. Richards, mounted on donkeys, and last came Mrs. Willoughby and Lady Alice—each borne in a chair, slung between long poles, which were supported on the shoulders of a couple of Arabs.

Mr. Curzon's dragoman brought up the rear, leading an ass, laden with provisions, parasols, and extra shawls, etc.

Edward watched the little train winding away until it disappeared in the distance.

Clara had established him in a sea-chair, under the awning on the upper deck, with his book and his field-glass, and he was very happy—absurdly, unreasonably happy, perhaps—for when he heard a faint sound on the stairs and turned and saw Margaret coming out of the sunlight into the shadow of the awning, and remembered that they two were all alone in the Dahabééh, he could hardly believe that it was true.

Miss Willoughby wore a pale blue muslin. She had her sketch-book in her hand, and walked slowly towards him with her head a little bent. Then she sat down in a low camp-chair beside him. She rested her head upon her hand, and Edward noticed two little golden curls which had

escaped from the knot in which the rest were confined at the back of her head, and strayed down upon her white neck, but there was a shade of sadness upon her face and she had less color than usual.

"I am afraid you are really suffering with your headache," he said, and for the life of him he could not help a tender inflection in his voice, as he said it.

Margaret looked up and smiled, but the tears came to her eyes at the same moment.

"You are always so good to me," she said, "and I do not deserve it."

"You know I can't help it, Margaret," he answered, responding to her tearful glance with one of his sweet, bright smiles. He had never called her so before, but he was consciously resisting the temptation to draw nearer to her and to take her hand in his, and the name slipped out of itself, almost without his noticing it.

Margaret did not seem to notice it either. She opened her sketch-book with a little sigh, and began listlessly turning over the leaves.

"What are you going to sketch?" asked Ogden.

"I do not know," said Margaret, wearily. "I am tired of drawing ruins! I think I will try that fisherman who lies asleep there in his boat. How pretty the reflection is! Do you see those bright drops falling from the oar, which his son has just drawn out of the water?"

"Yes," said Ogden. "It is a very pretty picture, and the man who is asleep has a fine face. I almost think," he added, leaning forward as he spoke, and bringing his field glass to bear upon the boat which was moving very slowly up

the river, "I almost think that I have seen his face before. Who does he remind you of?"

"Is it not of Baron von Gaetzner?"

"To be sure—of Leopold! The resemblance is quite striking—except that this fellow's hair is darker than Von Gaetzner's and he is considerably older."

Margaret did not answer. She was rapidly sketching in the boat and its crew, which consisted of the sleeping man and a boy with an abbah of camel's hair and a rough brown fez, who was rowing after an indolent fashion of his own, while he watched the Dahabééh and its inhabitants curiously, with round wondering eyes. By and by the man woke up. He frowned and looked about him in a startled manner. Then he seized the oars, and with a few vigorous strokes the boat shot out of sight.

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE GREAT HALL AT KARNAK.

JOHN RICHARDS meanwhile had urged his donkey forward until the little creature's monstrous fur-tipped ears were on a line with those of Clara's donkey. This seemed to John an easy and natural preliminary to conversation, but the conversation was more difficult, for his mind was filled with one idea and yet he did not wish to give it utterance. Miss Ogden, on her part, was glad of his friendly company, and felt as she always did, perfectly at ease in his society. Her unconsciousness lent her an unaccountable charm in John's eyes, for it seemed to him as if she were overflowing with pleasant small talk. She spoke of everything she knew so naturally, while he, poor fellow, knew a great deal upon certain subjects and yet never by any chance approached those subjects unless he was led to them.

"Have you ever thought that you would like to live in England, Miss Ogden?" he asked at last abruptly.

"Of living in England? Oh no. I never dreamt of such a thing," said Clara. "Why should you think so?" she added, turning towards him with a wondering smile.

"I did not mean you to suppose that I did think so," said John, reddening, "but I wondered how you had been led to think of England. Do all Americans hate their mother country?"

"Surely not," said Clara, "for we are very fond of England. There may be times when we say bitter things about you, but that is when our national feelings are hurt, as in the beginning of the war for instance between the North and the South, when we of the North thought that Great Britain did not show a proper sympathy with the true interests of our country; but you little know what a world your romance, your poetry and your history is to us, who have so little of our own."

"Do you know much of our literature then?" asked John innocently. "I do not mean you particularly of course," he added, correcting himself hastily, "but do Americans generally?"

"The first story-books which are given to us as children," said Clara smiling, "describe the joys and sorrows of English boys and girls—their merry games and their school-rooms, or their scrapes and their Christmas boxes. Then we read a whole series of half-religious productions, for half-grown girls, which set forth the dire temptations of English maidens from fourteen to twenty; and for boys of the same age there are wonderful books of adventure in which the British youth proves his superiority over those of all other nations, or else they feed upon the vivid descriptions of Tom Brown, alias John Bull, at Rugby and at Oxford; until we all come to devour Scott and Dickens and Thackeray, and so by degrees and with a little help from Froissart, Hume, and Macaulay, we learn to know you in the spirit, better than we know ourselves, so that solid and matter-of-fact as you are in reality, we cannot help considering you as ideal beings, who inhabit the world of Shakespeare, of Coleridge, of Shelley, of Byron, and in our own day of Tennyson. You have

gained the first place as heroes and heroines in our imagination."

"Then you think that all that is noble in us is purely imaginary," said Richards.

"I have not said so."

"But you said that we were solid and matter-of-fact in reality," said John in an injured tone.

"Ah! yes, but in spite of your solidity I can hardly believe you a reality," said Clara, with an arch little shake of her head. "I take great pleasure in seeing you eat your dinner, in observing your active habits, your love of comfort and your imperturbability, because you are just like so many persons whom I have read about that I feel as if we were both in a book."

Richards looked as if he did not know whether to be pleased or provoked. "No? Do you really though?" he asked doubtfully. "I thought the fellows in books did not do much of that sort of thing, but—"

Clara laughed merrily, and then suddenly checked herself, struck by John's troubled expression. "What were you going to say, Mr. Richards?" she asked gently. "I beg your pardon, for I think I interrupted you."

"Oh! not at all," said Richards, bashfully, "I was only going to say that—that, how far the characteristics of a nation may affect the individuals of that nation—or how far the nationality of an individual may affect his character, has always been a question of deep interest to me," he looked round shyly to see whether Miss Ogden was listening, or whether, and this was the keenest dread with which she could inspire him—whether he might not be boring her? But he was delighted to see that she had turned towards him with an eager attentive face.

"I remember hearing one whom I respected very highly," he resumed more confidently, "say of Shakespeare's Othello, 'He is a noble Moor, but he is not a noble man.'"

"That is quite true," said Clara.

"In the same way," pursued John, "the strange and violent transitions of which the French character is capable, appear to render the individual almost irresponsible when influenced by the majority of the class to which he belongs." He paused, and they were both silent for a moment, but perhaps more in communion than they had ever been before.

"After all," said Clara at last, "it resolves itself into the question of how much of the character which is born in us is inherited, or how much is not born in us, but acquired."

"Have you heard the news Alice?" said Clarence Wilmoughby, riding back for a moment beside his wife. "Curzon has had a letter from Lord Henderson, which says that Leverett has been caught by a rich American, who is going to pay all his debts!"

"Do you mean that Leverett is engaged to be married?" asked Lady Alice slowly.

"Yes—to a Miss Endicott, according to Lord Henderson, and if his jokes are well founded upon the stocks and money-bags which the fair one is said to represent, Leverett is in luck. By Jove! a man is a fool to marry an empty title when he can get anything better!"

"I did not know that there were any titled claimants for Leverett and his debts," said Lady Alice, with a bitter dreary smile. But her husband was out of ear-shot. He was cantering by Miss Ogden's side.

"Do you happen to know any one named Endicott in America, Miss Ogden?" he asked.

Clara looked up in surprise. Clarence Willoughby bestrode his high steed with such a sense of importance as only a small man can feel, but he peered anxiously before him as though striving to foresee every step which his horse would take.

"Endicott," repeated Clara indifferently—"Oh, yes, I have some cousins of that name."

"Indeed!" said Clarence Willoughby. "Perhaps then you can tell me something of a Miss Endicott, who is said to be very wealthy, and has been making quite a sensation lately among the Americans in Paris."

"Hardly," replied Miss Ogden, "since I have not the least idea where my cousins may be, whether in England, France, Germany, or Egypt itself, and it is most probable that I have never seen the person of whom you speak."

"But since you do not know where they are, these cousins of yours may have been in Paris some three weeks ago."

"Possibly."

"Then you will not think me very impertinent if I ask whether they are very rich, since the Miss Endicott of whom I have heard is reported to be fabulously wealthy?"

"I confess that it appears to me that you are rather impertinent," said Miss Ogden—so infinitely to Clarence Willoughby's surprise that he was silent for some moments from sheer astonishment, but John Richards was pleased.

Clara took no notice of either. She looked straight before her with a faint flush upon her cheek, and a flash as of steel in her grey eyes.

"She certainly is a handsome girl," said Clarence Willoughby to himself, "but as haughty as the deuce."

They now came in front of the Temple which they had come to see, and halted.

The famous avenue of Ram-headed Sphinxes led from where they stood to the mighty Propylæa. Clara was filled with reverent admiration, and as they again moved forward glanced from one of her unimpressible companions to the other, hoping for sympathy.

"Is this not grand?" she said softly to John Richards.

"Yes—very," said John, a little absently.

"Oh! of course," said Clarence Willoughby. "That is the correct thing to say."

Clara felt sick at heart, and very lonely. The rest of the party now came up, and they dismounted.

The rough and massive towers of the Gateway without any kind of ornament or carving, seemed fitting sentinels to all which was most rich and marvellous within. In her mind's eye Miss Ogden had already pictured a long procession of priests and princes passing between them, and the fancied multitude only made the huge piles of masonry look more solitary, for the shout of a whole army would have sounded as a far faint murmur upon their lonely tops.

They were now in the entrance hall, and on either side of them was a row of broken columns leading to the vestibule of the great Hall of Assembly. One alone of all the number stood erect and perfect, as though to show what the rest had been.

A slight dark figure was leaning against this column with folded arms, and a fixed expression.

Clara looked at him with interest. He evidently did not see her, but there was something in the stern quietude of his face which was in harmony with the surroundings.

"That is a capable little fellow, that dragoman of Curzon's," said a voice at her elbow. Clara started, and saw Clarence Willoughby close at hand.

"I believe that he got the only two horses in Thebes, for his master and myself to-day," he continued contentedly ; but it was impossible for Clara just then to take an interest in the manner in which Clarence Willoughby had obtained his horse. She cast one restless glance at her tormentor, and then glided in front of him, and was lost amid the rows upon rows of sculptured columns in the vast splendor of the great hall. She wandered on from one dim colonnade to another so filled with awe and wonder, that when at last she sank upon the ground, and looked up to the lofty massive roof, it was a relief to see the far blue sky as beautiful and as far away as ever, between the open spaces of the architecture. There was a fierce battle waging within her. It was between the sense of insignificance in herself, which we all of us have felt more or less, when humbled and impressed by the dignity and grandeur of what is around us—and the intense absorption of ideal passion which dwarfs all outward circumstance beside its own sublimity.

To know one's self has been defined as the most complete knowledge. It is certainly as difficult as to know the veriest stranger. Clara rested her head upon her hand, and her fancy wandered away from the Temple of Karnak. She seemed to be gazing once more upon the awful beauty of the Sphinx. Then she felt Leopold's presence, and she looked and saw him coming as he had come once. Not her heart alone, but her whole soul went out towards him. She looked again, and he was gone ! Then she realized for the first time what it would be to pass all her life without him, not a con-

stant grief and ever-present want, but an occasional anguish of regret and longing, such as she was feeling now. She might spend days and weeks quite happily ; she might fancy that she had forgotten him, but let her shun solitude ! Let her avoid books, or works of art, or beautiful scenes in nature, which moved her deeply or aroused her keenest enthusiasm ! Just as far as her existence was commonplace to herself it would be safe, however eventful it might seem to others, but with the elevation of all such moments as should stir her inmost being, would come the memory of the strange passionate sympathy and understanding between herself and Leopold, and he would be avenged for every moment of indifference or forgetfulness !

CHAPTER XLIV.

JOHN RICHARDS.

THE day was fading into twilight and the first faint rays of the early moon were stealing through the gloom of the great hall, silvering the carved outlines of the mighty columns and deepening the shadows into blackness, when Clara awoke from her reverie, to see John Richards standing by her side.

He looked very pale in the moonlight, and the lines about his mouth trembled when he tried to speak.

"Forgive me, Miss Ogden," he said in an agitated voice, "for seeking you in your chosen solitude—for I have just learned from my aunt that you intend to leave us with your brother to go back to Cairo, and I could not help coming to speak to you."

Clara passed her hand over her forehead as though to clear away the visions which had filled her brain. Was it possible that she had forgotten Edward for so long,—Edward who had been so anxious that she should see this wonder of past magnificence, which he could never see? A sharp pang of self-reproach shot through her, and in her remorse she thought not at all of John Richards, except that he had reminded her of her duty.

John meanwhile was struggling with his own feelings, to master them and give them fit expression.

"I did not intend to speak to you to-day, Miss Ogden," he began hesitatingly, "indeed, I have hardly known my own feelings before, but when I heard that you were going and so soon, and that on account of your brother's failing health, I could not wait. Oh! do you, can you care for me?" he cried, with a desperate earnestness which thrilled through her with a touch of pathos, as for the first time she realized the full meaning of his looks and words.

"Care for you?" she repeated sadly, and a little wildly, "No, I cannot care for you or for any one. I care for nothing but my brother."

"Might you not learn to care for me?" asked Richards, humble but determined. "You have never thought of me perhaps in this way—but, oh, I do love you!" he exclaimed. "I did not know how much before—but I love you, I love you!"

Clara turned her head away and was silent.

"If you will only let me come with you," cried John pleadingly, "I will take care of you, and will help you to take care of your brother, and you will not be all alone in a strange country!" All which was generous and compassionate looked from his eyes as he said this, and Clara was touched to the heart. She had risen, and she involuntarily held out her hand to him.

"You are very true and noble," she said, and she caught her breath as though to suppress a sob, "but I have no love to give you. You must not ask for it."

There was a moment's silence, and then John unclasped the hand which he had taken between both his own.

"I understand," he said bitterly, "but when I think of all you might have been to me, I feel as if I could dash out that Austrian fellow's brains!"

Poor John! What evil spirit prompted you to speak these words in this place, or to raise the ghost just laid? Clara shuddered and turned away.

"I cannot hear any more, Mr. Richards," she said, in an altered tone, which was both sad and cold; and the moonlight had grown strong while they were speaking, and bathed their figures in a chilly light, which seemed to Richards to freeze up all hope as they slowly retraced their steps among the many columns. He never afterwards could bear to think of the great Hall at Karnak.

John Richards and Miss Ogden were not the only silent persons in the returning party. Lady Alice Willoughby hardly spoke as she was carried along, but Clarence Willoughby retained his usual expression of supreme satisfaction, and again joined Miss Ogden with a pertinacity which she could not understand. In truth, he had two motives quite inscrutable to her, which were to interfere with John Richards who rode sullenly on Clara's other side, and to annoy Lady Alice, whom he thought a little inclined to be jealous. He was so in the habit of inflicting these petty wounds upon his wife's self-love, too refined to be appreciated by any one but herself, that she had become quite used to this and other forms of domestic discipline, but she had suffered to-day a far keener pang than he could cause her. She had married to please her relations at the expense of her heart, and she had lived to-day to see the man whom she had loved—who had sworn to her his affection a thousand times, and had been outraged—despairing, honestly indignant when she forsook him for the prospect of a title and a fine estate; she had lived to see this man so completely absorbed in another woman as

to seem to have forgotten her existence, while in her actual presence.

It may be seen therefore that Lady Alice Willoughby had little cause for joy, but she chose to keep her grievance to herself.

Mrs. Willoughby was for her part not at all well pleased that both her nephews should devote themselves exclusively to Miss Ogden. "How fond these Americans are of attention," she said discontentedly. "It is fortunate for my nephew John that Miss Ogden leaves us on Friday, for he must be heartily tired of her coquetry."

"I thought when you told Mr. Richards that Miss Ogden and her brother were going back to Cairo that he seemed half inclined to go with them," said Lady Alice coldly.

"What an absurd idea! How could you?" cried Mrs. Willoughby.

"He asked you twice whether you really thought it worth while to go any farther up the Nile," said Lady Alice in her persistent monotonous way.

"That was because he did not know that you and Clarence were going with us."

"Of course!" said Lady Alice.

"There is Mr. Curzon again," said Mrs. Willoughby. "I thought that he and his dragoman were going home by a different route."

"He is an amiable person," said Lady Alice, "but rather tiresome."

"I have no reason to know that he is unamiable," said Mrs. Willoughby, "but I think him decidedly pushing."

The person alluded to now rode up to Clarence Willoughby, and relieved Clara of his unwelcome company.

"I have been thinking of what you said to-day about the English, Miss Ogden," said Richards, in a tone of deep depression, "surely what has passed since must have confirmed you in your idea that whatever we may be as a nation, there is little which is noble in us individually, judging from the individuals whom you have met."

"But I never said that," said Clara, much surprised, "and it is not true."

"It is true," said John severely, "that by my unmanly conduct in speaking to you of my own feelings at a time like this, I have prevented you from being able to trust me, or to make use of me as a friend."

"Mr. Richards," said Clara very sweetly and earnestly, "in our foolish banter this morning I did not speak at all of that quality in your countrymen which I respect the most, and for the sake of which their follies and their many foibles may well be overlooked. I mean that feeling which prompts the strong to help the weak."

"The age of chivalry is past," said John, blushing as he turned away his face.

"I do not think it," said Clara, "I think that chivalry still exists, and more than in any other nation in the English." She paused and then added more timidly. "I am sure that it was because you saw me in trouble about my brother, and thought I needed help and longed to help me, that you spoke as you did to-day, and I think perhaps your pity made you feel what you would not otherwise have felt."

John said nothing.

The moon had risen high in the heavens and was shining over the vast plain of Thebes, beautifying its desolation as a sweet smile on the face of an aged person. The river divided it by a curving glittering line, and as they approached the Nile the Dahabééh lay dark and silent upon the moon-lit water.

CHAPTER XLV.

PARTING.

CLARA sat by her brother late that night for he was feverish and restless. At last he fell asleep, and she was free, but she remained beside him; soothed by the stillness and the silence of the hour until he awoke again.

"You here, Clara," he said. "I thought you had gone to bed! It must be very late!"

"I am going now, dear," said his sister stooping as she arose to kiss his cheek. He laid his hand on hers.

"Clara!" he said.

"Well Edward?"

"What do you think that fellow Curzon can have been saying to—to Margaret Willoughby?"

"When do you mean? This morning? Oh, he was probably telling her some gossip about their London friends."

"He told her something, Clara, which made her very unhappy. I wish I knew what it was."

Clara looked gravely at her brother, but she only said, "good night," very lovingly.

Mrs. Willoughby was quite provoked the next morning at breakfast time at the want of appetite of the young people. She could not endure their downcast looks and subdued manner. What did it all mean? No one could tell her, but Morton, her confidential maid "opined" that it was not

"ealthy" for "them as was well," to be shut up with "them as coughed hall night."

Margaret drew Clara on deck with her, when breakfast was over.

The two girls had grown fond of one another, but there was still a certain shyness and formality between them.

"Mamma has been telling me that you think of leaving us," said Margaret. "I am so very sorry, and yet I can understand your wanting to go back. I do not want to go farther up the Nile."

"I think that if I were situated as you are, I should want very much to go farther," said Clara.

"Ah! you do not know how homesick I am," said Margaret. "I long so for England."

"You are very loyal to your country," said Clara.

"All English people are loyal in their hearts," said Margaret. "They may feign indifference, but they do not feel it."

"No, I suppose not," said Clara. "It is only talk. I remember your cousin Leverett Willoughby's saying that he 'hated England.'" Margaret blushed hotly, and was silent for a moment.

"My cousin often says things which he does not mean," she said at last, "but he has had reason to feel bitterly about his home."

Clara did not answer, not wishing to lead her companion to say more on what seemed a painful subject, but presently Miss Willoughby began to speak again.

"You know that Leverett's mother is not living," she said. "We were a great deal together when we were children, and I was very sorry for him when Lord Atherton

married again. He has really never had a home. I heard yesterday that he was going to be married, and," she added in a forced tone which she tried to make calm and cheerful, "no doubt that will be better for him."

Clara was not deceived by the tone. She had the quickness of perception common to most women, together with uncommon penetration. Edward's last words the night before recurred to her, and the idea flashed upon her that this gentle young creature whose simplicity and selfishness were so naively combined in every action was feeling the first touch of a secret sorrow. Was it possible that that peachy cheek had been lately wet with tears? Could those bright blue eyes look dull and weary? Margaret had always seemed to Clara to be blessed with every gift of fortune and of nature, even to the happiest of all possessions, a sweet and even temper, but she had thought her wonderfully unimpressionable. In truth she could not quite forgive her for her power over Edward,—a power which Clara guessed at rather than saw, but she knew that her brother had gained nothing in return for this surrender of himself, and the knowledge filled her with bitterness. She had sometimes thought, in looking at Margaret's fair smooth forehead, that it would be as fair and smooth when she was forty as it was now, let its beautiful owner have caused what heart aches she might in the meanwhile, and there was much probability in the speculation, but it is a very different thing to suffer one's self, from making others suffer, and Clara pitied Margaret, for she saw that she was determined to bear her sorrow bravely.

How the poor child shrank and trembled before this new pain, Clara could not see, or how incomprehensible it seemed to her. The world had always been so kind be-

fore to Margaret. How had it changed so? Why could she not enjoy her life serenely as she had done heretofore, in the happy conviction that things always come right in the end? She did not know why, but she felt that she could not; that things had all gone wrong.—There are many corners in life—some sharp and sudden, round which we turn before we have had time to see that they are near, and all the prospect changes. Then there are some to which we are looking forward as a relief, and which we are a long time in reaching, perhaps, only to be disappointed when they are attained. There are joyful unexpected meetings at these corners, or sad hurried partings, but it was as if Margaret had reached a turning which she had never dreamed of, to find two roads leading away from the one which she had travelled, neither of which seemed to belong to it, and she was all alone, with no one to tell her which of these two roads to follow.

On the following Friday morning Edward Ogden and his sister stood on the deck of the little steamer bidding a last farewell to their friends of the Dahabëh. John Richards was very pale. His face wore a sterner expression than Clara had ever seen on it before. He busied himself very kindly in seeing that their trunks were safely stowed away, and said good-bye to Edward several times, and when at last he approached Miss Ogden, he said nothing but what he might have said at any other time of leave-taking until just as he was turning away. Then he asked her in a low earnest tone to promise that if she should be in any great trouble and needed help, she would write to him.

Clara promised. While they were interchanging these few last words Margaret approached Edward very timidly and

held out her hand. She was greatly altered since they had left Cairo, but especially in the last two days.

Edward took the little hand and held it while he looked into the wide blue eyes.

"You are sad, dear lady," he said gently. "Is it all for me?"

"No, not all," said Margaret frankly, "I am very sorry for you, but I am sorry for myself too. I feel very dreary."

"You have the world before you," said Edward, with one of his rare sweet smiles. "This sorrow, whatever it may be, will be forgotten in many a joy to come—whereas I—" he checked himself, and then said hurriedly, "For the short time which is left to me I shall think of you, and will thank God for giving my thoughts so beautiful an image."

Tears began to gather in Margaret's wistful eyes, and her breast heaved with an unuttered sob. Edward stooped hastily and kissed her hand, and then with another smile and a strange light in his eyes, pointed to the side of the vessel where Mathew Curzon was climbing the companion-way and John Richards was waiting anxiously for Margaret.

They were weighing anchor, and before Richards and Margaret had reached the Dahabééh in their little boat, the steamer was under way. It was a grey misty morning. Slowly the banks of the river began to glide away until "El Kheéal" looked indeed a shadow, and the Colossi, Karnak, and last of all, Luxor, faded from their sight.

"It is all over," said Edward, turning from the dim prospect towards his sister who stood close beside him, with a tender tear-stained face—"but no," he said, as his eyes fell upon Mr. Curzon leaning over the bulwarks and smoking a cigarette, "it is but the beginning of the end."

CHAPTER XLVI.

ONCE MORE IN CAIRO.

THE steamer was crowded with a mixed company of travellers among whom the brother and sister made few acquaintances. Mr. Curzon, who seldom exerted himself for any one, unless, to use his own expression, "he thought it would pay," was courteous but distant, and Clara, who had before thought him very obtrusive, was agreeably disappointed. His dragoman would often offer his assistance unasked to Edward when he saw him climbing to the deck, or go down to get a shawl which he thought needed, or bring up some wine or refreshment from the table at which the rest of the company were dining to the brother and sister who had remained on deck. The chief duty which he had to perform for his master consisted in the lighting and preparing of Mr. Curzon's nargeeleh, for Mr. Curzon was fond of espousing Eastern customs of a luxurious order, and thus prevented Joseph's place from becoming a sinecure, but after this evening rite was over the Copt was free, and then he always came to ask whether there was anything which he could do for Edward. At these times Ogden had fallen into the way of questioning him about the manners and customs of his people, and the Copt, nothing loath to talk, would tell with delight of the efforts which were being made for the advancement and education of the young

men and women of his race—of the government school where he had learned French and Italian, as well as the English of which he was so proud,—and of the prize which he had received from the Khedive's own hands for proficiency in this branch.

Sometimes when he was fully launched in one of these evening narrations the words which he used became so long and the idioms so extraordinary, that Clara was obliged to turn away to hide the evidences of an amusement she could not repress, but Edward always preserved an imperturbable gravity. Miss Ogden had long wished for an opportunity of learning whether the Copt knew any more of the fate of the unfortunate man whom she had helped to save from captivity, but there were reasons why she shrank from speaking of the subject and especially did not wish to do so before her brother, while Joseph, from motives of respect, founded upon the Eastern idea of the unapproachableness of woman, never ventured to speak to her alone.

Thus the days glided by until one clear, bright morning when they steamed in sight of Cairo, and as they approached the wharf at Boolak, Clara noticed among the other expectant groups upon the quay a woman and a girl, whose figures were both familiar. They were standing close together; the woman, who was much the taller of the two, clad in coarse, dark camel's-hair, and the slighter figure of the girl who was clinging to her, still more closely muffled. Joseph the Copt, who was at that moment engaged below in bringing to light a missing portmanteau of his master's, came on deck a short while afterwards, and, the moment his eyes fell on the group which had attracted Clara's notice, darted on shore. She watched him with interest as he

threaded his way among the crowd, and the next moment she saw him in earnest conversation with the taller of the two women, while her companion had taken hold of her dress and drawn still closer to her as a child does when overcome with shyness.

Joseph seemed much excited. His face grew dark apparently with anger or anxiety at what the woman said, and then suddenly changed as some happy thought seemed to strike him. He made a motion for the two women to stand aside and wait for him, and then hastily turned and retraced his steps.

Miss Ogden was quite alone in the stern of the vessel, and Joseph came directly towards her.

"Lady," began the Copt, breathless and very earnest, "may you venture something intelligent to me of the Howaji Frederick von Gaetzner?"

Clara was mute with astonishment. "Since you have information from Vienna," proceeded he, "have you not anything to tell to me?"

"I cannot imagine what you mean," said Miss Ogden, coloring deeply. "I have had no information of any kind from Vienna." Joseph in his turn looked very much surprised.

"These English Lady—these Mrs. Willoughby," he said, "has she not made presentation of a letter to you which I have confided to her?"

"No. Certainly not," said Clara, "what letter? When did you give Mrs. Willoughby a letter for me?"

The Copt then proceeded to tell how the day after he reached Thebes Mr. Curzon had desired him to see whether there were any letters at the post office, whereupon Mr.

Clarence Willoughby, who was talking with Mr. Curzon at the time on the deck of the steamer, turned round and asked if he would not inquire at the same time whether there were any letters for him.

Joseph of course assented. At the post office, he was handed two letters, one of which was for Mr. Curzon, evidently from England, and the other addressed to "Miss Clara Ogden, care of Mrs. Willoughby."

He noticed the Viennese post-mark on this letter, and that it was sealed with a coat of arms in red wax above which was written "Von Gaetzner" in fine small letters. He therefore concluded that it came from Mr. von Gaetzner, but was not surprised that he should have written to the American lady whom he had seemed to know so well, and had thought no more about the letter until this moment. He did not find Mr. Curzon in the steamer on his return from the post office, but met him walking with Mrs. Willoughby, Mr. Clarence Willoughby and Lady Alice. Mr. Clarence Willoughby asked whether there were any letters for him, and Joseph replied that there were not, but that he had found a letter for Miss Ogden.

"Give it to me," said Mrs. Willoughby, "and I will give it to Miss Ogden," and he gave her the letter at the same time that he handed the other one to Mr. Curzon.

"That is very strange," said Clara, "for I never received the letter. Mrs. Willoughby must have forgotten to give it to me. Was that not the day on which we went to Karnak?"

Joseph replied that it was.

"I thought so," said Miss Ogden, "for, I understood that Mr. Curzon only reached Thebes on the evening before that day."

She was silent for a moment as though wrapped in deep thought. Then she noticed that the Copt still stood before her as though expecting her to speak, and the little scene which she had just witnessed on the wharf recurred to her.

"You came to ask me," she then said, speaking with some effort, "whether I had heard anything of—of Baron Frederick von Gaetzner. Have you still cause to be anxious about him?"

"Ah, yes," said Joseph with a sad shake of the head, "for I have encounter information even at now, that Hassan has not been intelligenced since three days subsequent, when he departed."

"How was he heard of then?" asked Clara.

"Have I not offered you this information?" asked the Copt, "which I have had previously?" Miss Ogden shook her head.

He then explained that three days after the escape of the fugitive, the horse on which he had fled had been brought back to Mitrehenny by a Nubian, who did not understand a word of Arabic and could only answer the two anxious women by signs or nods which led them to think that he knew little or nothing of the rider, except that he had given the horse into his care and bid him bring it to them.

In trouble and perplexity, waiting anxiously for tidings which never came, the two women lived on from day to day, and had come to seek Joseph immediately upon his return in the hope that he had heard something farther of the wanderer. Then the idea had occurred to Joseph that possibly Frederick might have returned to Vienna, and that the letter which he had found at the post office at Thebes might have contained some news of him.

"Why did you think of his returning to Vienna?" asked Clara, "would he be likely to do that?" Joseph looked down for a moment, and then said cautiously,

"I have conceived possibly, lady, that he should journey to Vienna, because I have consider that only in Vienna he may make proof, that he have not been mad."

"Ah! I see," said Clara, "he might have gone to claim his rights."

She spoke calmly, but she did not feel so. The idea of the letter from Leopold which she never had received was agitating enough in itself without this suggestion of the possibility that the brother whom he had helped to wrong might be at this moment summoning him to justice.

"There is Mr. Curzon looking for you," she said hurriedly to Joseph. "I am sorry that, as I did not receive the letter which you think that you found at the post office at Thebes and gave to Mrs. Willoughby, I know nothing of the person whom you seek."

In truth most of the passengers were leaving the steamer, and Miss Ogden had some trouble in finding her way back, against the current of the crowd, to her brother, whom she had left in the fore-part of the vessel.

She found Edward in conversation with a French gentleman, who proved to be a physician, and a very pleasant man, but they had not time to improve his acquaintance now. Fortunately Joseph came to help them with their shawls and bags, and Clara was able to take her brother's arm and lend him some support without seeming to do so, as they left the steamer.

"Once more in Cairo," she said cheerfully, as they stepped on to the wharf. "There is so much here, Edward,

which we left unseen that it will take a long while to see it all."

"Yes," said Edward, "I think it will be best for us to take a house, for we may be detained rather late in the spring."

A shade of deep sadness fell upon his face, and Clara, perceiving it, pressed the arm to which she was clinging, but said nothing.

"Whither are you bound," said Mr. Curzon, coming up just at this moment.

"We hardly know," said Miss Ogden, "for we intend to find a house as soon as possible, but we must go somewhere in the meantime."

"Why not go to the Hotel du Nil," said Curzon. "It is the best hotel in Cairo. I always go there."

"Do you indeed," said Clara, with a faint gleam of mischief in her eyes.

Mr. Curzon did not detect it, for he was occupied in seeing that a huge white cotton umbrella, a gun case, and his nargeeleh were safely landed.

"Will you come?" he said, returning to the subject of the hotel. "If so we can take a carriage together."

The brother and sister exchanged glances. "The Hotel du Nil will do as well as another for a day or two," said Edward indifferently.

"I think I should like it better than going back to Shepheard's," said Clara, a little sadly.

"Oh! as for Shepheard's," said Mr. Curzon, "the fare is execrable, and the service has degenerated very much from what it used to be. In fact the house has been spoiled by Europeans. There is nothing Eastern about it."

Mr. Curzon always spoke of Oriental hotels and modes of travel, with an antiquity of experience which would have done credit to the memory of the Wandering Jew. Joseph had by this time secured a carriage, and they were on their way to the Hotel du Nil, but he excused himself from accompanying them, and Clara saw him lifting some one on to a donkey as they drove away, whom she thought she recognized as the veiled maiden, while another donkey stood ready for her taller companion.

CHAPTER XLVII.

AT THE HOTEL DU NIL.

TURNING a sharp corner at the head of one of the principal bazaars in Cairo, the carriage descended rapidly a narrow passageway which sloped very much at first, but gradually became more level as they reached the end. Here a blank wall presented itself, but with another turn the travellers found themselves opposite to an arched stone gateway.

This gateway opened into a square garden around which on all four sides the "Hotel du Nil" was built. It looked an hospitable but not an imposing edifice of wood, painted a pale brown with long piazzas and balconies, which gave an air of shade and comfort. The garden was filled with sweet-smelling-shrubs and bushes and trees in full leaf. There was a curious eight-sided pagoda in the centre called a kiosk, and on either side of the gateway, facing one as he entered, were two colossal images of mummies with bland mysterious faces, carved out of grey stone.

"Clara! Clara! Is it really you? Can this be Edward?" The last words were spoken in a tone of sorrow and surprise, which contrasted sharply with the joyous ring of the first exclamation. The speaker was Harriet Endicott, who appeared in the entrance of the kiosk as Miss Ogden and her brother slowly approached on foot,

having left their carriage at the gate. Clara had just begun to think how lonely she would be among the gay crowd which was lounging in the sunshine, sipping its coffee at little white tables interspersed between the shrubs and palm trees all about the garden, and when she caught sight of the familiar face of her cousin, and saw her coming towards her with outstretched hands, and eyes beaming with the glad light of welcome, the revulsion of feeling was very great and sudden. It was not only the happiness of meeting a friend among strangers, but the unexpected revival of an old childish affection—of kinship, of possession—which had been rudely swept away by the sad division in the family, and now seemed suddenly restored.

She took both the hands in hers and kissed Harriet's plump cheek, and then she darted an anxious glance at Edward. He looked excited but not provoked as she almost feared he might be, by the unexpected meeting. "Yes to be sure," he said, "this is Edward, but it seems much more doubtful whether that is Harriet. Come into the kiosk, that is a good girl, so that a fellow can sit down and look at you comfortably."

"Oh! Do look at me," cried Harriet, as they passed into the summer-house, which chanced to be empty. "I have always had the greatest ambition to be different from myself. If you will only say that I have begun to be, I shall feel quite hopeful."

"But after a second look," said Edward, who had submitted to be pushed into an arm-chair by his sister, and was smiling up at the two girls, "I think you are extraordinarily like yourself, except that in the last two years you have managed to pick up that indescribable air of being a young lady,

which is one of those things which no fellow can understand."

"Oh, Edward, do not talk any more nonsense," said Clara. "Is your father here, Harriet, is Lena with you? Were you not very much surprised to see us?"

"I was so delighted," said Harriet, giving Clara a little squeeze, "I could hardly believe it, for I thought from your last letters that you were probably both lost in one of the ruined Temples of Upper Egypt, or buried alive in the Tombs of the Kings. Yes, father and Lena are with me, but they are out sight-seeing as usual. I begged off for the afternoon, because I was so bored by the mosques I saw this morning that I could not stand any more of them to-day. But where are your rooms? Have you not engaged them? Oh what fun! There are two just empty next to mine, and Lena and father are on the other side of the garden!"

At this moment Joseph entered, hot and dusty.

"I do believe he has run all the way," said Clara to herself. He offered to engage their rooms, and Harriet pointed out the two which were vacant from the door of the kéosk, and finally insisted upon going with him to the office to be sure that he got the right ones.

"You see, I saw a light haired sallow little man, with a very long nose, who came in at the same time that you did, prying about, and peering in the windows, as if he was wondering whether they were good enough for him," she explained to Clara afterwards. "and I thought it would be a good thing to secure the rooms at once."

Harriet Endicott was rather short, but with a prettily rounded figure, a nut-brown complexion and very rosy cheeks. Her eyes were dark and merry, and her nose slightly *retroussé*.

With hardly sufficient regularity of feature to be called pretty, she was very pleasant to look at, and gave the impression besides of something solid which one could depend upon. So did her sister Lena seem solid, but in a very different way, for she looked as if she were hard and opinionated as well. She was one of the most ardent enthusiasts in the modern effort made in New England at "dress reform." Her garments were few and scanty. They consisted of a straight square sack of some heavy dark material, and one plain skirt made short enough to show her feet in a rough pair of walking boots. When she went out, she wore a round black hat upon the very top of her head, tied under her chin with broad black ribbons, but when seen as Clara saw her that day at dinner with her head uncovered, one could not help acknowledging that there was something fine in her face. It was very well shaped, and her features, although large, were regular. Her hair was auburn, and very thick and handsome, so that twist it up as she would, the texture and its abundance lent grace to the severe outline of her head. Her eyes were light blue, not large, but with a bright gleam in them which, with the firm compression of her closed lips, seemed to dare one to contradict any of her pet theories, and the bravest soul might shrink from the conflict which they menaced, for if her intellectual weapons should fail, which did not seem likely, she was as tall as most men and had a frame broad in proportion.

Her father, who sat beside her, was a perfect representative of the Puritan fathers. He had a massive head with a high rounded forehead, and silvery grey hair which fell in reverent locks upon his shoulders. His eyebrows were a trifle thick, and his eyes rather deep-set, but his nose would have

become an ancient Roman. The only decided defect was his mouth, which was large like his daughter's, but had still more of that expression which his friends might have described as firm, but which his enemies must have called obstinate.

"I am surprised to learn through Harriet," said Mr. Endicott, "that you think of taking a house in Cairo."

"Yes," said Miss Ogden, who was the person addressed, "we intend to look for one at once."

"Are you aware that houses are very difficult to obtain in Cairo?" asked her uncle, "and that if you should succeed in finding one you will probably be obliged to furnish it yourself?"

"I am afraid that it will not be easy to get what you want, for it is no longer so much the custom as it once was for Europeans to hire houses here for a few months," said Mr. Curzon, also speaking to Clara, for he had come in late to dinner and slipped into a vacant chair on her left. The place on her right was filled by Harriet Endicott.

"Do you feel glad to be once more on land, Mr. Curzon?" asked Miss Ogden politely.

"Oh! as for that," said Mr. Curzon, "one place is so very like another to me. I should be most happy to know your American cousin," he added in a lower tone.

"Introductions at table are very awkward," said Clara coldly, and then perceiving that Mr. Curzon looked disconcerted, she repented and introduced him to her uncle and cousins.

"I should think it would be so lonely for you and your brother to be in a house all by yourselves," said Gelena Endicott, returning to the subject of the house although it was evident that Miss Ogden did not care to discuss it any

farther. "Why are you not content with your rooms here?"

"Perhaps when you have been abroad as long as we have, Lena, you will be as tired of hotel life, of being always open to the observation of the curious or the indifferent."

"I thought Americans were rather fond of living in hotels," said Mr. Curzon.

"That is a singular error, which has got wind in the mother country with regard to the domestic habits of the Americans," said Gelena Endicott, measuring Mr. Curzon with her eye of steel before which he visibly quailed. "A large number of English travellers in America return to England averring that most gentlemen and ladies in the United States live in boarding houses or hotels."

"They no doubt derive this conclusion," said Mr. Endicott, "from the fact that they have spent their time while in America in boarding houses or hotels, and have had the good fortune to meet a few cultivated persons in most of the places where they have stayed. It is a rare thing for travellers anywhere to learn much of the society of the countries which they visit."

"I do not think that many English people think it worth while to travel in America," said Harriet Endicott, speaking for the first time. "I should not think that they would, for there is nothing to see."

"Do you call Niagara nothing?" asked Gelena Endicott indignantly, "and the Great Lakes and the Mammoth Cave, and the Rocky Mountains, and the Yellowstone River, with the wonderful natural Park which it waters?"

"Oh, spare us, Lena," cried her sister in dismay, "one

would think that you were preparing a Centennial Guide Book."

But Mr. Curzon felt that he must say something, for Miss Endicott was still looking at him.

"Oh ! really now," he cried ingloriously. "I never travelled in the West, you know."

"Then you never had an opportunity of observing an American home."

"No, but if their homes are so very pleasant I should think that the Americans would stay in them a little more," said Mr. Curzon testily.

"Have you decided to take the steamer up the Nile, Uncle Endicott ?" asked Clara, by way of a diversion.

"Yes. We sail in a week," said Miss Endicott, answering for her father.

"Oh dear !" sighed Harriet. "How dreary it will be ! How I do hate all that I have ever heard about the Nile !"

"Harriet, my dear," said Mr. Endicott, with shocked solemnity, but Harriet looked neither ashamed nor impressed.

"Suppose you leave Harriet here with me," said Clara, addressing her uncle, "since she does not care to go up the Nile ?"

"Leave Harriet in Cairo," said Mr. Endicott, surveying Clara with dignified surprise.

"Oh do—do let me stay, father," cried Harriet. "I should like so much to be with Clara."

"I shall not think of such a thing," said Mr. Endicott.

"Why not, father ?"

"Because I do not choose to leave you."

This was final with Mr. Endicott, as his daughter too well knew. He belonged to a class of human beings who

believe that they do their duty most thoroughly by refusing to look at any object which they have not decided beforehand to see, and the idea of yielding to a sudden whim of his daughter's with regard to her own movements would have seemed to him weak in the extreme, even if there had been nothing to say of the advantages which Harriet would forego in deciding to remain in Cairo. Unfortunately there was much to say with regard to these advantages, and Gelena Endicott said it at such length that it lasted through all the succession of courses, until dessert came to set her impatient listeners free.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

AN EGYPTIAN HOUSE.

AS Clara went to her room that evening she noticed Joseph the Copt leaning against the window of her brother's chamber in an attitude of deep dejection.

"Are you waiting to speak to my brother?" she asked.

The Copt started.

"Yes, lady," he answered, "but I desire not to interrupt the refreshments of his slumbers."

"I do not think he is asleep," said Clara kindly, "I will see." She opened Edward's door and found him reading by the light of a low lamp. "Joseph is waiting outside your door," she said. "He seems very anxious to speak to you."

"Why does he not come in then?"

"He thought you were asleep," said Clara. "I think," she added, coming closer to her brother, "that he is in some trouble. He looks so depressed."

"I hope not," said Edward. "Sit down at any rate and we will have him in and find out." Accordingly Joseph was summoned, and entered bashfully.

"You have spoken to me, gentleman," he began with some hesitation, "of my service, to take me as a servant?"

"Why yes," said Edward, "I told you that when Mr. Curzon decided to leave Cairo I should be very glad to engage you, as I require an attendant."

"Mr. Curzon is done with me," said Joseph. "He has communicated this to me during the evening."

"If that is the case," said Edward, smiling kindly, "you may consider that I have begun with you, indeed you will be a great assistance to me in the business immediately before me. I mean that of finding a house."

Joseph beamed with delight.

"Ah! gentleman, you are the greatest kind," he said, "and I will be so faithful as I can! Now consider of the house," he added briskly, "for this is most imminent and there are houses which you might encounter sufficient good to see, but not to habitate. No—no, it will be difficult to catch what you shall tolerate, for perhaps you must pursue a house near to the Uzbekééh?"

"No, my sister and I are not prejudiced in favor of any one vicinity," said Edward with his usual serious manner, which seemed so especially appreciative to the Copt—"but we should like as much light and air as possible, and are fond of old houses."

A consultation ensued, as a result of which the brother and sister found themselves driving through the streets the next morning in an open carriage, stopping before dilapidated buildings with gothic doorways and little square-grated openings, high up in blank walls, while beautiful carved and latticed windows projected far over the street above, throwing dark shadows across the sunlight, with delicate lace-work of pale brown wood here and there torn or broken, and patched with an old turban or shawl of red cloth, stuffed carelessly through some opening, lending the one bright bit of color needed to throw out the graver tints.

Edward would not hear of any of the houses in the new part of the town.

"One might as well live in Paris at once," he said, with fine contempt. Not that the new houses were exactly Parisian, but they were modern in style—they were understood to be designed by French architects, and many of them had French roofs.

Clara was delighted to see him enter into the search with such spirit and interest, indeed she fancied that she detected a slight reaction from the extreme hopelessness which he had seemed to feel hitherto about himself.

Harriet Endicott had accompanied them, and she and Clara would leave Edward in the carriage, while they went in with Joseph to reconnoitre, and returned to report to him. If the report was favorable, he too would get out, but he was not so easily pleased as they were, and they often returned quite crest-fallen from the final tour of investigation.

At last they found a "Raba" or apartment in the projecting upper story of one of those picturesque buildings which overhang the long narrow streets of the bazaars. The lower story of the house was divided into square recesses used for shops, but there was no connection between the suite of rooms which they were to inhabit, and the shops below. It consisted in a kitchen, two sleeping or sitting rooms, and a long high chamber called a *kaáh*, which served as a dining and reception room, and opened like the rest upon a balcony covered with fine lattice work, such as enclosed the windows. A flight of stone steps led down from this balcony into an irregular courtyard, paved with stones and shells in all sorts of curious patterns on one side of which they looked, and which was the only apparent egress from their apartments;

for having descended these steps and opened a heavy wooden door one passed into the courtyard, and then through a narrow dark passage-way with a sudden turn to the left into the outside world. In fact their rooms had been the harem of some rich Caireen of former times, whose house had embraced the whole courtyard. He had had a comfortable mandárah or reception room no doubt on the ground floor, where he had smoked his long pipe with his men friends, and listened to the music of the "Aláteeyeh," or street singers, accompanied by the low plash of his own fountain, and all this luxury had been swept away to add more shops to the bazaar! While her cousins were pleasing themselves with speculations like to these, deciding that the covered balcony had been intended for the ladies of the harem to sit in, to see dancing or to enjoy a concert in the courtyard below, without being seen, Harriet Endicott returned to the large lofty room already mentioned, at each end of which was a raised platform with seats and a rug upon it, while the level space between the two platforms was paved with black and white marble, and a silver lamp hung from the centre of the ceiling, which was inlaid with crimson, blue and gold in a rich arabesque pattern. There was a stained glass window over one of the "lewans" or raised ends of the room, and opposite the door which opened upon the middle of the chamber was one of the projecting latticed windows which overlooked the bazaar.

Here Harriet stationed herself and soon became absorbed in the sights and sounds of the street below. She was so much amused and interested by the busy crowd coming and going that she was quite startled when a hand was laid upon her shoulder and looking up she saw Edward standing by her side.

"I am afraid you are beginning to take a dangerous interest in the Mahometans, Harriet," he said, "in spite of your want of zeal in visiting the mosques, and that is the secret of your father's opposition to your remaining in Cairo."

"Seriously, Edward," said Harriet, who had been gazing at him all the time with a kind of bewildered astonishment, "where did you come from? I certainly should have heard you if you had walked across that paved floor. You must have come into the room by some other way!"

"Seriously, Harriet," said Edward with the light of mischief in his eyes, "Why did you want to give up the Nile?"

"Oh! I do not know," said Harriet. "I always did like people so much better than things."

"Does that mean that you like the Mahometans better than the ancient Egyptians, or that you prefer Clara and me to Lena and your father?"

"It means neither," said Harriet, turning from the window, "but how delightfully Egyptian you and Clara will be here. How does it happen that everything is so perfectly Eastern, and in such good taste and order?"

"Why I am sorry to tell you that this apartment is let by an English woman, who knows the mania which travellers usually have for the truly Oriental and their love of picturesque discomfort. See this stool. I intend to be very proud of this, both for its beauty and because I know its use."

"I can see that it is very pretty," said Harriet, examining a kind of octagonal seat of ebony inlaid with mother-of-pearl, "but what is its use?"

"What is the use of the dining room in the Hotel du Nil? This eight-legged stool when placed on the centre of that

platform transforms it into a dining saloon. "I clap my hands and Joseph enters bearing a large round tray, upon which it is to be hoped that he has placed the meal (whatever it may be) which I would order. He poises it upon the stool. Clara and I, and any guest who may be fortunate enough to be with us, seat ourselves around it on the rug, with our legs crossed, and the meal begins. If we are truly Oriental, we fall to with our fingers and thumbs, and eat from a common dish, but here we shall be apt to show our want of Eastern breeding, for, conscious that we could not carve a fowl with our right hands alone, with the neatness and elegance which we should have acquired by an Egyptian education, I fear that we shall be tempted to the vulgarity of using plates and knives and forks."

"Oh! Edward, are you here and still talking nonsense?" cried Clara, entering on the other side of the room. "I thought that I left you down stairs."

"No doubt," said Harriet, "for he came into this room without opening the door and he will not tell me how he came!"

"I will show you," said Clara, and coming nearer she touched a finely polished panel of inlaid wood beside the window which opened like a cup-board door, and disclosed a small narrow staircase.

"How perfectly delightful!" cried Harriet, "to have a secret passage-way, but how did you know about it?"

"While you and Joseph were investigating the courtyard our landlady showed it to Edward and me, but I did not know that he intended to try it so soon," said Clara, and she laughed, but there was something forced in her laughter.

"Do you know, Harriet," said Edward, "I believe Clara

is afraid of that passage-way, for she turned quite pale when the woman showed it to us, and asked if it could not be fastened up."

"I never can bear the idea of any one's being near me when I think myself alone," said Clara. "It is a foolish, nervous feeling."

"I can perfectly understand it," said Harriet, "and I do not think, Clara, that you are looking very well, which may have something to do with your feeling nervous, but for my part, I love mystery."

"I hate it," said Clara with energy, and in truth she had reason to do so, for she was a person who absolutely suffered from doubt, and she was tortured day and night with questions and surmises as to what might have been contained in that letter which Joseph had found in the post office at Thebes and given to Mrs. Willoughby.

Sometimes she felt sure that Mrs. Willoughby had detained it on purpose, and then she told herself that she was unreasonably suspicious, and that it had probably been forgotten or overlooked, but she could not cease to speculate as to what might have been in it, and her anxiety upon this point was blended with her anxiety for Leopold himself. His strange looks and absent ways had always meant something for Clara, although she did not know what they meant, while to others they had only seemed signs of a general eccentricity which was as uninteresting as it was incomprehensible. Since she had learned accidentally of his family history, and had been led to fear that he had not been wholly guiltless of the cruel injustice which seemed to have been practiced upon his brother, it was as if she had been brought face to face in broad daylight with the spectre whose gaunt

owly outline had haunted the twilight of her mind. Yet, spite of the condemnation of his conduct as it appeared to which her reason required ; in spite of absence, and the intense absorption of her anxiety for her brother, memory had returned to her with the reality of an actual presence, and the impulse which seemed to sweep her whole being towards him was not restrained by the doubts of that impulse which she had felt in his real presence.

CHAPTER XLIX.

GLEN HAUSEN.

MEANWHILE Leopold von Gaetzner was exceedingly restless and unhappy. He strove in vain to interest himself in all that was going on about him. His mind would revert to Cairo—to Miss Ogden, to his old suspicions about Frederick. They had been lulled, to be sure, for the time being by his father's indifference and incredulity, but they had not been swept away, and they were ready to be rekindled by the faintest breath of confirmation which should blow the smouldering embers to a blaze.

He had calculated how long it should take his letter to reach Thebes, and he waited with what patience he could command, for the longest time which it seemed to him possible that he answer might be delayed, before he allowed himself to grow anxious at not receiving one. Then indeed he fell a victim to that sickness of heart which comes of hope deferred, for as day after day he looked for a letter which never came, he could no longer keep the foe at bay.

The castle of Glen Hausen was situated in a lovely part of the Styrian Alps, some ten miles from Gratz, and it was here that Baron von Gaetzner had assembled a party of friends some three weeks after the events mentioned in the last chapter. Among the guests were the Princess Leidergow and her daughter, and many other persons of distinction at

the court of Vienna, besides two English ladies who intended to remain in Vienna for the Great Exposition. One of these ladies was an old acquaintance of Baron von Gaetzner's, who had sent him her card upon arriving in Vienna, and begged for an opportunity of renewing an old friendship. They had both met his son Leopold while travelling in Egypt.

The guests were gathered in the drawing room before breakfast. The mail had just come in, and Margaret Willoughby held out her hand eagerly for a letter which Leopold offered her. The Princess Leidergow stood just behind in conversation with Baron von Gaetzner, while her daughter was seated in the deep embrasure of a window, listening rather than talking to a young Russian diplomat, who no doubt fancied that he was making himself very agreeable.

"Your daughter is so very beautiful," said an Austrian lady to Mrs. Willoughby. "When I see her and the young Baron together, I tell myself that this would be so grand a match—so much intelligence—so much beauty!"

Mrs. Willoughby stared at the audacious frankness of the speaker with less expression than usual in her small blue eyes. "My daughter is much too young to marry," she said severely.

But the Austrian lady would not be so put down, she was angry and she determined to be revenged.

"It is perhaps better so," she said, shaking her head, "for Baron Leopold is no longer free to make his choice."

"Do you mean," said Mrs. Willoughby, in a tone of genuine alarm, "that young Baron von Gaetzner is engaged?"

"It is not exactly a betrothal," said her tormentor indifferently, "but I understand that the thing has been arranged, and no doubt that will follow in due time. The countess

Leidergow is that dark haired lady in the window. She is reserved but very accomplished and she will have a wondrous dot. That is her mother, who holds the Baron in such earnest talk."

Mrs. Willoughby turned her eyes from one to the other of these ladies as they were described, and felt a chill conviction that there was truth in what she heard, but she was not one to show signs of fear before an enemy, except when taken by surprise.

"The young Baron von Gaetzner is so very eccentric," she said, "that I can hardly believe that he will ever marry like any other man—much less—marry well." And all this time Leopold was watching the changing color in Margaret's face, while she was reading her letter, and the Countess Marie Leidergow was watching him. Leopold's conduct towards herself was an enigma to the countess. Why had he so seldom sought her society, and yet so often stood watching her from a distance when he thought she did not see him? Once only he had come to call upon her mother and herself, since that morning when he had paid his first visit. On this occasion he had asked her to ride with him on the Prater, but when the day which he had appointed came he sent a little note to beg her to excuse him on the plea of urgent business. Some three or four evenings after this he met her at a small party, and sat talking to her for about half an hour on the subject of electricity.

"Electricity," he told the astonished countess, was the "passion of nature." "Its flashes were genius. Its attraction love. Its repulsion hatred." There were some metals, he said, which could not be charged with electricity, "gold" was one of them. And soon after this he left her quite abruptly.

The Countess Marie looked imperious, but she had a gentle spirit, and her reserve arose from timidity rather than hauteur. She had conceived a romantic admiration for Leopold, and had endowed him in her imagination with many contradictory characteristics, all equally different from his own, but there is a limit to the patience of even the most gentle of admirers, and after two months in which she had tried to persuade herself that Leopold was an incipient lover, she had begun to weary of his strange fits of abstraction and of his cold, abrupt manner, but it was only since the arrival of Miss Willoughby that her amiability had been most sorely tried, for she noticed with pain and mortification that Leopold paid much more willing attention to that young lady than to herself. She had seen him several times in earnest conversation with her, or looking at her admiringly, as who could help admiring the great beauty of the English girl? But there was an intense eagerness in his gaze at this moment which the little countess could not understand. She remembered that Leopold had spoken several times of having met the Willoughbys in Egypt. Might not this account for his strange indifference to her?

The letter which Margaret was reading was from Clara Ogden. It was dated Cairo, and ran as follows :

“MY DEAR MARGARET,

“It was very kind in you to write and ask after my brother, and I feel that I have been neglectful in not answering your letter sooner, but there are some subjects upon which it is hard to write. It is hard to have to tell you that Edward is no better, for sometimes I feel so sure that he is rallying and beginning to grow strong again, that I will not

believe the doctor when he says that I must not be too hopeful. It is nearly a month now since we returned to Cairo, and we are very comfortable in our apartments, which we have tried to make as homelike as we could. My brother is always gay and cheerful and I read aloud to him a great deal or else we talk of our absent friends. We were delighted to see Mr. Richards again, for he was as kind and thoughtful as ever in coming to see whether he could do anything for us when he brought Lady Alice Willoughby to Cairo. I have not yet seen Lady Alice, but I hope to do so in a day or two. Pray remember me very kindly to Mrs. Willoughby, and believe me,

Yours sincerely,

CLARA OGDEN."

"My brother has asked me to enclose this note."

Miss Willoughby did not open the note until she was alone in her own chamber. It only contained these few words written in pencil on a half sheet of paper.

"Thank you for remembering me. I love you always.

EDWARD OGDEN."

When she received it Margaret slipped the note into the envelope unread, and then into her pocket, and then she looked up and met Leopold's eyes, and blushed deeply, so that the poor Countess Leidergow, who was still looking on, felt more than ever certain of her surmise.

"You have heard from Egypt, is it not so?" asked Leopold.

"Yes," said Margaret, faltering a little. "I have had a letter from my friend, Miss Ogden."

"Where does she stay?" asked Leopold.

"She and her brother have taken some delightful furnished rooms in an old house in Cairo. I have heard of them before through my cousin, John Richards."

"Your cousin, he has staid in Cairo then?" asked Leopold quickly.

"No, he was obliged to go back to England, but he went first to see whether he could be of any service to Miss Ogden, or her brother."

"And you? You did not stop in Cairo, when you did come down the Nile?" As Leopold asked this he frowned terribly, but he was quite unconscious of the frown. In fact he did not mean it, it was only an evidence of the effort he was making to fathom a new idea—how far John Richards had been guided by personal interest in seeking to see Clara before he returned to England, but Margaret's conscience or her fear of Leopold led her to misinterpret the frown.

"We hurried on on account of my cousin, Clarence Willoughby, who was with us," she said deprecatingly. "He had been summoned home, and was obliged to travel night and day, owing to the illness of his father, Lord Atherton."

"But this Richards, he has remained in Cairo, perhaps very long?" asked Leopold.

"Oh! no!" said Mrs. Willoughby, who had drawn near while they were speaking, and overheard the last part of the conversation.

"I can see what you are thinking of, Baron von Gaetzer. It is true that my nephew admired Miss Ogden immensely, and that she did not seem to discourage his attentions, but he had another pretext for lingering in Cairo, which was to see whether Lady Alice Willoughby was com-

fortably settled there, since it was not safe for her to return to the climate of England before the spring. This is the reason which he gave, and it is only fair for us to suppose that it was the correct one."

Mrs. Willoughby delivered this speech with a suavity, a suppressed humor which was very unusual with her.

Leopold looked as black as a thunder cloud, for every word to him was poisoned. He made some hasty excuse, and left the room.

"Is that that wonderful sketch-book, Miss Willoughby, which I have been hearing about?" asked Baron von Gaetzner, coming up to Margaret, after the noonday breakfast. She was sitting in one of the large windows trying to sketch the outline of the wild, irregular shapes of the distant mountains.

"What have you heard about my book?" she asked, looking up shyly, for if she was afraid of the younger Baron, she was still more afraid of his father, but his smooth, well-shaped face was not calculated to inspire fear when he chose to look gracious, as he did at this moment.

"Leopold told me of some of your sketches in Egypt. He said they were really charming."

"Oh! my sketches are only intended to recall little scenes which please me," said Margaret, "not for any other eyes and still less to be criticised as works of Art."

"Then they are the more truly artistic," said Baron von Gaetzner, gallantly, "May I not see them?"

Few women are averse to flattery even when they detect it, and pretty, simple Margaret only began to think that Baron von Gaetzner was not so frightful after all, and to wonder why she had fancied that she did not like his face.

The sketches were duly admired and praised—the Baron pausing for a moment over the portrait of the Felláh girl, which he said was very well done indeed, and reminded him of a picture which he had seen in Paris a year ago, until they came to the little drawing which Margaret had made at Thebes, and which she had taken more pains to shade and finish than she usually took. Under it she had written “Baron von Gaetzner’s Double.”

“Why the face of that fisherman *is* like Baron Leopold’s,” cried a deep musical voice, and looking up, Miss Willoughby saw the Countess Leidergow standing beside the Baron.

“It is strange,” said Margaret. “The man himself was wonderfully like Baron von Gaetzner ;—we—that is I—noticed it at the time, and I am very glad that I succeeded in catching the likeness.”

She looked up to the Baron for approval, but what was this great change which had come over him, hardening his face into rigidity? What was this fierce light which shot from his eyes? How had that strange expression crept into the lines about his mouth?

“When did you make this sketch, and where, Miss Willoughby?” he asked in a low tone. “I made it at Thebes,” said Margaret, nearly six weeks ago. I really must go up stairs now,” she added hurriedly, hardly knowing what she said in her anxiety to get away.

“You will join us in our ride this afternoon, will you not, Miss Willoughby?” asked the countess, who seemed bent upon being gracious.

“Thank you. I should like very much to ride with you,” said Margaret cordially. She felt once more free, and at her ease, for the Baron had moved away.

CHAPTER L

AN ADVENTURE.

MARGARET was fond of riding and she rode very well. The party that afternoon was to see a ruined castle on a distant part of the estate, which commanded one of the passes of the mountains, and had once been the stronghold of the Von Gaetzners.

The Countess Leidergow rode first in setting out with Leopold, and Margaret followed accompanied by the little Russian who had been talking to the countess in the morning. She found him very good company indeed, and they chatted away on a thousand different subjects until they reached the ruined castle, and then investigated every crack and cranny with that romantic interest which young people are apt to feel in all that is old and timeworn.

When they were about to return Leopold asked Miss Willoughby to ride back with him, and they led the cavalcade, for the party was to return by a different route than that by which it had come, and the young Baron was supposed to know the road better than any one else.

The Countess Marie was escorted by a Hungarian nobleman—a Prince Potopski, who was very assiduous in his attentions to her, but whose advances the countess did not encourage although he was treated with marked courtesy by her mother, the Princess Leidergow, and was generally thought an excellent match.

Prince Potopski was a man of middle age, with jet black hair, large black eyes and very red cheeks. He was considered handsome, but was heavily built and rather inclined to be stout, so that his weight was no slight load for a horse to climb a mountain with, and the countess was obliged to curb her high-stepping steed in order to keep pace with him.

Meanwhile Margaret and Leopold had ridden fast and far, and there was something so exhilarating in the exercise and the keen mountain air, that Miss Willoughby forgot the restraint which she usually felt in Leopold's presence and talked quite freely to him.

He asked her many questions about the ruins of ancient Egypt, which he had longed so much to see, and although Margaret was not able to give him a very satisfactory account of the temples and monuments, she told him various incidents of their journey up the Nile which she thought would interest him ; and so they did, but it was a painful kind of interest, for in every story which she told of their doings in Upper Egypt, Miss Willoughby unconsciously connected the names of Clara Ogden and John Richards. At last Leopold grew desperate.

"Miss Willoughby," he said, "will you be so very kind that you shall tell me, if that you may know, whether Miss Ogden has ever received a letter, which I have written it to her from Vienna, and I have directed it at the care of Mrs. Willoughby, to Thebes?"

"A letter from you," said Margaret, surprised and puzzled. "Oh! yes, there was a letter which came to mamma's care, and I think that it was post-marked Vienna. I remember seeing it on the table in mamma's state-room, and she said that it had come after Clara left Thebes, and that

she would send it to her in Cairo. I suppose you wrote as I did, to inquire after her brother. Mr. Ogden is an intimate friend of yours, is he not?" she added, a little tremulously.

"Oh!—ah—yes," said the young Baron, confusedly. "So then this letter has been sent to Miss Ogden, and it is for some time that she has received it?"

"I suppose so of course," said Margaret. "It was more than a month ago, when we were still at Thebes, that mamma said she was going to send it."

"And still she has not answered me!" exclaimed Leopold bitterly. He was speaking to himself and had almost forgotten Margaret.

"Perhaps," said she timidly, "Miss Ogden shrank from telling you that her brother was no better. She waited a long while before she answered my letter, and it seemed to be very painful for her to do so."

"Oh, perhaps," said Leopold fiercely, "she has not had the time to think of me—oh no, for this Mr. Richards, he has been in Cairo!"

Margaret looked at him wonderingly. "You are very angry," she said, "is it with me?"

It certainly was not with Margaret, for Leopold had hardly remembered that he was speaking to her, but now that she had recalled him to the consciousness of her presence, he turned towards her with a feeling of contrition, for what she had evidently taken as unkindness.

"Pardon me, Fraülein," he said earnestly, "for I have spoken and it was as I should not speak." They had just reached the entrance of a wild ravine, the rocky sides of which towered high above their heads, and as Margaret opened her lips to accord the forgiveness which was asked,

Leopold's horse cast a shoe. It was a beautiful black stallion of which he was very proud, but it became so lame that he was obliged to dismount. Having outstripped the rest, they found themselves entirely alone, and as Margaret could not, of course, proceed unattended, they were both forced to wait until one of the grooms should come up with a fresh mount.

Miss Willoughby had remained in her saddle. Leopold stood beside her, and there was a long silence.

Margaret looked remarkably well on horseback. Her figure was compact, and her seat easy and graceful. The brilliancy of her beauty, which had been slightly dimmed by all that she had suffered in the last six weeks, was enhanced by the pleasure which she took in riding—the bracing air and the consciousness of riding well. Her habit fitted her to perfection, and her jaunty hat set off the golden curls beneath it to great advantage. Her eyes were cast down, when Leopold looked up at her, and the dark lashes which swept her cheek seemed longer and darker than ever. He noticed then for the first time, how charmingly she was looking, and the admiration with which he had always been inspired by her beauty was touched by an unwonted softness. Just then Margaret raised her eyes to his. What fascination is more potent than the unconscious admiration of a person whom we have always respected, but feared? Miss Willoughby was not vainer than another woman, but she loved admiration, and she was just now feeling hurt and wounded at the inconstancy of one to whom she had trusted all her girlish affection.

She began once more to talk to her companion after a sweet innocent fashion of her own, but there was a little guile in her innocence, for the first time in her life.

The afternoon wore on. They looked in vain for the rest of the party, for no one came. They called, but no one answered.

"I have fear," said Leopold uneasily, "and it is for the way. If they may have all come to lose it, what should be done?"

What indeed? It was growing a serious question, for the sun had set behind a cloud.

"How may I leave you here alone?" he continued, "and yet cannot you ride on and leave me, through fear that you shall lose the path, for after dark it is not safe to find, among these hills. We shall walk on, and I will lead, and so shall we reach home."

Thus therefore they proceeded. The Austrian fortunately was a fast and untiring walker, and he strode along boldly, leaning one arm, for greater ease and swiftness, upon the back of Margaret's horse, and leading his own with the rein passed around his other arm. Still it was very late before they reached Glen Hausen, for in spite of Leopold's youthful familiarity with all the paths and mountains, he had taken Miss Willoughby considerably out of the way, and all the other guests had long since returned. The whole castle was in confusion. Scouts had been sent out in every direction in pursuit of the missing.

Mrs. Willoughby met them at the gate in a state of terrible agitation.

"Oh! Margaret, Margaret," she cried tragically, "How could you be so imprudent? I shail never get over this!"

"Why here I am safe and sound, mamma," said Margaret, "We only lost our way, and Baron von Gaetzner's horse

was lame. I am not hurt, or at all the worse for the adventure."

"Is it possible," said Mrs. Willoughby, "that you think of nothing but your health, at such a time; have you no consideration for what my feelings must have been, at all the wondering looks which have been exchanged, and the unkind interpretation which may be put upon your strange absence?"

"Hush! hush! mamma! not another word," cried Margaret vehemently, with an imploring glance from her mother to Leopold, who stood rooted to the spot with surprise and consternation at this unexpected view of so innocent an adventure as his and Margaret's had appeared to be.

"You shall allow me, that I may take this upon myself, madam, to assure you no word or look which shall be painful to your daughter, in this house," he said with dignity.

CHAPTER LI.

IN THE GARDEN.

BARON VON GAETZNER dismissed his valet after he had been shaved the next morning.

"Send Schützel to me," he said to the man as he was leaving the room.

In a few moments the door was opened and the respectable looking elderly man, whose dark, watchful eyes have been made more than once the subject of comment in these pages, stepped into the room.

"Schützel," said the Baron, looking sternly at his servant, "the subject which I have to discuss with you is not of the household, at least it does not relate to my domestic affairs. Perhaps you had better sit down." Schützel bowed, but did not avail himself of the Baron's condescension.

"I am always ready to serve Baron von Gaetzner," he said, rubbing his hands together, "in whatever capacity he may demand my services."

"You told me, Schützel," said the Baron, "that you believed the person called Hassan to have been killed in a midnight scuffle in the desert more than two months ago, but did you have no suspicion that he might have escaped uninjured?"

"None, but what I have told the Herr Baron," said Heinrich cautiously. "He is aware that I was myself knocked down and rendered senseless in the scuffle to

which he has referred, and that I had only the word of the keeper of the mad-house and of the soldier who fired at him to prove that Hassan was shot in attempting to escape."

"I have just heard," said Baron von Gaetzner, "that a person resembling the Baron Leopold was seen in a small fisher's boat at Thebes some six weeks ago. Could this person possibly be the fugitive?"

"Possibly—but not probably," said Schützel.

"At all events," said the Baron, smiling scornfully, "I can assure you that the portrait of this person, which was drawn by the same young lady who made the likeness of Netita, by which you recognized her after so many years, I say, that at all events, this portrait which I have seen to-day, was much more like Frederick von Gaetzner than like the Baron Leopold."

"Indeed!" said Heinrich, looking rather uncomfortable.

"I consider such a clue," proceeded his master, "too important to be neglected. You must start for Trieste this afternoon, and sail for Alexandria on Wednesday."

"If the Herr Baron will kindly remember," said Heinrich Schützel, "that one who has been at Thebes six weeks ago, may be in almost any portion of the world by this time, and how faint the hope that I shall succeed in finding him in Cairo, and the great danger of discovery, if I should do so, in attempting any renewed violence"—

"Well—what then?" asked Baron von Gaetzner, frowning.

"He will perhaps think it wiser to leave this person to his own uncertain guidance which multiplies the chances of his being caught by those officials, whose interest the Herr Baron has made it to recapture him."

"And what danger can there be of detection in still farther increasing the number of those chances by placing the guardians of the hospital in possession of this clue?" asked Baron von Gaetzner. "Surely you had wit enough to represent our anxiety as for the good of the lunatic himself."

"The Baron has no cause to condemn my wit," said Schützel, "but he may find it well to trust to it. And truth to say, I have no fancy for again appearing in this matter, owing to the personal malignity of the young Copt named Joseph, who has volunteered his especial protection to the lunatic whom the Herr Baron desires to place in safety."

"So much for the Copt," said Baron von Gaetzner, snapping his fingers impatiently, "Can he not be bought?"

"I did not think it wise to try to bribe him," said Schützel, "for I saw that he knew much which might make him troublesome, and if he had not been so stupidly suspicious as to follow me up and to interrupt my interview with—Gretchen, all trouble might now be over. As it is there is no hope of gaining ground except by circumventing him."

"He is a troublesome fellow," said the Baron, "and must be gotten rid of. What is his interest in the matter?"

"He is in love with Netita."

"Let him marry her."

"The Copt is not rich enough to marry."

"Make him rich. It will not cost much. You must go to him yourself, Schützel, and seem interested in his affairs, and offer him the money. He will not decline whether he like or dislike you. Then the rest will be easy—but, hark ye, Heinrich! I do not want any child's play this time. If you do not succeed in having Hassan arrested by those whom you have bribed, you must see that he is silenced in some other

way. Follow until you find, and then do whatever is effectual and convenient. I will leave you to your own excellent judgment, and merciful disposition in deciding what it shall be. Remember how much you owe to him. Really your debt of gratitude has been long paying, but it is hardly cancelled. I think yesterday was the anniversary of your wedding day, was it not, Schützel?"

The Baron spoke scornfully, and the face of Heinrich Schützel grew pale with rage. He ground his teeth together with a curse, and looked savagely at his tormentor.

"Those memories doubtless divert the Herr Baron," he said, "whereas I have dwelt on them enough. I have done much for revenge, but if I serve the Herr Baron farther in this matter, it must be for a servant's wages—not for revenge."

"You shall have them, my good Schützel," said the Baron smiling. "But you must earn them. I do not pay for nothing." When Heinrich Schützel was gone, the Baron strolled to the window, and stood looking down into the castle garden.

He saw his son Leopold walking to and fro, with his head bent and his hands clasped behind his back as though in deep thought. Presently some one flitted forth from an arbor of lattice work at the foot of the garden, which looked rather bare, without the vines which twined over and crept round it in summer time. This person was Miss Willoughby. She did not seem to see Leopold, but directed her steps towards the castle. Just as she was crossing his path, however, the young Baron looked up and saw her. Margaret started and made a movement as if she would have avoided him, but Leopold came directly to her side.

"This will not do," said the Baron to himself decidedly.
"I must put a stop to it," and he rang his bell.

A servant came immediately.

"Tell Baron Leopold that I should like to speak to him."

The man bowed, and disappeared.

Five or ten minutes elapsed before there came a sharp rap at the door.

"I understand that you wish to speak to me, sir," said Leopold proudly.

"Come in, come in, Leopold," said the Baron in an off-hand way which was not natural to him.

Leopold was evidently annoyed and impatient, but he suppressed these feelings and quietly sat down near his father.

"I feel obliged to speak to you, my son, upon a subject which I would far rather not approach," began the Baron smoothly. "It is with regard to your attentions to Miss Willoughby, which I think are becoming a little too marked, both for her sake and your own," he paused, but he did not look at Leopold. If he had done so he would have seen a dark cloud resting upon his son's brow which foretold a storm.

"I must remind you, Leopold," he proceeded, "of all that I said to you some six weeks ago, of the advantage which a politic marriage would be to you, and will add that this of all others is the time best suited to bring matters to a favorable conclusion between you and the Countess Leidergow, whereas if you abuse this opportunity by exciting her jealousy and suspicion, you may lose the game."

"I thought that I had made you understand, sir," said Leopold hotly, "when you first spoke to me on this subject,

not only that I did not mean to marry, but that I considered it too personal a matter to myself to concern you in any way."

"You did not say anything so impertinent as that, I think," said his father coldly, "or I should hardly have continued to interest myself in your affairs at all, but it is hardly worth while for us to discuss what you did or did not say, for however little you may think me concerned in your choice of a wife, there can be no question as to my right to object to such a foolish, pointless affair as this flirtation of yours with Miss Willoughby. The extreme lateness of your return last evening was, to say the least, unfortunate for the young lady, and if you have any sincere regard for her, you must hesitate to give cause for further scandal to those who are inclined to talk."

"There is one way of silencing the scandal, sir," said Leopold, making a great effort to calm himself, and to speak with dignity and composure, "and my regard for Miss Willoughby is so sincere that I shall try it."

"What do you mean?" asked the Baron, startled into abruptness.

"I mean," said Leopold, rising as he spoke, "that I shall ask Miss Willoughby to become my wife."

"For once I have acted like a fool," said the Baron to himself, as his son left the room. "I have driven that boy into marrying a woman who has neither fortune nor influence; whom he is not even in love with, from an absurd quixotic sense of honor, but it is certain that he is a still greater fool."

Leopold found Margaret still in the garden. He went up to her at once. Margaret was surprised at seeing him again so soon, but she was glad to see him, for he was the only

person who seemed to care for her society, and she fancied that the Countess Leidergow and several others among the ladies, had treated her more distantly this morning than they had done yesterday. She could not understand this, for the perfect freedom and innocence of her English education made it impossible for her to believe that any question with regard to the propriety of her conduct could seriously arise ; but she had been deeply mortified at what had seemed to her a most extraordinary want of self-control on the part of her mother the evening before. That Mrs. Willoughby could have spoken as she had done before Leopold, Margaret was only able to forgive in supposing that her anxiety had so wrought upon her as to lead her to forget the presence of the young Baron. Although this supposition was not exactly correct, as the reader may possibly have guessed, it is best that we should draw a veil over motives, which it is not necessary to dissect, and try only to see as far into them as Margaret's charitable eyes had done.

"I fancied that you had been called away to attend to some important business, and that you would not be able to return for a long while," she said sweetly.

"It has been quite true," said Leopold, "I have been called away, but although the business for which I have been called, it has been also of importance, yet has it soon been done."

He spoke in a straight-forward, manly fashion, but to Margaret his meaning was quite unknown. His next words made it even more mysterious.

"Have you ever been to church, Fraülein," he said, "and it has been to see two persons married?"

"Why yes," said Margaret, "of course. The last person whom I saw married was my cousin, Clarence Willoughby,"

she added thoughtfully, and then she gave a little sigh, for she remembered another marriage at which she might be called upon to be present before long, and she thought how hard it would be to bear herself bravely, as she wished to do, and show no sign of the pain which she would feel.

Her lips trembled as she thought of this, for the picture which her imagination summoned up was almost too much for her composure.

But Leopold who was looking at her anxiously misunderstood her emotion. He fancied that she was unhappy because of the unkind things which were being said of her, and he said in his odd way,

"I have spoken of this subject—the marriage service—as it is in the Roman Church, which it is, I do believe, very much as it is besides in the Church of England—only to make you see, how much, which is of great importance, it may happen—and it is over, oh! in a very little while."

"Ah! I see," said Margaret, her perplexity clearing away, and giving place to amusement.

"But you do not wish me to suppose that you have been married, since you left me here, twenty minutes ago?" she asked, laughing softly, as she looked up at him. But she was quite startled at the solemnity of Leopold's expression. His eyes met hers perfectly seriously, and he said with grave precision,

"No, Fraülein, it is not this which I would have you think, but rather, that in this time I have made a resolution, and that it is as binding as any service it could be to me."

"A resolution," repeated Margaret, puzzled again, and somewhat awed by Leopold's manner.

"Yes," he said, "I have resolved to ask you, Fraülein,

if that you will be my wife?" He stood still as he said this, and turned so as to face Margaret in the garden path, which they had been slowly pacing side by side.

Miss Willoughby was so astonished that she could hardly speak, "I—your wife?" she said slowly. "Do you mean that?"

"I do," said Leopold. "And if that you shall marry me, I will try that I shall be good and true with you." There was certainly no excitement, or enthusiasm in his tone, but it was very earnest. It was the first time that the possibility of such a marriage, either from her own point of view or from Leopold's, had ever entered Margaret's mind. Only two days before she would have shrunk from the suggestion with fear, almost with horror, but she thought that she was beginning to understand Leopold rather better now, and the idea of marrying him, although new and startling, was not altogether frightful. A confused speculation as to the possibility of being married before her cousin was, and showing him that her heart was not quite broken, flitted through her mind, and then came an idea that it would be very pleasant to be Baroness von Gaetzner, and mistress of this grand estate, but suddenly the thought of England and what pain she would feel at resigning her native land, levelled these two fragile air castles to the dust.

"I—I cannot answer you, Baron von Gaetzner," she said. "I do not know what to say, will you give me a little time to think about it, please?"

"Oh! yes," said Leopold, taking out his watch and looking at it, in the most business like way, "for I will give you from now until at five this afternoon."

"Thank you," said Miss Willoughby, in a very low tone, "and now I will go in to mamma, please."

CHAPTER LII.

A DISCOVERY.

LEOPOLD VON GAETZNER still paced to and fro in the garden, after Miss Willoughby went away until he was tired, and then went and sat down in the arbor and rested his head upon his hand moodily.

One of the guests (the Austrian lady, whose passage of arms with Mrs. Willoughby has been mentioned as occurring a day or two before, and who had assumed an air of marked disapprobation towards Margaret at breakfast that morning) was going away. The drive to Gratz of ten miles, before taking the train for Vienna, was a considerable item of the journey, but in spite of the formidable nature of the undertaking, the Princess Leidergow and her daughter the Countess Marie, besides several others among the guests, had resolved to escort her thus far upon her way, making excuses for the expedition to themselves and others on the ground of many little fancy articles which were wanted from the town, such as wools, silks, embroidery patterns and the like.

An English drag, of which Baron von Gaetzner was the happy possessor, was brought into requisition, and the Baron courteously offered to drive it himself. It did not require any very urgent necessity to excuse the ladies for looking forward with pleasure to a long drive on a crisp sunny morning over a picturesque mountain road, surrounded by beauti-

ful scenery, and as many of the guests as could find places were soon packed on top of the vehicle, while hampers filled with luncheon were stowed away within.

Leopold was not one of the party. He had declined to go decidedly when the excursion was first spoken of. He could hear the merry voices, the neighing of the horses and the rattling of wheels, which finally accompanied the departure, as he sat alone in the garden, but it did not arouse him from the dull indifference which had come upon him. He cared for nothing. His whole life was utterly uninteresting.

Suddenly a shadow fell across the sun-light, which entered the door of his retreat, and slept upon the wooden floor. He raised his head quickly, and was surprised to see a little boy about ten years old, standing just outside and peering into the little arbor with wide wondering eyes. The boy was dressed in a loose cotton blouse, such as is often worn by the children of the lower orders, and his head was bare, save for the dark clustering curls which covered it.

"What do you want, my little man?" asked Leopold.

The child started, and drew back shyly, and then seeming to take courage, as the young Baron looked at him kindly, he said seriously,

"I want my granny."

"Fritzy, Fritzy, Fritzy, where are you?" cried a cracked tremulous voice from among the shrubbery, and an old woman, bent and shriveled with age, stepped out into the path. The child ran towards her eagerly, and seizing her by the dress pointed mysteriously to the summer-house. The old woman seemed to understand the sign.

"Is there some one in the arbor?" she asked anxiously.

"Run, run to the castle! Do not stop for me, deary, for granny cannot run as fast as Fritzzy!" she said.

"Shall I go to my own room?" asked the boy, in a confidential tone, which he intended for a whisper, but which was really loud enough to reach the listener.

"Yes, yes, to your own room, honey, and do not stop any where upon the way," replied the old woman hurriedly.

The boy shot like an arrow across the garden, towards the back of the castle, rounded an angle of the wall, and disappeared. The old woman was hobbling after him, when Leopold rose, and stepped out of the summer-house.

"How are you, Rachel?" he said pleasantly, "I have hardly seen you since I came here."

The old woman started, and looked up at him, shading her eyes with her hand from the sunlight as she did so.

"The Baron Leopold!" she exclaimed, recognizing him, and dropping a respectful curtesy. "Ah, the young Baron has grown too fine a gentleman," she proceeded with an old woman's shake of the head, "to think of his poor old nurse."

"You are quite mistaken, Rachel," said Leopold gravely, "I was thinking of you only this morning, for there are one or two questions which I should like to ask you. I will come and see you in your room, and ask them now."

"The Herr Baron need not trouble himself to walk so far," said Rachel, with a flush of pleasure on her wrinkled brow. "If he likes to sit down in the arbor, I can listen here to all that he wishes to say."

"Certainly not," said Leopold decidedly. "It is too cold for you to stand still out here. Besides I should like to see your room again. I have not been there since I was a boy."

He led the way towards the castle as he spoke, and although evidently dissatisfied and ill at ease, the old woman was forced to follow him. The housekeeper's room in which old Rachel reigned supreme, was in a round turret over one of the outer kitchens and was among Leopold's earliest and most distinct recollections of the Castle of Glen Hausen. He was proud of the directness with which he found it now after so many years of absence.

They entered and Rachel hastily closed the door.

"Now Rachel," said Leopold, "I want to know whether you can tell me anything of the last illness of my half-brother, Frederick?"

"Hush, hush, Baron Leopold," said the old woman in a nervous deprecating tone, which carried Von Gaetzner back over fifteen or twenty years of his life. "The Herr Baron von Gaetzner has forbidden us to speak of the Baron Frederick."

"I am no child, Rachel," said Leopold. "I intend to speak of Frederick, and I intend that you shall tell me all you know about him. If you refuse to do so, or if you keep back anything, or if you tell me anything which is not true, this is the last time in your life that you shall do so, for I will never speak to you again."

The poor old woman turned pale, and put up her hands imploringly.

"You do not know what you ask of me, Baron Leopold," she said. "Heinrich would kill me if I spoke as you command, and it reached the ears of the Herr Baron."

"Heinrich! who is Heinrich?" asked Leopold.

"Do you not remember Heinrich? Heinrich Schützel, who once lived with your uncle Leopold, and always travelled with the Herr Baron?" asked Rachel.

"Ah! yes, I had forgotten him," said Leopold, "it is so many years since I have seen him. Is he living with my father now? Why are you afraid of him? If you will speak to me quite frankly and openly, he shall not know what you have said."

"I cannot, I cannot," cried the old woman. "To speak of these things is unbearable!"

"Tell me first of all," said Leopold sternly, "Why did Frederick leave Vienna?"

"Ah! it was the fault of my poor Gretchen," exclaimed the nurse, wringing her hands. "She was too beautiful, but she had no other fault. She listened to the young Baron, and he led her to her ruin!"

"Did Frederick do that?" exclaimed Leopold in a tone of horror, for he remembered the disappearance of the poor girl whom he and his brother had both played with as a child.

"It seems to me that I remember hearing that she was betrothed to some one, also, in her own rank of life," he continued, "was this so?"

"Yes, yes, she was betrothed to Heinrich Schützel, and they were to have been married, and the day was fixed, and the night before Baron Frederick came and took her from me. Heinrich never forgave him. He swore to be revenged."

"I do not wonder that he should have sworn revenge," said Leopold indignantly. "It was a bitter wrong!"

"Ah! How well I remember that time!" said the old woman. "There had been high words between the old and young Baron about the fine oak trees which used to stand around Glen Hausen, which the Herr Baron, your father, had cut down. The Baron Frederick was in a great passion. He said that the trees belonged to him, and that his father

would have given his right hand before he would have had the trees cut down ! Then there was talk of the money which the Baron Frederick had gambled, and of his debts, and he came to me and told me to pack up his trunk, for that he was going away, and was not coming again to Glen Hausen until he was of age. I saw that he was very angry, and I had but to obey ; but that night he was taken very ill, and I nursed him through his illness, and my poor Gretchen helped me, and I wish that he had died, for when he had recovered he went away to Vienna, and all the time that he was gone my Gretchen drooped and drooped, and then he came back and stole her away like a thief in the night time ! " The old woman sank upon a chair sobbing violently.

Leopold was silent for some moments.

" I gather from what you tell me, Rachel," he said then, " that you never saw your daughter again. Did you ever hear from her ? Do you not know whether she went with Frederick to Egypt, where I have understood that he lived for some time, and what became of her after his death. "

But the old woman either did not hear, or was too much moved to answer.

Suddenly the door opposite to the one by which he had entered, was burst open and the little boy, whom he had seen before in the garden, rushed into the room.

" Oh ! Granny," he cried, " Heinrich Schützels is going away ! "

" Go right away yourself," said the old woman, angrily, rising and shaking her stick at the astonished child. " Go back to your room, I say ! "

" No, I will not ! " said the boy defiantly, his brow clouding over, and his eyes kindling with wrath. " I won't be

shut up in my room all day ! I have had no fun at all since all the grand people came to the castle ! I mean to go and play in the woods."

"Fritz, Fritz," cried old Rachel entreatingly, but it was too late for persuasion. The spirit of the boy had been roused by what he considered an injustice, and he would no longer be restrained.

"I do not care for that strange man," he said, "I will say what I please. I have a better right here than he has."

"Who is this boy?" asked Leopold, sternly, of the old woman. She began to sob again, but said nothing.

"I am sorry to have awakened so many painful recollections, Rachel," said Leopold earnestly, "but you must realize that these events are of the most vital importance to me, and that having once entered upon this inquiry it is best that they shall be made as plain as possible, so that I may judge fairly of what I hear."

"Oh ! yes, Baron Leopold, I will tell you all truly," said the old woman, wiping her eyes upon her apron. "I will speak the truth this once in spite of Heinrich if it should kill me. That child is Gretchen's son, and the Baron Frederick's." She pointed as she spoke to where the boy still stood, sullen and indignant, fumbling at the handle of the outer door, in which Rachel had turned the key.

Leopold's eyes turned in the same direction and the child's face brought conviction of the truth of Rachel's words, for the angry light in his dark eyes was so like the expression of his brother's face, as Leopold remembered it, that he wondered how he could have waited to be told that this boy was his brother's son.

"Go into your room, Fritz," said Rachel more quietly than

she had spoken before, "and wait there until Heinrich Schützel has gone. Then you may go out and play."

The boy obeyed immediately.

Leopold still felt dizzy with the shock of the discovery which he had just made.

"How did this boy come here?" he asked.

"Heinrich Schützel found him in Cairo, in Egypt, and brought him here to me."

"What was Heinrich Schützel doing in Egypt?" asked Leopold.

"The Herr Baron sent him there when he heard that the Baron Frederick was ill. And when he returned he brought the news of the Baron Frederick's death; but it was some time after that when he brought the little Fritz to me,—when my poor Gretchen died."

"Then he has been more than once to Cairo."

"Oh yes! He has been there only this winter on some business for the Herr Baron. Heinrich is a great traveller."

"Indeed!" with a sudden flash of memory Leopold recalled the face of the stranger in the reading-room at Shephard's who had looked at him so curiously, and whose face had seemed familiar. "That must have been Heinrich Schützel," he said to himself, "of course, and it was he whom my father called his agent."

"Where is Schützel going now?" he asked aloud suspiciously. But before the old woman could answer, a voice was heard calling her impatiently.

"Great heaven! I had forgotten to close Heinrich's trunk, and it is time for him to go!" she exclaimed in alarm, and was hurrying from the room, when Leopold stepped forward and intercepted her.

"Where is Heinrich going?" he asked sternly.

"I do not know," said Rachel, wringing her hands in her impatience and anxiety. "How can I tell? He never tells me. Let me pass, dear master Leopold, for the love of heaven, let me pass, or Heinrich will come to look for me."

"Where do you *think* he is going?" persisted Leopold.

"I *think* to Cairo, but I do not know," said Rachel.

Leopold stepped aside, and the poor little old woman flew out of the door like a frightened hare.

Leopold went at once to his room. He put a few necessary things together, flung them hastily into a travelling bag, and was about to leave the room, when his eye fell upon a little note which lay upon his table. It was directed to him in a fine running hand which was not familiar, and he was conscious of a wondering speculation as to who it could be from, as he broke the seal.

"MY DEAR BARON VON GAETZNER,

Mamma thinks that I had better leave this little note behind me, as I am to drive to Gratz and shall be gone all day. It is to say that I have thought of what you asked me this morning, and that I will consent to be your wife.

MARGARET WILLOUGHBY."

Leopold stared at this note blankly, for I am ashamed to say that in the absorption of the train of thought which he had been pursuing for the last hour, he had entirely forgotten Margaret Willoughby. He remembered her now, however, and after a moment of irresolution, he took up a pen and wrote as follows:

"DEAR FRAULEIN,

I am called away, and it is upon urgent business, but I

have received your note, and I wish to thank you for it. I will try to keep the promise well, which I did make to you this morning.

• LEOPOLD VON GAETZNER."

He rang the bell, and ordered the servant to give this note to Miss Willoughby when she returned. Then he went down into the stable yard, and saddled his own horse with the help of one of the undergrooms, whom he feed to keep silent, and he mounted, and rode away followed by the groom.

CHAPTER LIII.

THE MISSING LETTER.

IT was a great blessing for Mr. Curzon that Lady Alice Willoughby had come to stay at the Hotel du Nil, with her nurse and baby, and that Mr. Richards had asked him to look after her, for it gave Mr. Curzon something to do and to talk about.

He was holding a letter with deep black edges in his hand, and looking very solemn and important, as Miss Ogden came out into the garden of the hotel after her visit to Lady Alice.

"This is very sad news—Miss Ogden—really very sad news," he said confidentially, drawing aside our heroine, who showed signs of some impatience over the detention.

"You mean the death of Lord Atherton? It is sad, of course, but I think that Lady Alice bears it very philosophically. I have no doubt she feels it for her husband's sake, but I do not think she knew Lord Atherton very well from what he has told me."

"I am not speaking of the death of Lord Atherton, Miss Ogden, that is sad of course, as you say, but not so very sad for Lady Alice."

"Of what then are you speaking!" asked Clara, more pointedly than politely, but she had an excuse for her impatience which the reader shall hear in time.

"Why," said Mr. Curzon, in no way disconcerted, "I was referring to a letter which I have just received from Lev-

erett Willoughby in which he tells me that his brother Clarence has had a serious accident. It seems that he was knocked down by a tramway car and struck his head against the curb stone. He has just escaped concussion of the brain, and is not yet out of danger."

"Oh! poor Lady Alice!" cried Clara, in a changed tone, "What will she do?"

"Leverett writes that he is coming out for her," said Mr. Curzon, "but it is a great pity that she should have to go back to England, right in the midst of our worst weather."

"I was not thinking of her health," said Clara, "but of the terrible anxiety which she will suffer in being so far away at such a time. I wish that I could do something to help her."

"Ah! thanks, Miss Ogden," said Mr. Curzon. "I think that I can break the news gently to her—and really you are so very kind, that if I should need you I will send for you."

"If I can be of any use to Lady Alice, I will come," said Clara. And so they parted and Miss Ogden hastened home.

The secret of her haste and her anxiety was not merely in the uneasiness about her brother, which she always felt when absent from him, but that Lady Alice Willoughby had given her a letter, which she said that Mrs. Charles Willoughby had "forgotten" to post at Thebes, when it reached there after Miss Ogden had sailed for Cairo in the steamer, so that it had been all the way to Dakkeh where the news of the illness of Lord Atherton had overtaken the travellers in the Daba-bééh, and caused them to return. The letter bore a Vienna post-mark, and had the coat of arms, with the small letters above it in red wax, exactly as described by Joseph. Miss Ogden therefore knew that it had not reached Thebes after

her departure and guessed that Mrs. Willoughby had not forgotten it. She however said nothing to Lady Alice, but that she thanked her for the trouble of bringing the letter to her, for Mrs. Clarence Willoughby at least was quite innocent of the deception.

Clara reached the entrance of the Raba, and passed through the arched stone door-way into the cool shady passage with its odd unexpected turning, so constructed as to prevent any one in the noisy crowded street from seeing into the quiet courtyard. There was a seat in the bend near the door for wayfarers to rest upon, which was hidden from without, and was hardly distinguishable from within, owing to a pair of huge earthen vessels, for storing the sweet waters of the Nile, which intercepted the view. Here Clara sat down. She looked long and earnestly at the envelope, and was almost afraid to open it. At last she broke through the Von Gaetzner coat of arms, and drew forth the letter. It was a strange letter, for Leopold began by telling her that he had been under a cloud of doubt and anxiety when he last saw her, which almost hid from him his own feelings, and had, he feared, made him appear very strangely to her. He then explained that this cloud consisted in the fear which he had entertained that his brother whom he had supposed dead, might still be living, and had been unfairly dealt with. That he had indeed heard a story of his having been confined for many years in an insane asylum, although not insane, which had so worked upon his credulity that it was not until he had again seen his father and laid his doubts before him after his return to Vienna, that he had been led to see that they were not sufficiently well grounded to deserve the weight which he had given to them. In short, that

the person who told the story had been able to offer no proof of his assertion, and that it seemed more than probable that it was an invention based upon the chance resemblance between a fugitive who had lately escaped from one of the mad-houses in Cairo, and himself. He therefore only mentioned these suspicions to Miss Ogden to explain much which required explanation in his manner and his conduct, and because he wished to ask her humbly and earnestly to become his wife, so that the mere fact that such a doubt had ever been seriously entertained should not be concealed from her. If his brother had lived, he said, he (Leopold) would not have been heir to the family estate, as he now believed himself to be, but only to a small private fortune of his father's. This was the business part of the letter, then came his contrition. He knew that nothing could excuse him for his blindness, his deafness, his brutal self-absorption—his obstinate clinging to a cold hard theory, which only the warmth and strength of his own passion had been able to melt and wrest away from him. He flung the whole energy of his regret and repentance into the confession that he had been mistaken, and the prayer to be forgiven. He entreated her to forget all that he had said of marriage, and the limits which he had put to it, for that he had come to think that there was no limit to the union and communion possible for two beings who were in perfect sympathy and love. Then he asked that if she could not trust him or believe in him, or love him enough to grant all his prayer, she would at least write to withdraw the sentence of banishment which she had pronounced against him, and allow him to come and plead his cause himself.

As Clara read the letter her heart beat fast, and the writ-

ing swam before her eyes. Could these words be Leopold's? Was it possible that he who had been capable of looking at her so coldly, and had spoken with such terrible indifference of all which seemed to her most sacred, had condescended to take back his words? Had changed opinions which seemed to have been so deliberately formed and so unchangeable? The thing seemed to Clara like a miracle, and how had it been wrought? Could she believe that it had all happened through love for her? No. She could not. Many a woman would have done so, in her place, but although she did experience a sudden sense of triumph in this first moment of her joy, she was more exalted than exultant, for she rose to the consciousness of One greater than herself, who had helped to work the wonder.

Her next thought was for Leopold. What must it have been to him after writing such a letter, to wait day after day, week after week, without one word of answer to the longing and the loving which had filled his heart! What must he think of her by this time? She could not bear to imagine, for perceiving how impossible it would be for Leopold not to misjudge her unless he had the most perfect faith in her, she remembered how she had doubted him, and she was filled with grief and shame. Had she not almost believed him guilty of connivance in a crime, the mere suspicion of which had wrought the greatest unhappiness upon his reserved but upright nature?

She was inclined still to believe in the truth of the Copt's story, and that Leopold's judgment had been overruled by his father's cunning, but she blamed herself none the less, for ever having doubted his motives.

She read the letter over, and it seemed to her that after

Leopold's openness with her, she was bound to be equally frank with him, and that if she believed that he was mistaken she should tell him so. She determined therefore to question the Copt immediately, for she must write and explain the delay, and confess her fault, or she would not deserve the confidence which he had given, but at the thought of this and of the great distance between them, her heart grew sick.

Miss Ogden and her brother were returning from a pleasant drive that afternoon along the Shoobra road. They had called at the post office and found a letter from Harriet Endicott, written at Thebes, for Mr. Endicott and his daughters had left Cairo in the steamer some weeks before.

"Harriet does not even admire the great sitting statue of Memnon," exclaimed Clara, "I give her up!"

"Harriet is a good girl," said Edward, "but not very interesting."

"She is a very true friend," said Clara warmly, "and as to being interesting or uninteresting, that depends upon whom she is with."

"Of course, it is a matter of opinion," said Edward, "or do you mean that it is not worth while for her to make herself agreeable to a spent ball?"

"I did not mean any such thing, but to me she is very interesting, because I am so fond of her."

"So am I fond of her," said Edward, lazily. "She gave us a naïve account of her flirtation with Leverett Willoughby, did she not? I thought she rather liked the idea of having been reported engaged to him."

"I thought she did not care enough about him to resent it."

"And I did not mean that she liked *him*, but how much

must a woman like a man to resent being reported engaged to him? I remember you were quite furious when Mrs. Willoughby asked me whether you were engaged to Von Gaetzn-ner?"

"I do not think that Mrs. Willoughby ever ventured to ask you such a question," said Clara proudly. "I am quite sure that you never thought fit to tell me of it."

"Take care, Clarchen," said her brother provokingly, "there is something decidedly resentful in the twist of your neck at this moment. I am inclined to think that if I had told you of Mrs. Willoughby's having said that, you would have been madly indignant."

"To return to Harriet," said Clara skillfully dropping the subject, "You have always been so unreasonable about Harriet."

"What do you mean?"

"You have misunderstood my fondness for her, and seemed to think that I was not true to you, because I was anxious to retain our old childish friendship."

"Stuff and nonsense," exclaimed Edward impatiently.

"But you have, Edward!"

"Well surely Clara, you understood the cause of my unreasonableness, if you choose to call it such."

"Of course I understood it from your point of view, but I was just as indignant with Mr. Endicott, as you could be, only I believed in Harriet!"

"And you want me to believe in her? Is that it, Clarchen?"

"I think that in your heart you always have."

"My heart is rather an exclusive place. Few persons are admitted there."

"But Harriet must have been there since your boyhood."

"Do not talk sentiment, if you please, my dear. You can have your friend to yourself, which is better than attempting to share her with me. I certainly have a kindly feeling for her, but I love you, and one other person in this world, and when I think that I must leave you both, the anguish of regret is keen enough, to shut out all feelings less intense! I try not to grow bitter towards the comfortable well-to-do people about me, but to avoid this, I do not think of them." He paused with an ineffably sad expression, and a distant look in his dark eyes, as though they were following some object far away—a sail against a dim horizon—or a bird mounting into a grey sky—but somehow, it seemed to Clara that it was her own form which he was watching, for she fancied that she saw it too—a lonely sorrow-stricken figure disappearing along a dark road.

"It is not sure that you must leave us, Edward," she said desperately. Then he turned towards her with one of those sweet sudden smiles, which made his face seem the most charming face in all the world to Clara.

"We will love one another all the more dearly while we may."

"I shall love you always, Edward. Edward! Who is that?"

Clara grasped her brother's hand as she spoke, and leaned forward, with wide startled eyes. Edward turned and looked in the direction in which she was looking. They had left the broad road, and were passing through one of the narrow, seldom frequented streets of the Coptic Quarter, and in a shadowy recess formed by the sharp projection of a wall, a lean tall figure clothed in rags was dimly visible. The

wild expression of the face and the hungry look in the dark eyes were almost savage, and yet there was a weird resemblance in the face and figure to Leopold von Gaetzner.

"Can it be," cried Edward. "Good heavens, it must be Leopold—but no, it is that fisherman whom I saw at Thebes, who looked so like him!"

"Speak to him Edward," said his sister—but with a swift stealthy motion the figure had slipped behind them and was gone. Clara leaned back in the carriage. Her face was very pale.

"I did not know," she said, "that you saw a man at Thebes who looked like Baron von Gaetzner."



CHAPTER LIV.

TOO LATE.

THERE was in one of the more retired streets in the modern portion of Cairo, a small hotel, called the "Hotel Mirabeau." It was kept by a very stout French lady who dressed a great deal, but always in black, and might be seen certain morning hours busily engaged at the desk, from which, as it was surrounded by three glass doors which overlooked the entrance hall, the dining-room, and the saloon of reception, she could observe the doings of guests and be on the watch for new arrivals, and yet continue to transact the financial part of the business of the establishment.

Her husband, who was an insignificant little man with weak eyes and a wig, never presumed to interfere in matters of moment with the superior wisdom of madame, but he was kept busy all day long running errands, going to market, and ordering about the head-waiter, who, being a person of talent and experience in his profession, wore rings and an elaborate shirt front, and treated the orders of madame's husband with supreme contempt.

This hotel was the resort of one or two French danseurs, and an Italian singer of some pretention, who performed nightly at the Khedive's Grand Opera House, besides several commercial travellers, and an occasional Methodist minister who had been "doing" the Holy Land, and it was here that

Heinrich Schützel liked to stay when he was in Cairo. He had arrived the evening before the day of which I am writing, and arrived late. He therefore slept long that morning.

The *dejeuner à la fourchette* was over when he came down and breakfasted in solitude, but the elegant waiter who recognized in him a former visitor and patron, distinguished him with peculiar attention, and when he could do nothing farther towards the comfort of the repast, brought unasked the French, German and Egyptian newspapers.

Heinrich looked over them all indifferently and then he strolled into the bureau and had a little conversation with madame. It was evident that he had found favor in the eyes of the mistress as well as of the servant, for when he asked whether a certain Mr. Curzon, an Englishman, whom he remembered having seen at the Hotel Mirabeau was staying with her now, she not only said that he was not, but vouchsafed the information that he was staying at the Hotel du Nil, and proceeded to talk to him in the most touching and confidential manner of the mean and grasping conduct of certain other hotel keepers who always sent down omnibuses to the station, in order to get the passengers who arrived in the trains, and who were of course all anxious to come to the Hotel Mirabeau. In fact it was a certainty that the *lackey de place*, whom she always deputed to meet the trains from Alexandria, had overheard others less scrupulous than himself declaring that the Hotel Mirabeau was full. Heinrich expressed a little half satirical sympathy with madame, and then bowed himself out. He had learned all that he wished to know. He proceeded at once to the Hotel du Nil, and made inquiries for Mr. Curzon's dragoman, a young Copt, named Joseph, but what

was his chagrin to learn that Mr. Curzon had no dragoman. Joseph had left his service, and gone to live with an American gentleman, an invalid, who had taken a house somewhere in Cairo, but where the proprietor of the hotel did not know. The proprietor was an exceedingly good natured man, but did not think that it concerned him to know more than this. Schüttzel had too much tact to seem eager.

It was a "pity," he said, for he represented some travellers then in Alexandria, who had employed Joseph the year before, and thought of engaging him again when they returned to Cairo. They supposed they would have heard of him here as Joseph had recommended them to come to the Hotel du Nil. This was a fabrication, of course, but most happy in its effect. The proprietor remembered that by looking in his books he could see the address to which Mr. Ogden's trunks had been carried. He did so, and wrote down the direction in the most exact manner.

Heinrich was delighted.

"So! it is with Mr. Ogden that he has gone to live," he said to himself, and by good fortune these apartments which he has taken are the very ones, where my first master passed the winter the first season that I ever was in Cairo. It is some thirty years since Baron Leopold von Gaetzner was here, but I remember a thing or two about those rooms, and I think now that I will take a little stroll in the Uzbekééh."

The last light of an Egyptian day was fading. The brown walls of the tall houses on either side of the bazaar threw strange irregular shadows across the lingering brightness, and the sun's level rays shone upon a curious old stained glass window at the end of a lofty chamber in one of the tall buildings, and, passing through, it fell, subdued but

glowing, in rich prismatic colors upon the inlaid floor, upon a chair covered with a bit of faded tapestry, and above all upon a slender woman's figure seated at a low desk. The woman was bending slightly forward and her hands were clasped before her on the desk. A blank sheet of writing paper lay beneath her hands, with a pen beside it, but she was not writing, for her eyes looked straight out, seeing nothing, but filled with anxious thought. Suddenly she started for she heard a faint noise.

"Who is that?" asked Miss Ogden, half turning her head. Some one had opened the door behind her, and a tall figure stood upon the threshold, but there was no answer. The tall figure strode into the room, and Leopold von Gaetzner stood before her. Clara rose from her chair, and held out her hand to her visitor, but her eyes had greeted him first. She was not conscious of the radiant gladness which had flashed out of them as they were raised to his, but the eager intensity of Leopold's answering gaze did not escape her. Their hands met, and for a second neither spoke, they merely looked and felt, but Miss Ogden was struggling with the emotion which in the suddenness of the meeting had nearly conquered her, and conscious of the impossibility of getting back to a safe society footing, after that moment of forgetfulness, she was trying to recall a part of what she meant to have said to Leopold von Gaetzner in the letter which was still unwritten.

"You have taken me by surprise, Baron von Gaetzner," she said, lowering her eyelids and withdrawing her hand, "but I am very glad to see you, in order to explain my long delay in answering your letter."

Leopold's brow suddenly clouded.

"It is true then," he said, reproachfully, "and you have received this letter, and still you have delayed?" There was a world of pain and incredulity, in his voice and his eyes. "Oh! I have sometimes thought this, but then it shall not be possible! have I told myself."

"And what did you *believe*, Baron von Gaetzner,—that I did receive your letter, when you expected that I would, and yet neglected it?" Leopold was puzzled by her manner.

"Yes, I have believed this," he said, "until that—thou hast seen you."

Clara blushed deeply.

"Your letter was delayed," she said, looking away from him. "It only reached me a few days ago through Lady Alice Willoughby. She said that it had reached Theobald after I left there, and that Mrs. Willoughby had forgotten to post it to me."

"Yes! Is that so?" asked Leopold quickly.

He turned and walked hastily across the room. Clara was still standing with one hand on the back of the chair from which she had risen, but her limbs trembled so that she felt she must sit down.

"Will you not be seated, Mr. von Gaetzner?" she said, falling back into her old habit of dropping his title.

"Oh! yes, I will be seated," said Leopold in a changed tone, in which there was a kind of assumed cheerfulness which she could not understand, "but you will sit down, and is it not so?"

"I will sit down for a moment," said Clara, more firmly than she had last spoken, "for I wish very much to speak to you upon one subject, although the unexpectedness of your return had almost driven it from my mind." She had

sumed her place at the desk, Von Gaetzner had seated himself, and was leaning slightly towards her, with a grave expectant air, but at this second reference to the surprise which his coming had been, a faint smile stole to his lips. Her present coldness of manner, which had followed instantaneously upon the change in his, could not make him forget that one glad look in her eyes.

"I was even thinking of writing to you," said Miss Ogden, without raising her eyes.

"Of writing to me?" said Leopold, "Has it really been to me? For I have stood still, and I have said within myself, 'To whom will she write?'"

"And I only sat still after all," said Clara, looking up with the beginning of a smile. "I did not write; I do not know that I ever should have written!" It was impossible not to be diverted from her subject by the presence of one of whom she had thought so much, but she did not know of the mystic glow from the stained glass window which was again framing her graceful head, and touching her clear pale skin with rosy lambent light.

"And if you should have written," said Leopold, in a low eager tone, "what should you have said?" He knew that he ought not to ask this question, but he could not help it. The temptation was too great for him.

"I should have told you of something," said Clara, suddenly becoming grave, "which I felt as if you ought to know."

For the first time, a faint suspicion of the subject she referred to crossed his mind.

"Of what would you have told me, Fräulein?" he said earnestly, but without a sign of that uneasiness which he

had once felt and shown whenever this secret anxiety was approached.

"Oh, a very strange story," said Miss Ogden, "which was told to me to-day."

"Stop!" said Leopold. "It was of my brother? Is it not so?" He did not wait for her to answer, for he saw assent to his conjecture in her face. "This Copt has told you that my brother has been thought dead, and that he was not really dead! That he has been confined like one who has lost his mind, but that he has not lost his mind. That he has escaped, and that he has hidden among the tombs of Apis, and that it is he whom you have seen."

"That is not what I heard to-day," said Clara, "for all that I have been told before, but not by Joseph—by a woman, who claims to be your brother's wife."

"His *wife*!" cried Leopold in great agitation. "Is she living, and does she call herself his wife?—What else has this Copt told to you?"

"Only that your brother was in constant danger of being recaptured," said Clara, hurriedly, "and that since the corrupt state of the law in Egypt made it impossible for him to find justice here, he had been trying to obtain money enough to reach Vienna, in order to place himself in safety."

"Well?" said Leopold impatiently.

"Only last night he succeeded in borrowing this money, and to-day Joseph brought the woman here, of whom I spoke, together with a young Egyptian girl whom he calls Netita. He asked me whether I would be willing to listen to what this young girl could tell me in evidence of the story which he had told, and write it down, so that it could be used here—

after. I consented, and wrote down what she said, as he interpreted it to me, but I told him that this evidence should be placed in no other hands but yours." She opened the desk before which she was sitting, and taking out a folded paper, handed it to Leopold.

Von Gaetzner opened it, and glanced down the page.

"So, so! This is most strange," he said, "if that it all be true!"

"Had you not better see Joseph yourself?" asked Miss Ogden. "I can summon him in a moment."

"Oh! yes, I will see him—certainly, yes," said Leopold, with his eyes still on the paper.

Clara rose and went towards the door.

"Stop! wait one moment," said Leopold. "I will see this Copt of course, for it is he whom I have come to see. I have not meant at all to ask for you, or to force myself in—oh! no, for you have told me, never to come into your sight again—but Frattlein Ogden, since that I am here, and that we have met—you will not leave me now? You will sit down even once more, is it not so?"

Clara was about to return to her seat, when they both heard a sharp distinct sound at the other end of the room. The sun had set now, and twilight was fading into dusk. Clara started, and Leopold strode across to the corner from whence the noise had come. He saw nothing.

"That click sounded to me," said Clara, "like the closing of the secret door, but surely no one can be there." She hastily touched the spring, and the door opened. No one was there now at any rate, whoever might have been there. "Perhaps the door was open, and the wind closed it," she said. "Sometimes Joseph comes up that way." But she

shivered a little as she turned away, and went back to where she had been sitting.

Leopold walked up and down the room, for a few moments, and then he came and stood before her.

"Has it been all about—about my brother, that you would have written to me?" he asked.

"No, not all," said Clara, faltering a little, "I wanted to tell you that I had only just received your letter, and—and—"

"And what?" asked Leopold, taking one of her hands in his.

"I wanted to ask you to forgive me, because when I first heard of how your brother had been treated, I believed that you had been partly to blame—that you had known of it."

Leopold dropped her hand. "I see," he said, in a quiet sad tone, "and it has been to tell me this, and to *warn me* that you would have written. I thank you."

He turned away, and walked slowly towards the projecting latticed window. Here he stood with his back towards her for some seconds, until, moved by something sorrowfully resigned yet dignified in his attitude, and in his manner, which spoke more eloquently than any words, she followed him.

"I want to tell you," she said, speaking very softly, "how very sorry I have felt for you since I received your letter and have known all—all that you have felt. It has made me understand so much which I could not understand in you before, and—"

"And you do forgive me, Fräulein? You do forget all that I have said which I should not say, because that you do see me now unhappy? Ah! this it is to be a true, a

noble woman ! " Still he spoke sadly and this exclamation was uttered in a tone almost of anguish. Clara could not understand it.

There was a moment's silence.

" Will you tell to me one thing and it shall be truly ? " he said, then turning towards her, and holding out his hand with an imploring gesture.

" I will," she said, and laid her hand in his.

" Have you ever cared a little or at all for this man Richards ? "

" Never ! " said Clara, without looking up.

" Then have I been deceived ! " cried Leopold. " For I have been a fool—a jealous fool ! and now it is too late ! " He struck his forehead with his clenched fist.

" What is it ? Tell me, Leopold ? What is it ? "

As he heard her speak his name, for the first time in his life, Von Gaetzner suddenly grew calm.

" It is this," he said, " that I do love you with all the strength and power which it is in me, and that I have promised myself that I shall be married to another woman ! "

Clara staggered, and if Leopold had not caught her, she would have fallen.

" To whom ? " she asked very faintly with pale trembling lips.

" To Margaret Willoughby ! "

It was as if all the blood in her body which had flown back to her heart, rushed to her throbbing temples, flooding her cheeks with color, dying her white lips red, and kindling her eyes with a wild unnatural light. Her face was very near to Leopold's as he bent over her, supporting her upon his arm, and he could bear it no longer. He stooped and

kissed her. With the touch of his lips to hers, her consciousness and then her self-control came back. She stood up and put away his arm. Her brow contracted. She met his beseeching eyes with scorn and anger in her own.

"You might have spared me that," she said.

"Forgive me! Oh forgive me—Clara, my Clara!" he cried passionately.

"I am not yours," she said, "for you belong to Margaret Willoughby. Why did you not tell me this? How could you write me such a letter?"

"That was *before*," said Leopold, turning his eyes sadly from her, "and how I have come to be betrothed to Miss Willoughby—that I cannot tell you, but if that you did once know that which you may never, then would you not be angry, but only very, very sorry."

There was a long silence.

Then Clara spoke, but in a very different tone—

"Since we are now put apart forever," she said, "and may not see each other any more, we must try to say farewell. There are some things which we must struggle to forget, but this at least we may remember, that we have once been friends."

"But is it possible," said Leopold, "that you will ever feel to me as if I had been a friend? How can it be that you will think of me, and yet not say, 'He is not honest, he is cruel, he is mean?'"

"I know you better than that," said Clara. "I have doubted you once. I never will again, although you may not tell me anything to make me understand you—yet I forgive you!"

"May I take your hand?" he asked.

"Yes, for the last time." She turned away her head.

He held the hand for one moment between both his own. He did not even press it, but restored it to her tenderly, and reverently, then he hastened from the room.

At the foot of the stairs which led into the courtyard he met Joseph the Copt.

"You will follow me," he said, "for I must speak with you."

CHAPTER LV.

THE SECRET STAIRWAY.

THE story told by the Egyptian maiden whose evidence Miss Ogden had been called upon to record, ran as follows :

Netita supposes that her father died when she was very young, for as far back as she can remember she was living alone with her mother. One of the most distinct recollections which she had was of a night in the month of Moharran, which is the first month of the Mahometan year, when there came just before dawn a knock at the door of her mother's house, which was situated in the Coptic Quarter, not far from the Uzbekééh.

Although her mother belonged to the Coptic race and faith, she was not free from the Moslem superstition that a good genius sometimes visits poor women just before dawn during the month of Moharran, in the shape of a sakkà or water carrier, or of a mule, and brings them gold. She naturally thought of this tradition when she heard the knock. Accordingly she gathered her garments hastily about her, unbolted the door and peeped out, not without a secret hope of seeing a donkey's head, but what was her astonishment, when instead of the sakkà or the donkey, she beheld a very beautiful woman with unveiled face, who addressed her in a language which she could not understand, and seemed to be in

dire distress. The first impression of Netita's mother and of Netita herself, who witnessed the scene from a snug corner of the brick oven upon which they were both in the habit of sleeping for warmth, was that the woman was some foreign slave who had escaped from a harem and was seeking refuge, but they soon perceived by her gestures that she was imploring the mother of Netita to come out and go with her. It was not at all the custom for women to walk in the streets of Cairo at night, and also Netita's mother could not help regarding the uncovered head and face of her visitor as an exposure denoting a want of proper modesty, but she was a kind hearted woman, and she was so moved by the apparent anguish of the suppliant that she took compassion upon her and went forth. In recounting the adventure to Netita, as she had often done in after times, she always told how the woman led her through many streets and turnings to a rich grand house. They entered here and went up stairs to the door of a room which was opened by Joseph the Copt. Here the mystery was solved, for Joseph pointed to the bed, where a sick man in the delirium of fever was being held by two others who cried out to Joseph to come back and help. The mother of Netita understood at once that she had been sent for as medical adviser, since she was thought to be a very wise woman with regard to herbs and concoctions and remedies for the sick as well as to have great skill in nursing them. Joseph explained that he had recommended her, and would have come for her himself, but that his strength was needed to control the violence of the sick man, whose wife had therefore undertaken to summon her, for they were most anxious to get her to say that the invalid was only wild with fever, and not crazy, as some of his enemies wished to prove in

order to carry him off and shut him up in the Morastan. As soon as she understood the situation, Netita's mother declared that the patient was not insane, but that as soon as she had beheld him she saw that he was mesloob or inspired, and that it would be the worse for any one who attempted to interfere with his liberty, beyond what was necessary for his immediate safety. She prescribed a soothing draught and remained for several hours, until he became more quiet, and Joseph accompanied her home. In the evening of the same day, however, Joseph came for her again. He told her that during his short absence that morning, the enemy, of whom he had spoken to her, had arrived with an order from the Cadi to seize the unfortunate man and carry him off to the mad-house. This had been done before his return, and what was worse, the poor gentleman had been in debt, and his creditors had descended upon the house and seized everything in it. The mother of Netita went out full of pity and indignation, and soon returned with the same woman who was now weeping violently and held a little child in her arms, who gazed all about him with solemn wondering eyes. From this time forth, the woman took up her abode with them. She went each day to work in the fields with Netita's mother, while Netita took care of the little child ; but one day when they were both away, a man with small black eyes and an ugly smiling face came to the house and insisted upon coming in. He said that he wanted to see the baby, and when she held it up innocently for him to look at, he suddenly struck her a blow which stretched her senseless on the ground and snatched it up and disappeared. When the poor woman returned and found her child was gone, she was nearly beside herself, for all search and inquiries proved vain,

but several months afterwards she received a note from her tormentor. He said he had taken the child because he did not consider her fit to take care of it, and that he had placed it in good hands, but that he was sorry to tell her that the boy had fallen ill and died. The poor mother thought it so natural that her child, torn away from her loving care and cast among strangers, should have pined away and died, that she believed what she had heard, and mourned for him as dead. They still lived together, until during one unhealthy season the mother of Netita was taken ill with the fever, so common in the country, and died. Netita would have been left entirely alone, but for the stranger, whom they had befriended in her distress, and she now in her turn became the protector of the girl, who had remained with her ever after.

After smoking a couple of cigars in the Uzbekééh, Heinrich Schützel had betaken himself to the street and to the house whither he had been directed to find the Copt. He had entered the lower story unperceived by the landlady, and easily found and mounted the secret stairway, since it had remained unaltered since he had last used it many years before.

Once at the top, he touched the secret spring, and softly opened the door—but what was his surprise, his consternation, to see Baron Leopold von Gaetzner, whom he thought to have left behind at Glen Hausen, seated beside Miss Ogden. His dismay was not diminished, when he overheard the topic of conversation. He listened anxiously to all Miss Ogden had to tell of the Egyptian maiden and her evidence, and of the money which Frederick von Gaetzner had borrowed to take him to Vienna. But when he heard Baron Leopold say that he had come to seek the Copt, and meant

to question him before he left, Heinrich felt that there was no time to be lost. "I must see him first," he said to himself decidedly, "or the game is up." He withdrew cautiously but in doing so closed the door after him so hard that he came near betraying himself, as we have seen. He looked in vain for Joseph below, however, and at last concluded that he must have gone out. Accordingly he stationed himself on the bench near the doorway to await his return.

Joseph had gone to Mitrehenny with Gretchen and Netita so that he did not come back until late, and, just as he did so, to Heinrich's great disappointment, he heard footsteps in the courtyard, and Leopold appeared coming in the opposite direction. They met in the turning of the dark passage-way which led into the street, not three feet from where Heinrich sat, and when they passed out again into the bazaar, he followed them as closely as he could and as quietly, but he could not keep near enough to hear all that they said. After the first question or two from Von Gaetzner, to which the Cupid did not appear to reply very willingly, it seemed as if the Baron Leopold told him something which inspired him with confidence, for he began to talk very eagerly, often gesticulating to give more force to his words.

Try as he would, Heinrich could only catch an occasional word or sentence, but he heard enough to become very uncomfortable and conscious that the conversation was principally of himself. At one time Joseph seemed to be describing the visit which he had paid to Mitrehenny, and then again he was speaking of the last arrest of Frederick von Gaetzner and of the midnight rescue.

They directed their steps towards the Hotel du Nord. Heinrich followed. The moon had risen when they passed

through the stone gateway into the garden of the hotel,—not a full moon, but a delicate crescent, typical of the East. It silvered the leafy outline of each tree and shrub. The kéosk with its pointed dome, stood out darkly in the centre. It was fitted up comfortably within with numerous luxurious chairs and divans, a table covered with books and newspapers, and a grand piano, and seen in the light from a reading lamp on the table, presented quite an inviting appearance. As the kéosk, or the garden were the only resorts for the guests of the hotel after dinner, they were generally filled, but there was an illumination to-night at one of the Palaces of the Viceroy, which had drawn people away, so that there were only two persons sitting in the kéosk. One of them was Lord Atherton, who had arrived a few days before. He was dressed in deep mourning and was so much changed since he had last been in Cairo, that Mathew Curzon who was sitting beside him smoking on one of the high divans, could not understand what had come over the Leverett Willoughby of former days. To be sure he had lost his brother, and his father within a very short space of time. Mr. Curzon knew that he had been his father's favorite son, but that he had not been on at all good terms with his step-mother, and so had been little at home. He did not know that Leverett had not been summoned during the late Lord Atherton's last illness, until long after his brother Clarence, so that, although one was up the Nile and the other in London, they had reached Brierston at the same time, and he had not the least conception of the bitterness of the grief and self reproach which the prodigal son had suffered when he found the father who had always been indulgent and forgiving, even when there was much to forgive, lying in a state of stupor and insensibility,

from which he never sufficiently aroused to know of the agony of repentance which he felt, to hear one loving word, or answer even with a look. He did not know of the tempest of wrath which had burst upon the head of Lady Atherton when Leverett learned how long his father had been ill, and of the lady's feeble excuse that she "had not thought it necessary to send so soon for Leverett because it would take Clarence so much longer to get home."

Mr. Curzon knew none of these things, but only that Clarence Willoughby had been killed by an accident a day or two after his father's death, which could not of course have been a pleasant thing to have happen, but still, as it cleared the way for Leverett to an estate and a title, was not, from Mr. Curzon's point of view an unmixed evil, although it was of course hard upon Lady Alice, who had come so near being Lady Atherton. Lady Alice took it very hard, but to do her justice it was not the title which she mourned, although the most perfect harmony had never existed between herself and her husband. They had as it happened interchanged some very bitter words just before they parted on the subject of John Richards, whose old attachment to Lady Alice and late devotion to Miss Ogden, had been made the subject of a pleasing jest by the amiable Clarence, and the memory of these words, and of all the other sharp things which she had been goaded into saying to him in retaliation for many petty unkindnesses, kept returning to the poor woman, and drove her into a state of nervous excitement and distress which it was painful to witness. She kept going from one fit of hysterics into another from the moment that Leverett arrived with the tidings of her husband's death until he and Mr. Curzon, not knowing anything about what was best to be done

and on the 10th of the month each one minute before
the door of the house opened to the latter

for her, were nearly driven distracted between the inefficiency of the nurse and the over-attention of the doctor, and finally in despair bethought them of Mrs. Willoughby, who had left Glen Hausen with her daughter immediately upon hearing of the death of Lord Atherton, and was now in Vienna. Accordingly they telegraphed for that lady, beseeching her to return to Cairo, and help them in their difficult and delicate task.

It was four or five days since the telegram had been dispatched, and still there had come no answer. The two gentlemen were just speculating upon the probabilities for and against Mrs. Willoughby's having received it when Leopold von Gaetzner walked into the kéosk, and requested a few moments' private conversation with Lord Atherton. Mr. Curzon rose at once and left the two men together. He determined to go and see the illumination with the rest of the world. He had only stayed behind in order to keep Lord Atherton company. He happened to look back as he left the garden, and noticed a dark figure flitting across the light from one of the open windows of the kéosk. He supposed it was one of the waiters of the Hotel du Nil, but it was Heinrich Schützel. Joseph the Copt had excused himself at the door of the kéosk from accompanying Baron von Gaetzner any further. He said that he had been absent for a long while from his master, and he was anxious as to how he should find him, and afraid that Mr. Ogden might want him.

"Will you speak to your master from me," said Leopold, "and this you shall say to him, that I wish that he shall not forget me quite, and that I am most grieved for that I have not seen him."

Schützel who was a few yards off came very near being discovered as the Copt, always swift and active in his movements, turned to hasten away.

He just succeeded in concealing himself in the shadow of a tall bush where he waited until Joseph had disappeared, saw Baron Leopold enter the kéosk and Mr. Curzon saunter forth, for his evening's amusement. Then he ventured to take up his position by the window.

Baron von Gaetzner was saying something to the Englishman, in a grave low tone.

Heinrich could not hear what it was, but Lord Atherton's answer reached him more distinctly.

"Of course, of course," he said, "I understand that perfectly, but there has been some knavery at work, and from what I can gather of this fellow Schützel, I should think he was at the bottom of the whole thing."

"I do not know, where he may be—this fellow Schützel," said Von Gaetzner, "for he has started before me and I think it is for Cairo. Yet have I looked for him in vain. But you have not told to me where you did meet this man which you have thought he is my brother."

"Why I was feeling rather blue the other afternoon, and I took it into my head to ride to the petrified forest. I was alone and when I had seen the so called forest, which by the by is nothing more than a few scattered trunks and branches of petrified trees, I dismounted and sat down to watch the sunset from the edge of a hill. I got into a brown study, which is rather unusual with me, and my donkey boy fell asleep, and when we awoke from our day-dreams the darkness, which seems to come so quickly here, had fallen. We lost our way coming back, and just as we found it again, and

came in view of the city, a tall thin figure seemed suddenly to rise in our path. My valiant attendant was so frightened that he ran away, and I confess that although not given to nervous fears, I was a good deal shocked myself when the fellow spoke to me and told me that he was your brother Frederick, for I recognized his voice, and he looked very like a ghost."

"You have been quite sure that this has not been some one who looked like Frederick, and yet was not he?" asked Leopold.

"Why I once knew your brother very well, Von Gaetzner, and it would be impossible for me to mistake any one else for him, although he is very much altered."

"But you have said that it has been growing dark—so dark that you have missed your way before that you have seen him."

"That is true," said Lord Atherton, "but I made him come back with me. They were all at dinner in the hotel and this place was empty, so I brought him in, and I saw him by that light as distinctly as I now see you."

"Then this shall be enough, if that you have really known my brother, and you do say this man is he, that is enough, and you will tell me how that I may find him."

"But I do not know," said Leverett. "He may be still in Cairo, or have started for Alexandria. He intended to sail on Wednesday for Trieste."

"There is one other thing, which I shall ask it," said Von Gaetzner, rising from his seat, "that you will be so very kind, that you will tell me how much money this is which you have lent it to my brother."

"Oh! I do not know really," said Lord Atherton, red-

dening. "That is not a matter of the least consequence. It is entirely between Frederick and myself. He has helped me in many a scrape."

"But this matter it has come now to be of great consequence to me," said Leopold firmly and proudly. "I would give much of my life to feel that I had deserved it, that my brother should have trusted me, to come to me, as he has come to you, and I cannot allow that he shall take this money from another. You shall not grudge to me to tell me how much I am your debtor."

"Lord Atherton also arose, took out his pocket-book and hastily handed Leopold a folded paper which was in it

"That is poor Frederick's note," he said. "He insisted upon my taking it."

"I do most sincerely thank you," said Von Gaetzner. He took the paper eagerly, and gazed at it with anxious scrutiny.

"If you had shown me this before," he said, speaking very slowly, "I should not have doubted that it was Frederick von Gaetzner whom you should have seen—oh! no, for this is written in his handwriting, which I do remember quite well."

Heinrich Schülzel saw the young baron draw a pen and ink towards him, which was on the table, and fill in a cheque which he handed to the Englishman.

Then they shook hands and parted.

The listener had certainly not heard any good of himself but then he had gained a great deal of valuable information. He began to remember that it was long after the dinner hour at the Hotel Mirabeau, and that he had eaten nothing since his late breakfast.

CHAPTER LVI.

FREDERICK.

IT was about ten o'clock. The moon had set. The night was murky. The stars were hidden by a thin mist.

Leopold von Gaetzner had come out of his hotel, and was hastening down the street, when a dark figure suddenly stood before him wrapped in an Arab cloak.

"Ow és ay?" said Leopold promptly, congratulating himself upon his presence of mind.

To his astonishment a voice replied in German.

"You cannot deceive me, Leopold. I saw you in the broad light from the hotel door," and his arm was seized by a large nervous hand.

"I do not want to deceive you," said Leopold in a strained voice, which he vainly tried to render calm—while a shiver ran through him at the contact, as though at the touch of a corpse. He knew now that he was speaking to Frederick.

The grasp of the hand relaxed a little. It was so dark that Leopold could see none of Frederick's features but his eyes, and he was conscious of a feeling of relief as they moved slowly from his face.

"I have a story to tell," said Frederick in a changed tone, "a very strange story to tell to a friend—but I cannot find him. He has deceived me." He looked about him with a vague wandering gaze. Leopold felt a sudden pity for him.

"Tell the story to me, Frederick. I am your brother."

"Ah! It was all done for you," said Frederick, bringing his eyes back to Leopold's face

Leopold started.

"For me?" he said. "Surely not for me. I have not known anything about it, until very lately. I have never been quite sure of it until now; but I came back to Egypt to see you, Frederick, and to know the truth. I want very much to talk with you quietly. Let us walk back to my hotel."

But Frederick did not move. He was looking searchingly at Leopold. The stern suspicion of his first manner had returned.

"I like the open air best," he said. "I have had enough of confinement. If you wished to see me why did you leave Cairo before?"

A pang of shame infinitely bitter to his proud heart, made Leopold bow his head. He was silent.

Frederick withdrew his hand abruptly, and seemed about to decline all further conversation.

Leopold was conscious of a fierce struggle within, between pride and the determination which had brought him back to the East. Then he raised his head, and said firmly,

"Frederick, I mean to act fairly towards you, and you must trust me, for whatever you think of my past conduct, you may trust me now. Come with me." He laid his hand upon his brother's shoulder. Something in his touch or in his voice seemed to have a strong effect upon Frederick. Indeed there was a sort of magnetic force about Leopold, when he chose to exert it, which few persons could resist. His will had that kind of strength which comes of habitual

self-control, and seemed to have almost as much power over others as over himself.

His brother looked away for a moment as though uncertain, and then yielding to this influence which he felt dimly, like some animal which is bid to do that which it most dreads and does not dare refuse, he said, "I will come," in a tone of mechanical obedience. Leopold turned, and they walked back together. The lights in the hotel were beginning to go out. Leopold was glad to find few persons in the entry at Shepherd's through which they passed hastily and up stairs to Leopold's room. It was the same which he had had when he was first in Cairo. Here he had sat conscientiously plodding at his journal many an evening, while every now and then a doubt had obtruded itself upon his mind, more like an ugly fancy than a thought, as to the possibility of the existence of this brother who stood beside him now. The gas was turned down low. He closed the door to be secure against interruption, and then went to turn it up, but through excitement or through awkwardness, he did what we have all done occasionally—put it out instead. He felt for the matches on the stand beside the bed. They were not there. Then he heard a low exultant laugh. In spite of himself a feeling of horror began to creep over him. There had certainly been something odd and unnatural in his brother's manner, might he not be mad indeed? Mad from ill-treatment, if not mad from the first? He remembered that the Copt had not denied the possibility of Frederick's having been driven to distraction by all he had been through, and what result would be more natural from ten years in an insane asylum? To be sure, Lord Atherton had only seen him for a little while. Leopold shivered. He expected every moment to feel the

grasp of that cold wiry hand. What if it should be upon his throat? He felt in all his pockets desperately. Here were matches at last—but the lid of the box would not open, it seemed an hour before he could get one out to strike it, and now the gas streamed up and lighted the whole room.

He looked where he had left Frederick standing by the door—he was not there. Leopold felt a draught of air upon his shoulder, and turning perceived that Frederick had opened one of the windows which look down upon the court yard some fifty feet below, and was sitting on the window-sill with his legs outside the window.

“Mein Gott! Frederick, if you fall, you will be killed!”

“Oh, I have been dead for a long while,” said Frederick sardonically, “but I like to be sure of my retreat for I have tried captivity also, and I rather prefer death.”

It was evident that he had misunderstood the locking of the door.

“So all this time he has been afraid of me,” thought Leopold. He could have smiled, but Frederick’s expression and attitude spoke so eloquently of the oppression and persecution which had made him so suspicious of his liberty that he felt only pain and compunction. He sat down at a little distance from the window and the act seemed to give confidence to his visitor, for he cautiously drew himself back into the room. His forehead and the shape of his face were like Leopold’s, but his hair and eyes were darker, and there was a want of purpose almost amounting to weakness about his mouth. He looked frightfully pale in the gaslight and haggard and worn, and his eyes wandered uneasily about but there was nothing to indicate madness—only an aspect of extreme misery. A deep sense of compassion—a tendere

purser, feeling than he had perhaps ever felt before, took possession of Leopold.

"You have suffered too much, Frederick," he said, trying by his firm and quiet bearing to silence the distrust which it was only natural that Frederick should entertain, "I could not wrong you further. When I was last in Cairo, I was led to suspect that you might still be living, and yet I could not believe in you. You seemed to me like a spirit whom I had raised by my incantations, almost a creation of my brain. I was afraid of you." Frederick laughed, a scornful laugh.

"Was it of me, Leopold, or my title to the estate?" he asked.

Leopold bit his lip until the blood came. "I never cared for the estate," he said proudly. "My ambition was of a different kind."

He rose hastily from his seat and strode impatiently up and down the room. For a moment he forgot Frederick in himself. His ambition *was*. Yes, he had said it! Whatever ambition he had had existed no longer. This strange suffering being had killed it. It had been dying by inches, all the years that Frederick had lived in torment, but Leopold only knew now that it was dead, and yet he almost felt himself called upon to account for his delinquency in not having relinquished it before.

"I ought to have stayed here and learned more of you, and I knew that I ought when I returned to Vienna," he said hoarsely, "but I also felt it my duty to my father to tell him what I had discovered, and to learn from his own lips whether he was innocent or guilty."

"Well what did you learn?" said Frederick.

"Nothing from him. He seemed to know nothing about

you, and to believe nothing. This made me doubt the story which I had heard."

"Then you believed him?" asked Frederick satirically. He seemed to have rallied all his powers of attention. His eyes no longer wandered, but were fixed on Leopold with a kind of cunning scrutiny.

"Yes," said Leopold, "and I do not see why I should not now believe, that he has been as much deceived as I have."

"Then why did you come back to Cairo?"

"I discovered what gave me reason to suspect that Heinrich Schützel was playing a double game between you and my father."

"You little know your father, Leopold," said Frederick, speaking more frankly, if more bitterly, than he had done before. "You may thank God that you have not had cause to know him as I do. He is my mortal enemy."

"I have no doubt that you have been led to think so."

"I have known all my life, Leopold, that he hated, and was jealous of me. It was his direct interest to get rid of me, and Heinrich Schützel has been but an instrument in his hands."

"But you have given this Schützel good cause to hate you on his own account Frederick. Why may he not have acted as he has done purely from revenge?"

"Because Heinrich Schützel could no more have devised this plot, than my uncle could have carried it out without his aid," said Frederick, answering with a directness and decision of which Leopold would not have supposed him capable.

"It is very strange," he said, "that I never knew before

my return to Vienna, that my father was not your father. I thought that you were my own brother, and that my uncle Leopold had died without an heir."

"Oh! I dare say," said Frederick fiercely. "I have no doubt that when your father named you after my father, he meant you to be his heir. Hypocrite! scoundrel! villain!" he exclaimed, springing to his feet. "It makes me shudder to remember that my mother married him. But forgive me, Leopold. She was your mother too, and he is your father." He sat down as though exhausted, and neither spoke for some moments.

Leopold had listened in a sort of painful dream to what his brother said. He would have given the world to have been able to silence him, by an indignant assertion of faith in the man whom he thus apostrophized, and who was his own father, but he could not.

The memory of the perfectly unprejudiced account which the Princess Leidergow had given of the manner in which Baron von Gaetzner had first come to Glen Hausen as a visitor, returned to him, and the wonder which she had expressed at her cousin's having married him after the death of her first husband. He recollected the suspicions of his father which he had entertained after learning that Frederick was not his son, but had a prior right to the estate, and he remembered that these suspicions had been shamed into oblivion by Baron von Gaetzner's apparent innocence and incredulity.

"I do not know," he said coldly, "whether you are doing my father a great injustice, or whether he has entirely deceived me, but I intend to give him the benefit of the doubt. I will not believe that he is guilty, until I see it proved.

Meanwhile I wish to do all in my power to repair the injustice done to you. What are your plans? "

All the fire and excitement had died out of Frederick's face, and the look of indecision which Leopold had first noticed there, returned to it.

"I do not know—yet—" he said in a hurried suspicious manner. "I—I cannot find my friend. I must see my wife."

"Your wife, Frederick?" said Leopold gravely. "Do you mean that poor girl whom you ran away with? "

"I mean Gretchen, my wife!" cried Frederick, and for an instant all the pride of the Von Gaetzners looked from his eyes. "We were married the day after I took her from Glen Hausen."

"Where were you married?" asked Leopold quietly.

"Where?" said Frederick haughtily. "Why in Vienna of course. Your father knew that I was married. I wrote to him and told him so, and said that I was going to live in Egypt until I came of age, to be free of the annoyance of the debts which he refused to pay."

"Indeed!" said Leopold.

"You see I was very angry with your father," pursued Frederick, "because I had gone down to Glen Hausen about three weeks before, and found the place much changed. He would not allow me a gulden of my own money even to pay my debts of honor, and yet he had been making what he called improvements on the property and had done away with many of the old landmarks. The law gave him this power, for he had been left my guardian after my mother by my father's will, but my mother had never allowed anything to be touched during her lifetime. I was enraged beyond

measure, but I was powerless. I walked into the dining-hall, where he was sitting with his guests, and I bade him use his power then, for that the time would come when it would cease. I was a fool to defy him, for he was probably bent upon my ruin from that hour. We had a scene, and afterwards I was taken very ill. When I was better I went away, but I had fallen in love with Gretchen, who helped to take care of me, and I knew that she cared for me. I could not bear the idea of her marrying that sleek-faced Schützel, and I came back and tempted her away."

"It is all very strange," said Leopold, in a troubled tone.

"Very—very—strange," said Frederick bitterly. "If you had been dragged away from your home in the midst of a severe illness, as I was, and shut up among a crowded company of madmen, there to live or die ; if you had escaped after ten years of confinement to find your only child had been stolen away and murdered, your home destroyed by your creditors who had been set upon your track, and your wife obliged to work for her living—you would find it very strange that such things could be."

"Why did you not proclaim your name at once, and place yourself under the protection of the law, here in Cairo?"

"Frederick laughed scornfully. "What protection would the law give in Cairo, unless it was paid for it?" he asked. "You know little of the justice of the Turks."

"There is one thing in which you are mistaken, and in which I know that you do my father injustice," said Leopold. "He knew nothing of the abduction of your child, and the boy has not been murdered. He still lives!"

"My son!" cried Frederick, "Gretchen's child. Did you say that he was living?"

"Yes," said Leopold. "He is still living, and has been well cared for by his grandmother, old Rachel, with whom Schützel placed him, after he carried him away from—from your wife."

"How can that be when Schützel wrote to my wife, and told her that he was dead?" asked Frederick incredulously.

"Why he should have written to tell her that he was dead," said Leopold, "I do not know, for it seems a touch of cruelty beyond any of the other barbarities with which this wretch has pursued his revenge, but I can assure you that I saw your child on the day that I left Glen Hausen."

"At Glen Hausen!" exclaimed Frederick, "my child at Glen Hausen!—Leopold, you are not deceiving me?"

"I swear to you," said Leopold solemnly, "that I believe your child to be at Glen Hausen living and well, and now, Frederick, what are your plans? I know through Lord Atherton that you intend to return to Vienna, but when?"

"I have told you," said Frederick pettishly, "that I must see my wife first. I must see her now at once! I must tell her that our child is living. Oh, thank you, thank you!" he exclaimed with a sudden change of manner, "You have given me new hope!"

He had approached the door, but he turned back, and held out his hand impulsively.

Leopold took it with an answering impulse of brotherly affection, but he laid his other hand on Frederick's shoulder detainingly. "I am afraid to have you go away from me, Frederick," he said, "for I think that Heinrich Schützel is in Cairo, and I fear that he is on your track." Frederick's whole aspect changed. A wild look of despair and hatred flashed into his eyes. He cast a hasty shuddering glance

around him, and then covered his face with his hands as though to shut out some revolting image.

"He is not here," said Leopold, reassuringly, as though speaking to a child.

But nevertheless Frederick cast another uneasy glance behind him. "I always think that he is following me," he said. "Day or night I am not free from the memory of his face."

"If you will stay in this hotel with me, Frederick, I will go with you to Alexandria, and remain with you until your ship sails," said Leopold. "Heinrich will have no power to injure you, while you are under my protection."

Frederick again looked at Leopold, with the fearful half-credulous expression which was so natural a result of his sad experience, and yet so hard for Leopold to meet, upon the threshold of his awakening affection and effort at self-forgetfulness, but the remembrance of his own old scepticism came to his assistance.

"Why should he not doubt me?" he asked himself. "After such a life as his, who would not doubt everything?"

"I will offer you a pledge of my good faith, Frederick," he said aloud, and drawing a small case containing a miniature from his pocket, he handed it to Frederick. It was the miniature of his mother.

Frederick looked surprised, but he took the miniature, and when he saw whom it represented, he looked at it long and reverently. Then he passed his hand across his eyes, and fixed them upon Leopold.

"Forgive me," he said earnestly, and he again held out his hand. "I will believe in you!"

That his half-brother should dare to refer to the mother, who belonged equally to both of them, was to his emotional nature the most convincing proof of his sincerity, and thus it befell, that for the first time since childhood the brothers lay down side by side to rest.

CHAPTER LVII.

TEMPTATION.

LORD ATHERTON was walking through the Ghorééh Bazaar the next morning, when his attention was attracted by two voices in conversation just behind him. It was partly the contrast in the tone of the two voices which struck him, and partly the extraordinary English which one of the talkers made use of.

He looked back, and saw that this speaker was an Egyptian, but a hasty glance did not enable him to decide the nationality of the other. He had a smooth face, and grizzled hair, and keen dark eyes. His lips and lower jaw were peculiarly German, but he wore a fez, and this puzzled Lord Atherton.

He was holding out some gold pieces to his companion, and speaking in a wheedling, coaxing tone.

"All—this you shall have—nay, more than this if you will, but come with me to some retired spot where we can talk over this affair," he said.

"I do not wish to conversation with you," said the Egyptian, whom the reader will recognize as our old friend Joseph.

"If I should journey with you at all, it should be to Shepherd's hotel, to Baron von Gaetzner, that he might speculate you, and imbibe all that you say!"

The tone of honest indignation in which these extraor-

dinary words were spoken amused Lord Atherton, and he was struck by the name of Baron von Gaetzner. It was rather a rare thing for an Egyptian to be seen refusing money, and his lordship paused near the speakers, who had come to a stand-still. He was opposite to a shop for old armor, Damascus cutlery, etc., and he picked up a curious carved dagger in a wrought case, as though struck by its beauty. The vender of antiquities immediately invited the *Howaji* to walk up into his shop, and be seated, offering him some delicious hot black coffee poured from a gracefully shaped coffee-pot into delicate porcelain cups, called "fingan," placed in "zarf," or outer cups of the finest silver filigree.

Lord Atherton thanked the merchant, but courteously declined his hospitality. He was hardly conscious what he said, however, for he was listening all this time to the persuasive tones of one of the two men behind him.

Heinrich Schützel was speaking very low, but the Englishman heard what he said distinctly.

"If you will tell me where to find Hassan, I will make you a rich man. You shall have thirty, sixty, ninety napoleons. You shall marry Netita now—to-day if you will,—and no one shall know that you have told me."

"I have no conception to be a traitor, not for any gold," said Joseph, "not for Netita," but it must be confessed that the last words were pronounced in a tone of conscious heroism.

"I shall find Frederick von Gaetzner," said the tempter, forgetting to be cautious in his eagerness—"without you, but you might help me in several ways, and you might as well have the money. Just think of it! Ninety napoleons! It will be many years before you can lay by as

much as that. Have you not long been wishing to be married to Netita?"

"What is this concerning to you?" asked the Copt roughly. "No more of this narration. Netita might not be married to a traitor." Just then Lord Atherton wheeled round and faced them. No sooner did Heinrich Schützel see him, than he recognized the person with whom Leopold von Gaetzner had been talking in the kéosk on the previous evening. He knew his danger, and turned and fled.

"Seize that man!" cried the Englishman, but the bystanders did not understand him, and although Joseph did his best to obey the command, when he and Lord Atherton reached the end of the bazaar, breathless with the exertion of struggling through the crowd of men and women and beasts of burden, Heinrich Schützel was nowhere to be seen.

"The slippery rascal!" exclaimed his lordship in a tone of great disgust. "It must have been that fellow Schützel."

"Yes, gentleman, it has been," said the Copt.

"I'll tell you what it is," said Lord Atherton. "You are a devilish good fellow and I mean to give you money enough to be married on."

Joseph looked thunder-struck.

"You venture money to me?" he said, "and for what?"

"No matter for what," said Lord Atherton, "but I had some money paid me last night, which I never expected to see again—or wanted to, for that matter—and I am going to give it to you. You shall have the ninety napoleons which that villain was talking about."

Schützel meanwhile was resting, and taking his breakfast at the Hotel Mirabeau.

"I found out one thing, at least," he said to himself,

"that Baron Leopold is staying at Shephard's Hotel, but I might have found out that last evening if I had not been in such a hurry for my dinner. I was a fool to run such a risk to-day. I knew nothing could be done with that pig-headed Egyptian!"

As soon as the meal was over, he went out again, and directed his steps towards Shephard's. He found his friend the clerk as brisk and communicative as ever.

"Baron von Gaetzner," he repeated. "Oh! yes, that is his trunk which is being brought down now."

"Has he any one with him?"

"Certainly. A friend who spent the night here. They are both starting for Alexandria."

It was about four in the afternoon when Mrs. Willoughby and Margaret reached Alexandria. Being alone and unprotected, except by the valiant and experienced Morton, they confided themselves to the tender mercies of a "commissionaire" from the Hotel d'Europe, and having been safely piloted through the dangers of the custom house—to which the dangers of the harbor were nothing—they drove to the hotel.

"I hope Leverett or some one will be there to meet us," said Mrs. Willoughby.

Margaret said nothing.

The "commissionaire" had entered before them and a polite waiter stepped forward to show them to their rooms.

"Let us look at the register first," said Mrs. Willoughby. "We are expecting some friends." Accordingly they went and turned over the visitors' book, but what was Mrs. Wil-

loughby's surprise when the first name which met her eye was that of Leopold von Gaetzner.

"Is Baron von Gaetzner still here?" she asked.

"Yes madam, he has only just arrived with another gentleman. They have gone to their rooms."

Margaret turned very pale.

"Oh! mamma, I cannot see him!" she cried, "I cannot indeed."

"Do not be so foolish Margaret," said Mrs. Willoughby. "The first meeting will be awkward, I know, but it will soon be over and you will be quite at your ease with one another. How fortunate that we did not miss him by going to the 'Peninsular and Oriental,' as I thought of doing. No doubt he has come on purpose to meet us. I wonder whom he has brought with him?"

Thus rapidly and cheerfully did Mrs. Willoughby converse, even after they reached their own room, in the hope of sustaining her daughter's flagging spirits, but with small success. Margaret made no attempt to remove her travel-stained garments, as her mother wished her to do, and refused to allow Morton to take off her hat, and brush her hair. She dismissed the maid with an impatience very unlike her usual gentle manner, and when she was gone, she flung herself down on the bed, and gave way to a paroxysm of tears.

"Oh! mamma, mamma," she sobbed bitterly, "if you only had not persuaded me to write that fatal note! I have not had one happy moment since!"

"Hush, hush! Margaret—you are tired out, my dear," said her mother soothingly. "You will feel very differently when you are rested and have had your dinner."

But Margaret only sobbed on without speaking. Her

mother sat down by the bed, and stroked her daughter's hair. She did not feel by any means so cheerfully as she spoke, nor so confident as she had been two weeks before of her own wisdom.

The death of the first Lord Atherton had been the subject of great public lamentation on the part of Mrs. Willoughby, but it had not been half so great a shock to her as the news of the fatal accident of his son and heir. She was perhaps one of the few persons in the world who had had a fondness for Clarence Willoughby. She had felt a pride in being called aunt by the future Lord Atherton, and had accepted his conceited patronage with an obsequiousness not uncommon in arrogant natures, when brought in contact with those who assume more than themselves. But I am sorry to say that it was not entirely owing to her fondness for her nephew that she felt his sudden death, but because it was an event which she could never in the remotest degree have foreseen, and it somehow shook her faith in herself. She could not help remembering that if she had only left things alone, instead of interfering between Margaret and her cousin Leverett, and bending every effort to keep them apart, her daughter might have had the title which she so coveted for her, and at the same time have satisfied her own heart. Somehow the moral objections to Leverett Willoughby as a husband for her daughter did not seem to exist for Lord Atherton in Mrs. Willoughby's liberal mind, but of course now it was too late to think of these things, for Leverett was engaged to be married, and on the whole, Mrs. Willoughby had done the best she could for Margaret. She had secured her a high position, a most unexceptionable husband, and the prospect of a fine estate. How she had done it, it was not

worth while to reflect too minutely. It was certainly unfortunate that Margaret should be making herself so unhappy. What a foolish girl she was to be crying her eyes out, because she could not bear the idea of marrying a man whom she did not love. Why had she accepted him? She had done it of her own free will, with very little persuasion from her mother. In the mood she was in that morning at Glen Hausen before Leopold went away, only a few words were needed to hasten her into writing the note which had bound her for life.

Thus Mrs. Willoughby sat and thought, while her daughter lay weeping beside her. She was sorry for Margaret, but it never occurred to her to try to help the girl to regain the freedom which she had lost, and which she mourned too late. At last Margaret sobbed herself to sleep, and when dinner time came Mrs. Willoughby went down alone. She was ushered to a seat near the head of the table, but she looked about vainly for Baron von Gaetzner.

She was beginning to wonder what had become of him when the two brothers entered very late, at the far end of the room. Mrs. Willoughby was too intent upon greeting her future son-in-law, to notice with more than a glance the person who came in with him. She saw that he was neither Lord Ather-ton nor Mr. Curzon, but he sat down at the lower end of the table, and she thought no more about him. Leopold was surprised at seeing Mrs. Willoughby, for he supposed her to be still at Glen Hausen, but he came forward at once to speak to her, and to ask after Margaret.

After mutual inquiries and explanations, not quite so full and satisfactory on the part of Leopold as to the business which had so suddenly called him to Cairo, as Mrs. Wil-

loughby could have desired, the young Baron excused himself. "I am here, and it is with my brother Frederick von Gaetzner," he said very gravely, "so that I must leave you. but if you will be so very kind that you shall permit me a few moments when I will talk with you after dinner, then I shall be well pleased."

Mrs. Willoughby was very much startled, at the mention of his brother. "Can it be an older brother?" she asked herself uneasily. "I thought he told me that he had no brother." She looked curiously at Frederick.

He no longer presented the wild unkempt appearance which he had in Cairo, and one could see, now that his hair was cut, that his head was not so finely shaped as that of his younger brother, but dressed in a quiet and gentlemanly manner, he was still a fine looking man. He had less intellect and less force of character in his face than Leopold, but more vivacity. Mrs. Willoughby looked upon him with wonder and dismay. No dinner had ever seemed to her so long as this one, but by and by it ended, and then she and Leopold went into the reading-room together. They were not there long.

He simply told her that his half-brother, who was a great traveller had not been heard of for a long while, and had been supposed dead, but that he had now returned, and was on his way to Vienna, where he would take possession of his property. He then carefully explained that Frederick was the son of his father's older brother, and heir to the estate of Glen Hausen, so that he found himself much less wealthy than he had supposed, and felt it his duty to inform Miss Willoughby of the great change in his fortunes. Mrs. Willoughby was in despair, but she was very guarded in what she said to

Von Gaetzner and merely told him that she thought that Margaret would like to see him later. She went up stairs, and as she went she took counsel with herself. It would be best that Margaret should know nothing of this change of fortune in her lover, she decided, and she came close to the side of the bed, where the girl was lying very still with her eyes closed.

"Margaret," she said.

"Yes, mamma."

"I have been thinking about it, dear, and if you are really so unhappy, perhaps it would be better to break off your engagement."

"You know I cannot do that, mamma, because I am pledged."

"But you might see Baron von Gaetzner, and ask him to release you."

"You told me that it would not be honorable to do that."

"I did not know then that you were going to make yourself so miserable."

"After all, what difference does it make?" asked Margaret, looking hopelessly mournful, "only I would rather not do anything dishonorable, because I feel humbled enough without that."

"Oh, well, my dear, I would not resign myself to being unhappy all my life for the sake of an overstrained sense of honor," said her mother.

"It is my own fault, of course," said Margaret sadly. Mrs. Willoughby had gained little. She took another tack.

"This engagement was a hasty affair at any rate," she said. "It is possible that Baron von Gaetzner himself did not have sufficient time to think about it."

"Do you think so?" asked Margaret, "I never thought of that."

"I cannot see what harm it would be," continued her mother, "for you to say something about your having acted with a little too much precipitancy, and then see how he takes it."

"Perhaps not," said Margaret doubtfully.

Meanwhile Leopold had gone out for an evening walk. He was alone, for Frederick seemed very tired, and went early to his room. Without any definite object, and scarcely noticing whither he went, Leopold found himself in the great Frank Square, in the centre of which stood the equestrian statue of Mohammed Ali, which had never been unveiled because it was discovered after it was mounted on the pedestal, that by accident the horse's tail was turned towards Mecca. It loomed white and indefinite in the moonlight, which was very bright this evening, and seemed to fill Leopold with a restless longing. A thousand memories, thrilling, mysterious, which seemed irrevocably associated with Egypt crowded upon him. It was not in vain that Cleopatra had lived and died for love in Alexandria. Shattered and prone as lay the one vestige of her name, that slender fallen obelisk was not all that remained of the great Queen, for still her subtle power breathed through the heavy air, and wooed men to forgetfulness of duty, of ambition, of everything, but love. So it seemed to Leopold as he wandered on, leaving the great square behind him, until he came in view of the wide harbor, and the full moon rode high in the sky, and the water reflected her silver light between the shadows of the waves. Leopold's nature has been described as slow to anger, indeed it was difficult to rouse his passions of any kind, but once

roused they were all the stronger that he had not the habit of feeling or controlling them. He could not understand the fever which possessed him this evening. His whole being seemed on fire. He was conscious of but one sensation, and that was a great longing against which he fought with all the force of his intellect and his will.

"For what am I come to Egypt?" he asked himself, "surely not for this. I am here to do an act of reparation. To right a great wrong, not to yield to a weakness which will dishonor me. To pluck madly at a forbidden fruit!"

It was not safe out in the moonlight, he determined to go back to the hotel. He would see Margaret Willoughby. There was something sweet and wholesome about Margaret which might drive away this madness, and seeing her would at least be facing the actual conditions of his life, as he had made it for himself.

There had been a dark figure dogging his footsteps through all his walk, but Leopold had not seen it. He had been too intent upon his own thoughts. He had been mistaken for his brother by Heinrich Schützel, who had followed them to Alexandria, and carried always a pair of loaded pistols at his belt. Leopold never knew that, as he turned a sudden corner out of a narrow dark street in returning to the great square, the brilliancy of the moonlight, which chanced to light up his whole face, saved his life.

CHAPTER LVIII.

A LAST ACCOUNT.

IT was a rainy morning—a rare thing in Egypt, but possible. Miss Willoughby had been too tired to see Baron von Gaetzner on the evening before, when he had returned to his hotel in Alexandria. She was waiting for him now in the reading room, dressed in her travelling dress, with her golden hair uncovered. Her white hands were clasped on the other, but they trembled as they lay in her lap before her.

“I am most glad that I may see you, Fraulein,” said Leopold, entering and bowing gravely.

Margaret looked up questioningly into his face. Her own was very pale. “I was very sorry not to feel well enough to see you last evening, Baron von Gaetzner,” she said timidly. “I was very tired after my journey.”

“I have also regretted this,” said Leopold, “for I am to sail for Trieste with my brother this afternoon, and I may not have the great pleasure that I shall see you soon again.

Margaret hardly noticed this mention of his brother, so intent was she upon getting said what she wished to say. “—I wanted to see you too,” she said, rushing into the midst of things, “because I wanted to tell you how, how unhappy I have been ever since I wrote that note, and told you that I would be your wife. I cannot bear to think of givin

up my country, and my home, and—and I do not think that I care for any one enough to marry him.”

“Do I understand you, Fraulein, that you have not really loved me?” he asked, as if he could hardly believe in so great a fault, but a suspicion crossed his mind, which made him speak bitterly, although he had never pretended even to himself that he loved Margaret. His feeling for her had been one of tender respect and admiration however, and he could not bear to think that she was capable of the meanness of which he now suspected her. The doubt gave him such pain that he determined to put an end to it. “Your mother, Fraulein Margaret,” he said sternly, seeing that she did not answer his last question, “Your mother has she told to you of the message which I have given her last evening, and it has been for you?”

“Of a message,” repeated Margaret, “What message? No, she did not give me any message.”

“I am glad of this,” said Leopold, “and I do hope that you are very sure of this which you have told to me.”

“What was the message, Baron von Gaetzner?” asked Margaret, drying her tears and looking up.

“I have asked your mother, Mrs. Willoughby, to tell to you of my great change in fortunes, and that I am now much a poorer man than when I have offered myself to you.”

“You told mamma that!” cried Margaret, in a tone of horror and amazement, much too genuine to have been assumed. “Oh! Baron von Gaetzner! what must you think of me?” she rose from her seat as she spoke with the dignity of frankness, and held out her hand to him. “Will you not forget what I have just said?” she asked. “Will you not

Leopold could not refuse to take the hand, but he did so proudly and coldly. "I have understood you, Fräulein," he said, "and I think now that I do understand your mother, but I cannot quite forget what you have said, and how you have felt, and so it is best that we shall part."

Margaret said nothing. What could she say? She was pained and mortified to the very depth of her candid gentle nature. An hour later, she and her mother and their maid were journeying towards Cairo, but there had been no words between Mrs. Willoughby and her daughter on the subject of Baron von Gaetzner.

Mrs. Willoughby felt quite sure that she had gained her point, and she was glad, but if she had but known it, she had lost far more than she had gained. We are not referring to the hero of this tale, whom she could no longer look upon as a future son-in-law, but to the trust and confidence of her own daughter, which were gone from her forever.

A steamer bound for Trieste was towed out into the harbor at about five that afternoon.

This vessel lay side by side with a merchant ship, bound for the same port, and Heinrich Schützel had managed to get himself taken on the merchantman as a passenger, after using the name of his friend Yates, the fruit importer in Vienna, as an introduction to the captain. He carried his bag on board, and left it early in the afternoon, and inquired at what hour the ship would sail. At half-past six, the captain told him. So he went on shore again. He was nervous and excited this evening, instead of taking things quietly and comfortably as usual. He watched the groups of people assembling on the wharf, the busy porters coming and going, and listened to the strange cries of fruit and water venders,

with a kind of uneasiness and impatience which grew as the afternoon advanced, but when at last a carriage drove up and the two Barons von Gaetzner stepped out of it, he was suddenly overcome with fear, a feeling as uncommon to him as that of impatience. He drew back hastily behind a pile of trunks and boxes, while the two brothers passed, and waited until they had left the shore in a small row-boat, before he ventured to embark. It was growing dark as he approached the steamer. If it had not been, Heinrich would not have ventured to go on board. The sea was rough. He left his little row-boat tossing about upon the white-capped waves under the shadow of the larger vessel, and springing with great agility caught hold of the rope ladder which served as a companion-way, and climbed it with rapid stealthy steps. He had not resolved what he was going to do, but he knew that the time was very short in which he could do anything. He glided through the busy crowd, looking anxiously for Frederick and Leopold von Gaetzner, but he could not see them. He began to fear lest they might not be on board. Could they have taken passage in any other vessel?

Just then he saw the tall slender figure of Frederick von Gaetzner. He was standing quite alone. Evidently Leopold had left him to go below for some necessary arrangement about their luggage. Frederick was leaning over the bulwarks looking down into the water. Here was Schützels chance. He did not give himself a moment to deliberate. The great steamer was rolling from side to side, only balanced by the weight of her heavy machinery, and as she keeled over on the side where they were standing, Heinrich walked quickly towards Frederick, and before he was conscious of any one's being near him, gave him a sudden push, which

sent him headlong into the dark water. There was a shout of "man overboard." Leopold was coming up from below when he heard it. He rushed out in time to see Frederick rise to the surface of the water, and sprang in to save him. A life-boat was lowered and Frederick was picked up in a few moments, but not Leopold. The brothers had been seen for one instant, clasping each other closely, but when Frederick's body rose for the third time Leopold's did not rise. What had become of him? Some thought he had struck his head against a hidden rock, others that he had been seized with sudden cramp—but what seemed still more likely was the supposition that he had come up under one of the many boats which crowded about the steamer, and gone down again. There was a long search, but it was impossible to see anything as the night drew on; Frederick was still senseless when finally the vessel weighed anchor, and steamed out of the harbor.

The merchantman had sailed an hour before. Heinrich Schützel had easily escaped from the steamer, in the confusion, and reached the ship in his little rowboat, just as it got under weigh.

Baron von Gaetzner had returned to Vienna. His holiday was over and he was once more at work. That is at what the Baron called work. He was sitting in his library very much as we first saw him, except that he was reading, not merely holding a book. It has been mentioned that the doorway of this room was arched, and that across it was drawn a heavy curtain of red velvet, but there was a sliding door behind the curtain which exactly fitted in the doorway, and insured the Baron's privacy whenever he wished to be

alone. It chanced that this door was closed to-day, and the Baron looked up as though displeased when he heard it slowly rolling back.

"Who is there?" he asked, without moving or looking up. There was no answer, but some one had stepped into the room. The Baron raised his head and his eyes encountered those of Heinrich Schützel. Heinrich looked very unlike himself, for there was an expression of suffering in his face which his master had never seen before. His eyes roved about uneasily. He was very pale.

"Well, Schützel," said the Baron, "what news? You look as if you might have something of interest to tell me?"

"Is the Herr Baron quite alone?" asked Schützel, glancing from side to side, and peering into all the corners of the room.

"Quite alone, and at your service, my good Schützel."

"Perhaps the Herr Baron will be kind enough to lock the door?"

Baron von Gaetzner rose with a sarcastic smile upon his lips, and walked to the door. He took a slender dead-latch key from his pocket and turned it in the lock. Heinrich was one of the few who knew of this key, which he always carried on his person, for there was another much larger one which was kept on the outside of the door.

"We are secure now against interruption," said his master.

Then Heinrich began his tale.

The Baron listened patiently to every detail of Schützel's adventures in Cairo, of his return to Alexandria, of the mistake which he came so near making between Leopold and Frederick—of his going on board the steamer, as it lay at anchor, and of the accident which had befallen Frederick.

"Was he drowned?" asked the Baron eagerly.

"I did not know at the time," said Heinrich, again glancing behind him as he spoke. "I saw the Baron Leopold spring into the water after him, and one of the bodies was picked up, but I did not know which one until I reached Trieste. Then I learned that it was the Baron Frederick who had arrived some days before, but was lying dangerously ill at the hotel, while the Baron Leopold had not been rescued."

"Do you mean that Leopold is dead, and Frederick living?" asked the Baron furiously.

Schützel recoiled before his anger, but he could not answer.

"For what have you come to me?" asked Baron von Gaetzner, suddenly dropping his voice, and speaking in a smooth cynical tone. "Did you think that I would reward you?"

"No, I did not," said Schützel, in a broken voice. "I knew that I had done my work badly. I hated it. I was afraid of it, but I tried to do it for you."

"This sentiment is all very well," said the Baron scornfully, "after making such a botch of the affair; but you see to forget that you refused to undertake it on any but the strictest business terms."

"And I have failed," said Heinrich, "at least I may have failed, and so I ask no compensation. I have told the Baron all that has happened, and if he will permit me, I will now leave him." He glided rapidly towards the door, and tried to open it, forgetting that it was fastened.

Baron von Gaetzner watched him with an evil smile.

"Not quite so fast, my good Schützel," he said tauntingly.

"You should not have asked me to lock the door if you wished to escape from *me*. Really I had no idea at the time of what a necessary precaution I was taking."

"I do not want to escape," said Heinrich, turning back sullenly.

"That is fortunate," said the Baron, "for I have no idea of letting you out of my sight, until I learn whether this precious nephew of mine recovers. In case he should do so you might be useful."

"How so?" There was a subdued menace in Heinrich's voice, and in his eyes, as he asked this question, but the Baron did not notice it except with pleasure at feeling that this man at least was in his power, even if Frederick should escape him.

"Of course if Baron Frederick von Gaetzner junior turns up in Vienna, and claims his rights in open court," he said, "I will simply hand you over to the justice which you deserve. There will be no difficulty in making it appear that I knew nothing of this scheming of yours, for your private motive will seem enough to every one to have prompted such a course, and no one will believe your word against mine. It was really very clever in you to ask me to lock the door."

Heinrich Schützels had become deadly pale. He approached Baron von Gaetzner very slowly, walking with difficulty as though oppressed with some physical weakness. When he had come quite close to him he looked into his eyes for a moment with the intensest hatred in his narrow gaze and slowly drew a pistol from his belt. The Baron started.

"Take care, Schützels," he said, rising from his seat. "What are you going to do with that?"

"The Herr Baron von Gaetzner should not have locked

himself in with a desperate man," said Schützel, and same instant he took aim and fired. There was a sharp report and then a heavy fall, and all was over, for the ball had gone straight through the Baron's heart. Heinrich Schützel almost have escaped, so great was the confusion and of those who burst into the room, after breaking down the door, but he did not make the least attempt to do so, but quietly allowed himself to be taken and bound, and conveyed to prison ; and when the time of his trial came it was for a single crime of murder. He was convicted without a dissentient voice, and he confessed his crime, but he never told of his attempt upon the life of Frederick von Gaetzner, nor of one word of all that he had done in Cairo under the name of his master Baron von Gaetzner. Once only did he open his lips upon the subject of Frederick's son. He said that Baron von Gaetzner had supposed the boy dead, as his father and mother, but that he had chosen to preserve his life and to preserve it as a secret.



CHAPTER LIX.

A WEDDING GUEST.

“**T**HIS Copt is like an ancient Norseman,” said Edward Ogden. “He will have a skeleton at his feast.”

The feast which Edward referred to was a wedding-banquet, and the skeleton was himself.

He was standing before a tall narrow mirror, framed in gilt and sandal wood, which was the only article of furniture in his apartment which he did not consider strictly in keeping with (what he called) the properties of the scene. It was very beautiful of its kind, but Ogden thought that it had probably been brought from India by some rich Englishman, who had lingered in Egypt on his way home, and forgotten to take it with him when he went back to England.

The figure which the glass reflected was so thin and emaciated that one could almost detect the bones of the skeleton through the flesh which covered them—but we clothe our skeletons in these days and try to forget their ghastlier aspects, and so Edward was dressed with extreme care, and wore a real orange blossom, by way of a wedding favor, in his buttonhole. The occasion which he was prepared to honor was the marriage of Joseph the Copt, who was to be joined to Netita, the object of his respectful and ardent devotion. Ogden and his sister had become much interested in the youthful pair, and it was a fancy of Edward's that Joseph should have a grand wedding, such as would have

become the richest of his nation, and his sect. It was perhaps a foolish fancy as far as Joseph himself was concerned, since the money would have been more valuable to him if spent in some other way, but Clara did not care whether it was wise or foolish. She was determined that her brother should not be debarred from any pleasure which he could enjoy, or that any wish should be ungratified. Galena Endicott, who had returned with her father and sister to Cairo, highly disapproved of this weakness in her cousin, but her disapproval was of small avail.

"Everything shall be exactly as you would have it, darling," Clara had said to Edward in the morning of which I am writing, and so it was.

The Patriarch of Alexandria, who is the visible head of the Coptic church, chanced to be in Cairo, and nothing would satisfy Edward short of his performing the marriage service. But the festivities began with a banquet which Joseph gave to his friends and patrons in a modest little house which he had purchased in the Coptic Quarter near the Uzbekééh, with part of the money with which Lord Atherton had rewarded him for his incorruptibility.

Edward was waiting for the carriage which was to take him and his sister to the feast, and his expectations ran high. There were to be some wonderful hollow balls of sugar prepared by a skillful cook, and into these were to be inserted living pigeons, which would fly out when they were broken, amid the admiration of the guests. This was an old Coptic custom, and very necessary to be observed, for the direction and manner in which the birds flew was of great importance as an omen.

Just before the carriage came to the door, Edward called

to his sister, "I feel rather faint, Clara," he said, "I think I will lie down."

She hastened to him, and helped him to the bed. She trembled as she looked at him, for his face was ghastly pale. He touched the wine which she offered with his lips, and then put it away.

"Clara," he said, "did you not say that Margaret Willoughby had come back to Cairo?"

"Yes, Edward, she came here yesterday to ask after you."

"Was it for that only that she came?"

"No, she wanted to apologize to me, for the delay of a letter which had been sent to her mother's care, and which did not reach me as soon as it should have done."

"That letter from Von Gaetzner?"

"Yes."

"Clara, you are not engaged to Leopold?"

"No."

"I should like to see Margaret Willoughby."

Was it merely a coincidence that at that moment the landlady entered with a card of the very person for whom he wished?

"Ask her to come up," said Clara. She was afraid to leave her brother to go down herself, and explain this request, but presently Margaret entered looking surprised, and a little frightened, and very tender and compassionate.

"Come here, Margaret," said Edward. She came at once, and Edward made a sign to his sister to leave them. Clara did so instantly, but it was the bitterest moment of her life.

A terrible feeling had stolen over her. A dread and horror which lay cold at her heart. What if she should never

see Edward again? It seemed an interminable time before Margaret came out weeping violently, and made a sign to her to go back into the room.

"Clara, my darling," said her brother, holding out his arms towards her. "My own dear Clara, good-bye—"

"Edward! oh Edward—do not leave me!" she cried in her anguish, but her anguish gave way to despair—for her brother sank back upon the pillow, and even as he ceased speaking, he was dead.

All was over. Edward Ogden had been buried according to his own request in the Coptic burying ground in Cairo. Mr. Endicott and his two daughters had done all that was practically kind for Clara, and all her English friends had shown a thoughtfulness and anxiety for her which showed how firm a position she had gained in their esteem—and these kindnesses are all well in their way, for many persons miss these attentions if they are not offered, but except so far as that she was relieved from the necessity of practical exertion, and left free to indulge her grief, Miss Ogden was hardly conscious of them. She was utterly indifferent to every one and everything. She was utterly desolate, and what difference did it make to her who sent her fresh cut flowers, or who came daily to ask her to drive out with them in spite of her constant refusal to see any one?

The first thing which touched her in the loneliness of her grief, was a visit from the poor peasant woman whom she had befriended in her hour of need, and who was now Baroness von Gaetzner. Gretchen came to see Miss Ogden, and to say good-bye.

She had received a hasty summons to join her husband

at the hotel at Trieste where he had been very ill but was getting better. She had heard another bit of news at the same time, and this was of the sad loss of the younger Baron in trying to save his brother's life ; but when she saw the kind lady, who had been as a good angel to her, so changed and broken with her grief, she did not dare to tell her of this news which she feared would be an added sorrow, but there were tidings of another sort which her mother's heart could not withhold, and these were that her child still lived. Clara was moved to tears by the poor woman's irrepressible joy.

That evening she received a visit from her uncle, Mr. Endicott. He came to say that he thought the weather was growing very warm for Cairo, as it was now late in March, and that he found that Lady Alice, and Mrs. and Miss Willoughby, and Lord Atherton, were preparing to return to England.

In short the season was at an end, and he was about to leave Egypt with his family. He had therefore come to see Clara, to ask her to accompany them. It would of course be impossible for her to remain in Cairo alone, and he might add that he thought it would be good for her to have a change of scene. Everything that he said was sensible and true from his own point of view, but to Clara it was terrible.

She could not bear to think of leaving Cairo, and these rooms in which she and her brother had been so happy, and she clung to the place with a strange tenacity of affection. It seemed all that there was left for her to care for in the world, since it had seen the birth and the death of all the joy of her life.

She showed as little of this feeling as she could to her uncle, and only said that she would take a little time to think, and asked when he intended to go away. She knew him too well not to be sure that the day was fixed, before he came to her.

CHAPTER LX.

CUPID'S PROBLEM.

AFTER Leopold von Gaetzner lost his hold upon a senseless body of his brother in the harbor at Alexandria, he went to the bottom, and when he rose again to surface of the water he was picked up by a little row boat belonging to a vessel which was bound for Port Seid, preparatory to passing through the Suez Canal, upon the way to India. The vessel set sail soon after he was taken on board in a half-drowned condition. He had been in the water nearly as long as Frederick, but he had not lost his consciousness until he saw that his brother was saved, and his constitution was stronger, so that by the time they reached Port Seid the next afternoon, he felt almost as well as usual.

He found that a steamer would touch at Port Seid on way back to Alexandria in three days, and he determined to wait for this steamer. Meanwhile he wrote to his father in Vienna, to inform him of his safety, and to tell him that he had found his brother ; but this letter never was seen by Baron von Gaetzner, for it reached Vienna on the day of his death.

Leopold waited until the day fixed for the steamer to Alexandria, but it was delayed by a great storm at Jaffa, could not arrive, he was told, for another twenty-four hours. Then he grew impatient, and determined to go to Isma

and travel by rail to Cairo, and so on to Alexandria. The moment that he thought of this plan, he wondered at himself for not having thought of it before. He began to see that there would be no reason why he should not linger a few hours in Cairo. He might go to ask after Edward—he might possibly see Clara. His whole mind had been so bent upon doing what it had seemed to him his duty to do for his brother, that it had not before occurred to him that he had a right to make use of the liberty which Margaret's frankness had restored to him. He now suddenly felt a new sense of freedom and gladness. Yes—yes, he would go at once to Ismalia. He went to inquire about the canal boats, and was provoked beyond measure to find that he had missed the morning boat, he must wait until the next day, or take the afternoon boat, and spend the night at Ismalia.

He decided upon this course and tried to divert his mind from the tedious motion of the little tug-boat by watching the long lines of white flamingos, marching like soldiers across the desert.

He reached Cairo late on the following evening, and drove at once to Shepherd's. Late as was the hour, and tired as he was, he could hardly restrain his impulse to hasten at once to Miss Ogden, but he thought better of it, and determined to wait until the morning. As soon as he had breakfasted then, he made his way to the picturesque old house, which he had seen but once, but which he never should forget. All was bustle and confusion down stairs, but when she was summoned, the English landlady came to speak to him. He asked to see Miss and Mr. Ogden. Why had he not heard? Mr. Ogden had died a week ago, and Miss

Ogden was gone home to America, with some friends, an uncle of hers, the landlady thought, and two cousins. She was sorry for the gentleman, the news seemed to come to him so "sudden like," the landlady said afterwards, but now she excused herself from further parleying, for she was getting the rooms ready for an English lady and her son, who were to move into them that afternoon.

Clara had been prevailed upon to leave the rooms which had come to be so much like a home to her. She was going to spend one night with the Endicotts at the "Hotel du Nil," and then to leave Cairo, too, forever, but that evening there was talk between her two cousins about going once more to the Pyramids before they went away, and then Clara suddenly looked up and said :

"I should like very much to see the Pyramids and the Sphinx again." To the surprise of every one, her uncle, usually so adverse to all changes of plan, said kindly :

"Very well, my dear, if you would like to see them, we will stay a day longer on purpose. It will only be a day less in Alexandria before we sail."

Clara was very thankful as they drove along the familiar road towards Geezeh, that her cousins had the tact to leave her to herself. She leaned back in the carriage, with her heavy crape veil drawn across her face, shutting out all the view, but she did not need to see with her actual eyes, for her imagination could reproduce every landmark. Only once during all the drive was her attention attracted by something which Harriet Endicott was saying in a low tone to her sister.

"Oh yes, I almost look upon Lord Atherton as an old friend, and when he came to say good-bye to me to-day he

told me of his engagement to his cousin Miss Willoughby, only it is to be kept a great secret," said Harriet. "You will not tell it, will you, Lena?"

"Oh! no, I shall probably forget it," said her sister.

The words puzzled Miss Ogden, for how could Miss Willoughby be engaged to Leopold von Gaetzner, and to Lord Atherton, at the same time?

Once at the Pyramids, she left the others, and sought the Sphinx alone. She did not approach it from below as she had done the last time, for she no longer sought to see it in its grandest aspect, to be impressed by its majesty, or to try to fathom its mystery. She rather wished to say farewell to the great monument which had grown so dear to her remembrance, as we desire to look our last upon the face of a dear friend. She descended the sand hill slowly from behind the Sphinx, and she came suddenly in view of another person—a tall man, with broad shoulders, who stood with his arms crossed upon his breast, and his head thrown back, gazing into the face of the Sphinx. His air and his attitude were so exactly the same as when they had first seen the Sphinx together, that if it had not been for the sharp pang with which the absence of the third person in that group struck to her heart, she could almost have fancied that all which had passed since had been a dream.

Leopold turned slowly round as he heard footsteps approaching, keeping his eyes upon the Sphinx until the last moment. Then he looked towards her hastily, almost impatiently.

Clara had remained standing only a few yards from him, and had dropped her veil over her face, but the moment that he saw her his whole aspect changed. No veil could hide

her from his eyes, for every curve and line of her graceful figure was as familiar to him as her face.

He strode hastily forward and held out both his hands.

"Ah, dear Fräulein Ogden, ah, dear Clara, how deeply grieved am I for this your grief," he said, "but oh, how glad, how very glad, that this which I have heard is false. For I have been told that you had gone away from Cairo,—that you went with your friends back to America."

"Have you been to look for me—at our—the Rabba?" asked Clara, in a trembling voice.

"Oh, yes, and I have heard that you were gone," said Leopold, "but Clara, may I not see your face?"

She drew aside her veil, and raised her eyes steadily to his. Then she turned them towards the Sphinx, and they both looked in silence.

"Oh! this Sphinx, she is serene to-day, and calm, and thoughtful, not as we have seen her last, so full of anger, so unpitiful!"

"I think that there is almost a kind of triumph in her mysterious smile," said Clara.

"Oh! some great thought, it is born in her to-day," said Leopold, "which it shall afterwards be blown about upon the wind through all the earth, so that it shall come to man's minds at once, like all great thoughts!"

Clara smiled, a smile which seemed to drink in Voegtzner's meaning. As intelligent and as unfathomable as the mystic consciousness in the virgins of Leonardo da Vinci and of Luini.

"I believe that this great truth will not be known to any but the Sphinx," she said, for he had paused as though expecting her to speak.

"Dear Clara," said Leopold, "can you trust me after all which it has happened, when I shall say that I have not been false to you, no, not for one moment, even when I did think that you had quite forgotten me?"

"Why do you say this to me?" said Miss Ogden. "Why do you call me Clara?"

"Because that I have not known what I was saying, I have been so glad to see you once again," said Leopold simply, "but if that you will let me call you so, there is no one who stands between us now."

This was the assurance which Clara longed for. She was too glad to speak.

"Can you believe in me, dear Fräulein," asked Leopold.

"I have told you," said Clara, in a low tone, "that I would never doubt you."

"But you do not know," said Leopold with his old persistence, "why I have acted so, as I have acted. You have no proof that I have always loved you."

Clara was silent for a moment.

Leopold came nearer to her, looking at her eagerly.

"Yes, I have proof," she said slowly. "The kind of proof which I require to believe." She drew back another step as she spoke, for Leopold was always coming nearer. He stood still at once.

"What proof is that?" he asked.

"That of consistency."

"And you will marry me, you will be my wife?" asked Leopold, "although that I am poor now and have not even a home which I can offer it to you?"

"I will," she answered as solemnly as if they had both stood before the altar.

Were you not made for me? For me Clara?" cried Leopold, almost wild with delight, and he suddenly turned and passed his arm around her waist. He was holding her before him looking down at her.

"Clara's eyes, those beautiful grey eyes, which had looked so coldly upon John Richards, were slowly raised to Leopold's face, and there rested. This was the only answer which she gave. There was in it the fullest, the most complete, surrender of herself to him.

THE END.



